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A CHRISTMAS-GIFT FROM ABOVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, AND DEDICATED TO "OUR JIM."

BY JAMES OWEN O'CONNOR.

A week before the Christmas-bells
Pealed forth upon the air,
It seemed like Indian-summer time,
The weather was so fair.

The Vanderbilt and Astor boys
Growled for their sleds and skates;
No sign of ice, no hint of snow—
O weather-clerk! O fates!

But poor and luckless Teddy Crisp
Was dead (of drink died he);
And now his widow lieth ill
Amid her poverty.

Little Christine would have no doll,
And Christopher no drum;
And now it was the night before,
When Santa Claus *should* come!

Cheerless their cottage was, and cold—
No fire burned in the grate;
No loaves nor fishes were on the dishes—
No clemency in fate!

"And, ah! to-morrow'll Christmas be!"
The ailing mother wept;
But what did little Christopher
While little Christine slept?

He asked God for a Christmas gift,
And called it by its name,
And sat up watching, hour by hour,
Until the answer came.

The night was fair, the stars were out,
The moon was on the rise,
The atmosphere was like the Spring,
And cloudless were the skies.

Yet faithful little Christopher
Lost not his heart of grace;
No loaves nor fishes were on the dishes,
But tears bedewed his face.

The midnight bell! one! two! and three!
He hears, but sees no sign
Of the loaves and fishes upon the dishes—
The night continues fine.

Then steals he to his little cot,
Saying another prayer
For loaves and fishes on empty dishes,
And something in the air.

At six he wakes up with a start,
And to the door doth go—
The loaves and fishes are *near* the dishes,
The ground is deep with *snow!*

He'd prayed for snow, and there it was,
An angel at the door;
Grasping his shovel, out stole he
On tiptoe o'er the floor.

The Vanderbilt and Astor boys
Were lying still in bed,
While (shovelling) little Christopher
Was growing rich and red.

About the hour of nine he strode
Across the cottage floor,
With loaves and fishes for waiting dishes
And fuel and fun in store.

He waked his mother with a kiss,
And his sister with a shout:
"The loaves and fishes are on the dishes,
And *Santa Claus* is about!"

So well he shoveled Astor's pave
He got a treble fee,
And a permanent place as his office-boy,
And a rising boy is he.

And a happy Christmas had the Crisps
(Let not your Homer nod):
He prayed for the snow, and the snow it came,
A Christmas-gift from God.

Astor House, N. Y., Dec. 16, 1878.

FAIR AS A STAR;

OR,

LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS.

BY CLEMENTINE MONTAGU.

Author of "The Cost of Conquest," "A Wife's Revenge," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER VII.—A FRIEND IN NEED.

Earth does not bear another wretch
So helpless, so forlorn, as I;
But not for me a hand will stretch,
And not for me a heart will sigh.
—KIRKE WHITE.

As though the avenger of blood was behind him, Henry Parkes sped away across France, and made for the seaport, outside of which he would feel free. He had left the old name and the old life behind him. Hugh Pierrepoint would be heard of no more, and his identity would be lost in the far-away land to which he was bending his steps. What he meant to do he scarcely knew. Certainly not return to his old profession; he had never had a true artist's love for the stage, good actor though he was, and he wanted to be lost—never to meet with anyone who could remind him of his dead wife or the woman who had helped to attract him to his ruin. It seemed to him, as the train whirled southward through the long hours of the night, as though at every station the strong arm of the law would be stretched out to stay him, and as though shrieking voices sounded on the wind, bidding him stop and account for the death of his murdered wife—murdered by him in fact, if not in actual deed. He had no doubt that his theft of the carefully saved money had something to do with it, and the chain of evidence he had woven against himself made him feel as guilty as ever criminal who fled before the officers of justice. But no one knew him, no one stopped him, and he reached Marseilles, and then steamed away over the blue Mediterranean, a free man. His spirits rose after Suez was past, and the fine P. and O. steamer, with no one on board who knew him, was fairly under weigh in the stifling ravine of the Red Sea. By the time he stepped ashore at Melbourne he had buried any regret he might have felt for Ginevra in the same grave as his fear of being accused of having murdered her. In a month he had established a billiard and smoking saloon in a quarter of the town much frequented by diggers and their associates, and came to be known as an unscrupulous, jolly sort of man, who was by no means particular what went on under his roof.

If money was to be made he made it, and managed to evade the laws with all the skill of a reckless man; but at the end of the year he was none the richer. His old vices—gambling, betting, and every hole through which money can escape from a man's pockets—were inherent in him, and came to the surface here as they had done in the old time in England. His fortunes were at a very low ebb on the anniversary of his arrival in Melbourne, and he was moodily practicing a stroke he had seen used by a Frenchman who had won a lot of money from him, when a young fellow, hardly more than a boy, with whom he had a speaking acquaintance, lounged in. A handsome stripling, with good features, honest eyes, but a weak and vacillating mouth—a lad who would be led for good or evil by a firm and kindly hand, but who, being not so led, would be almost sure to choose the evil and run headlong into mischief. There was a sullen, worried look upon his face now, as he stood regarding Henry Parkes and the balls he was playing with, that told of some vexation.

"Well, Banton," said Mr. Parkes.

"It isn't well at all. It's as bad as it can be."

"What's up?"

"Oh, not much!"

He had laughed listlessly as he spoke, and sat down with a sigh that told of utter weariness.

"Is work over so soon?"

"It's been over for me this week past. I got the sack ten days ago."

"What for?"

"I was late. And they said I'd been threatened and fined so often that ——"

"That they will do without you for the rest of the season, and save your salary. Managers often do that. Never mind, you'll soon get somewhere else; and you can keep a situation if you choose to be punctual. The orchestra of a theatre isn't such a very hard berth."

"Hard enough. But, hard or easy, I couldn't take a berth now if a dozen situations were offered me."

"Why not?"

"I've no fiddle."

"Where is it?"

"I've eaten it!"

He laughed again in very misery and forlornness, and Henry Parkes shook him by the shoulder.

"You young fool!" he said. "Why didn't you tell me at first? I can't do it now."

"Can't you let me lie down on one of the benches here till morning? I thought you wouldn't mind that, maybe."

"Oh, I didn't mean that. I can give you some supper and a shake-down, of course. I meant in money. Are you out of your lodgings too?"

"Yes. I owe three weeks' rent. My landlady shut the door in my face half an hour ago. I think I'll go down to the Yarra and drown myself. I don't see what use I am in the world."

"Bah! There's a place in the universe for everyone, if they know where to look for it," Henry Parkes returned. "You shall stay here to-night, and look the world in the face after breakfast to-morrow. Suicidal notions are very often traceable to an empty stomach. You won't think of the Yarra, except as a bath, after a good night's rest, I fancy."

"You are very good," the lad replied. "I hope I shall be able to pay you somehow."

He was a great deal less despondent after a hearty supper, and laughed and jested with the players who frequented the place, as he had often done before. He had wasted a great deal of money in the saloon, and the proprietor had come to know him as something more than a chance-visitor to the tables. Nothing of his history, though; for Wilfred Banton, as he had found his name to be, was curiously reserved on the subject of his past life. He was in the orchestra of a theatre, getting enough for a bare living, but spending that little with a recklessness that showed he was alone, with no older or wiser hand to guide him. He had evidently been well brought up, and was as well-educated as most of the young men of the day; but he seemed to know no one, and to have no friends whatever in Melbourne. He had always parried Henry Parkes' questions about himself till now—indeed, he had told him flatly that he wished to be silent about the past. But the story came out on this evening, after the saloon was closed and the last solitary player had departed.

"Well, youngster," Henry Parkes said, pushing a box of cigars towards his guest, "feel better, eh?"

"Yes, thanks to your good feed."

"And not so inclined for a cold bath?"

"Not to-night."

"Ah, I thought not. Now let us face matters a bit. What are you going to do?"

"I don't know! Can you help me to anything?"

"I could make a marker of you here, and give you what would keep life in you; but I don't think you'd suit, or rather the life wouldn't suit you. It's a rowdy sort of existence, and you are a cut above it. Hadn't you better go back to your friends?"

"Suppose I have none?"

"I don't suppose it; I feel sure you have. What are you doing in Australia at all?"

"Minding my own business."

"Ah, and you mean that as a hint to me to mind mine—so I will; but I want to help you if I can. Honestly, now, are you not hiding from your friends?"

"Yes."

"I thought as much What for?"

"My own pleasure."

"But what drove you away from home?"

"A woman."

"Ah, the old story. Tell me about it, if you can. I won't betray your confidence, and I'll advise you to the best of my power. I can't help you with money, for I am at my wit's end for some myself; but I am older in the world's ways than you are, young one, and I may assist you some other way."

Perhaps the kindness he had met with—the unexpected relief and shelter—had softened Wilfred Banton and broken through his reserve; any way, he told his story to Henry Parkes in the deserted billiard-room, and the telling of it influenced the whole future of their two lives. His parents lived in New York, he said, and he was their only child; they doted on him, but the thing that comes always, even between parents and children, had come to their household. He had fallen in love, and the course of true love had not run smooth for him.

"Ah, they didn't like the lady, I suppose?" said Henry Parkes at this stage of the narrative. "It's very often the way."

"They love her like a daughter. They would be delighted to see her my wife. It is she who would not have me. I could not bear to stay in America, so I came over here."

"To make your fortune and forget her?"

"I shall never do either."

"Well, the first does not seem imminent. I don't know anything about the last. But what on earth made you come all this way? Was America not big enough for you to get out of reach of your scornful fair one?"

"I came here with a purpose. My mother has a brother living in the neighborhood of Sydney—a squatter. Very rich, I believe. I came out to join him, and ——"

"And you stayed and went to the dogs in Melbourne. Young one, you've been a fool."

"I know I have. It doesn't need the wisdom of Solomon to tell me that. I can't go to my uncle now, like the prodigal son, and expect to be taken to his heart, rags and all, and I can't write home and tell my mother the plight I am in; it would break her heart."

"There's no need to do that. But if you'll take my advice you'll square matters with your uncle. What's his name?"

"Graham Goldburn!"

"And he lives?"

"At a place called Nic Nic Gap, about twenty miles west of Sydney?"

"And he is rich?"

"So I believe. My mother believes him to be a millionaire. I have my doubts."

"These squatters are fabulously wealthy, some of them. Take my advice, Banton, and write to him at once. You are welcome to stay here till you hear from him. I shall be glad of an extra hand about the place."

The young man gave a sulky sort of assent, and promised to write the next day.

"I'd almost as soon drown myself," he said. "I don't know my uncle, and he may cut up rough about my not going to him at first."

"You can but try," Henry Parkes said, adding to himself, as he bade his guest good-night: "And if I do not make something out of the transaction it won't be my fault. A squatter with plenty of money ought to be a pigeon worth plucking."

CHAPTER VIII.—A NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

Winter comes, as Winter will,
Bringing dark days, frost and rime.
—MARY HOWETT.

Wilfred Banton wondered a little at Henry Parkes' anxiety about his letter to his uncle. If he had been the veriest mentor that ever piloted a young Telemachus through the shoals and quicksands of the wicked world, he could not have been more anxious that his protege should find favor in the eyes of his unknown relation. The young man was rather restive about it; he had no idea that Mr. Parkes wanted to know Graham Goldburn on his own account, and thought an interest in his nephew the surest way of accomplishing his object.

"I don't see the good of 'making a clean breast of it,' as you say, in a letter," Wilfred said, pen in hand. "A line or two to say that I am here, and ready to go to Sydney if he will have me, is all that is necessary."

"I think not. You don't know what your mother may have been writing from home. I should tell him the whole story, if I were you. It's like the first plunge into cold water—all over in a minute, and there's an end of it."

"All right. Here goes;" and Wilfred Banton, somewhat against his will, wrote the whole story of his sore heart and his reckless misdeeds to his uncle.

It would be some time before he could get an answer, and till then he was to be Harry Parkes' guest and assistant, doing what he could in the business in return for his food and shelter. People came and went, and wondered who the handsome, sullen-looking boy could be who attended in the billiard-room; for Wilfred looked younger than his years, by reason of his fair hair and white skin; and it was the cause of no little merriment to many of them when Mr. Parkes told them that the stripling was man enough to have renounced home, country and friends for a woman's sake, and to have come to the conclusion that all the pleasures and brightness of life were at an end for him because he could not have the woman he coveted. Men might laugh and women sneer, but in Helen Pomfrey's beautiful face there was witchery enough to have entranced a wiser and older man than Wilfred Banton. She was an inmate of his father's house, in a quiet street, but of her origin and former life the whole family were profoundly ignorant. They loved her very dearly, and Mrs. Banton was wont to declare that she owed her life to the quiet girl with wondrous beauty who boarded with them, earning her bread on the stage of an adjacent theatre, and paying her way week by week with a business-like promptitude that was very pleasant to the methodical, old-fashioned couple.

Mr. Banton was a dealer in curiosities, and a skilled hand at repairing and touching-up fragile works of art. His house was crammed with articles of *vertu*, which would make a connoisseur's mouth water, and in the presses and lockers in the little room behind the shop were stowed away treasures undreamed of by the careless folk who passed and repassed, unheeding what wealth of association there might be around the old-curiosity dealer's vases and candelabra. Bits of rare delf, curious goldsmith's work, made to please some long-buried prince's fancy; rare little paintings that had hung on the walls of stately boudours whose fair occupants had been a hundred years in their family vaults—these were the treasures that James Banton loved to gather and to sell, when he could, to collectors who would give them an honored place on their shelves. People were apt to say he was crazy—and perhaps the mania was a crase—and that he would not sell to dealers, however good their offers. And a story went about of his weeping like a child over a little bonbon-box credited to the hapless Marie Stuart, when he found that the tiny enameled toy had been bought by an actress, and used on her toilet-table in the theatre. But, in spite of any little eccentricity, James Banton was a good, true-hearted man, and thoroughly shared in his wife's gratitude to and admiration of their young lodger. Their acquaintance had commenced curiously. Helen Pomfrey had very nearly lost her own life in saving Mrs. Banton from a terrible accident.

It was New-Year's Eve, and the snow lay thick upon the ground, but trodden hard and firm, and Mrs. Banton sallied forth from home in the afternoon to make some purchases for the coming day. Their circle of friends was not large, but New York is always *en fete* on the first day of the year. There were little presents to be bought for her husband and her son, and sundry things for the house, and she went her way busily from one shop to another, never noticing that the bright clearness of the day had passed, and that a storm was coming with black, heavy clouds, and bitter, dreary wind. When she came out of the last shop, she was laden, not heavily, but awkwardly, with as much as she could carry. She had two or three of the light parcels whose bulk is twenty times their weight, and which have a knack of catching the wind in a most irritating and perverse manner. Mrs. Banton was in somewhat feeble health, very nervous, and a slight woman into the bargain, and she was terribly taken aback when she emerged from the lighted shop into a whirling storm of falling snow, which the wind drove in eddies that made the deepening gloom denser than ever.

"Dear, dear!" she gasped, as the blast tore at her parcels, and sent her shawl twisting around her head till she was wellnigh smothered and blinded. "I wish I was safe at home. I must get across to the cars."

From the opposite corner of the street she could get carried to her own door in safety, and she started to cross; but the traffic was brisk, and the snow made everything look weird and unreal, and twice she struggled back to the sidewalk in mortal terror after a narrow escape.

"It's clear now, and there's the car," she muttered when she had regained her breath, and started off again, looking straight before her at the lighted car she wanted to reach.

What happened to her afterwards she never quite knew. She was conscious of shouts and cries, of the tramp of horses' feet, and of being violently hurled away, while something that seemed to shake the very ground went crashing past her as she lay. She was stunned, and her parcels were flung hither and thither; but beyond the shake and a bruise or two, she was not much hurt. A dozen hands were stretched out to raise her to her feet, to gather her belongings together, and to brush the snow from her clothes, and in a minute or two she was standing on the curb, trembling very much, but none the worse.

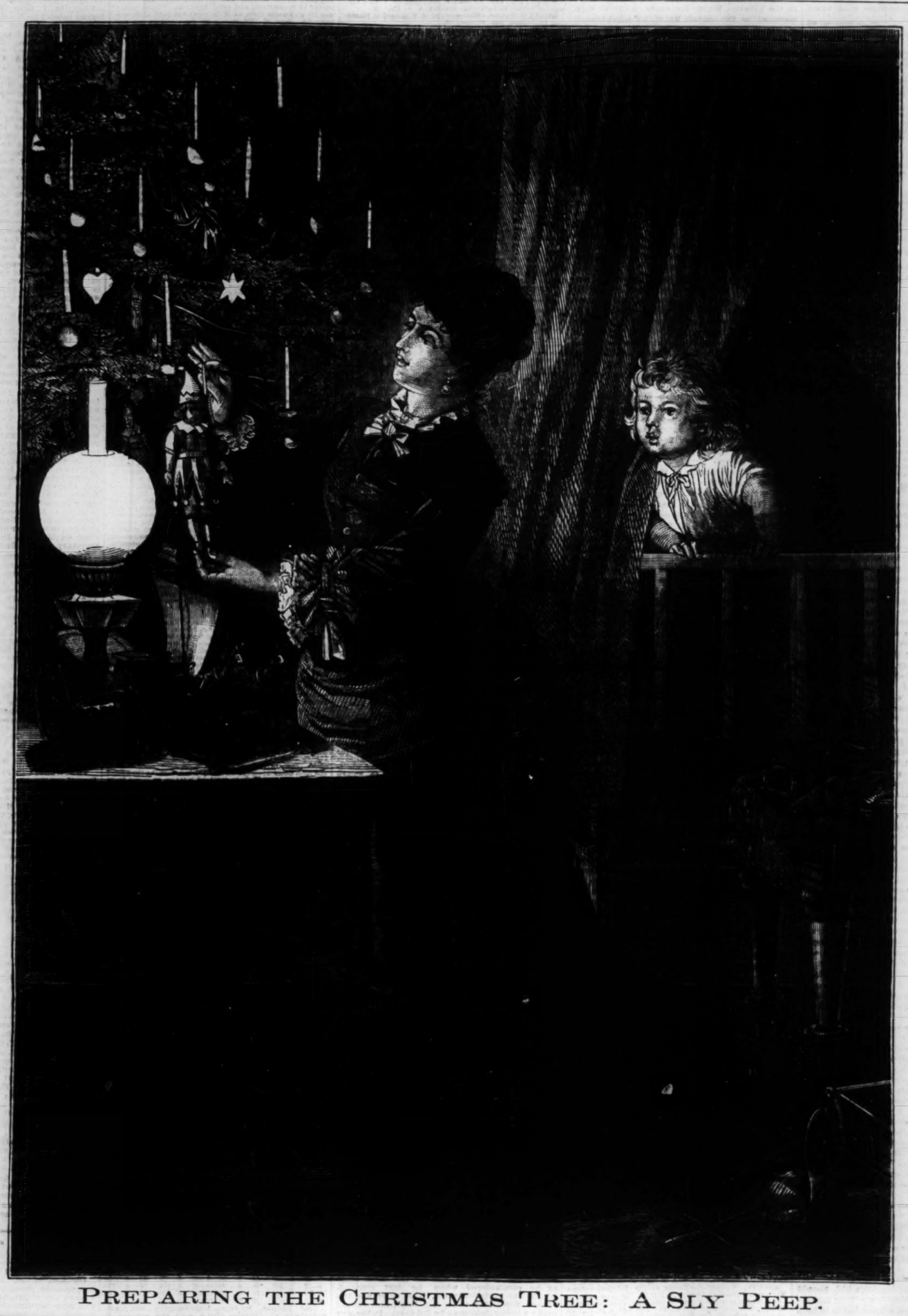
"What was it?" she asked. "Was I knocked down?"

"I reckon you were, marm," replied the man who had picked her up. "If you hadn't been, you'd been smashed under the wheels of that advertising temple. Narrow squeak you've had. I reckon you'd have been killed out for her."

"*Her!* Who?"

"Some young girl. She was the only one that saw you in time."

"What did she do?"



PREPARING THE CHRISTMAS TREE: A SLY PEEP.

"Just sprung out into the road as spry as an antelope, and pulled you back. It was the right thing at the right minute, which ain't often done in this world."

"Where is she? Who was she? What has become of her?" asked Mrs. Banton, surprised and agitated beyond measure. "Surely she hasn't gone away without letting me thank her?"

"Oh, no; she ain't gone. If she isn't killed, she's pretty nigh it. You see, she fell, too, when she threw you down. She flung you clear, but she didn't fall free herself, and they say ——"

"Oh, where is she? Where have they taken her?" gasped Mrs. Banton, in agony. "Do show me, please. I must go to her at once."

The man pointed out the nearest drugstore round the door of which a little mob had assembled; and she begged him to gain admittance for her, for the door was closely shut and barred, to prevent the anxious assembly from getting in.

"Say it's the person she saved, and then they'll let me see her," she whispered; and the fact won her admittance.

"Do you know her name?" asked the doctor who had been called, as Mrs. Banton was brought to the side of the sofa, where a golden-haired girl, with beautiful features, lay in insensibility that looked like death.

She was poorly but neatly dressed, in clothes all too thin for the inclement weather, and the slight boots on the shapely little feet were soaked with the snow.

"No; I don't know her. Poor thing! Is she badly hurt?" asked Mrs. Banton, the tears running down her kindly old face.

"I can hardly tell. I am afraid so," was the grave response. "There has been a hard blow on the head, and her arm is broken. *That* is trifling, but this long insensibility bodes serious mischief. There is nothing about her to indicate who she is or where she lives. She will have to go to the hospital."

"Never!"

"My dear madam, what is to be done?"

"I will take her home with me."

"But she may have a serious illness—in fact, she may never rouse. I cannot answer for her life."

"If she dies, she will have given her life for mine, and I will do my best to prevent it. There is plenty of room in my house for her. Will it be safe to take her in a cab?"

"If you are bent upon it, yes—quite as safe as to move her to the hospital."

"To say that Mr. Banton was astonished when the cab stopped at his door, attended by a bodyguard of boys an idlers, would be but feebly to express his feelings; but he asked no questions till, with his son's help, he had removed the inanimate girl from the vehicle to the sofa, and the Jehu had taken his fare and driven away.

"Hospital! Never!" he said, when he had heard the story. "She shall stay with us, my dear, and, please Heaven, we'll nurse her back to life, and let her know a little of what we feel towards her. She's a pretty creature, whoever she is."

So the helpless stranger was carried upstairs and put in a cosy room, and a skilled doctor sent for, who shook his head, and recommended that her friends should be found and brought to see her before it was too late. He was mistaken, as the best of us may be. In two days the girl had waked from her living death into the phantasy of fever, and lay with wide-open eyes, babbling to herself, and always striving with detaining hands, and saying piteously "Too late! too late!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

O FADING WEST!

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

O fading West! that late was blest
With songs from out the song-birds' nest,
The Winter's chill is on each hill,
And all the song-birds' songs are still.

The Winter's cold is on the world;
No more the flowers their petals fold
To sink to rest on Nature's breast,
When dies the day adown the west.

But by the light, which gleams at night
Around the hearth-stone warm and bright,
Our flowers unfold. No Winter's cold
Can chill our blessings manifold.

The loved and dear are gathered here,
And all our trials disappear
Beside the hearth, where joy has birth
Amid the sweetest things of earth.

O hearts so warm! The Winter's storm
Shall not your constancy transform.
To have your part where'er ye art—
A constant Summer of the heart.

THE CHRISTMAS-TREE.

Our engraving this week tells its own story so pointedly and prettily that perhaps any written explanation is redundant. The scene is laid in a home of refinement and wealth. It is the night before Christmas, and the little ones are, presumably, nestled snugly in their beds. The happy mother, with love beaming in her face, is preparing the Christmas-tree—that rarest of all shrubs, which bears the best of all fruits. Perhaps, as she hangs the doll on one of the dainty branches, her memory goes back to the time when other hands prepared a Christmas-tree for her—when she awoke with a thrill on Christmas-morning, and stole forth expectantly to find what treasures had been left by the good St. Nicholas. He never disappointed her, we may be assured. This happy mother's lines in life have been cast in pleasant places, and it is within her power now to make the day as bright for her children as it was to her in by-gone years. We know this by the abundance and quality of the fruit which the tree bears. There are the coach and horses, the miniature yacht, the bugle, the doll, and many other things which gladden the youthful heart. What a glory the Christmas-tree will reveal to the young eyes when they open big with wonder on the morrow! But what is this? A roguish youngster, who is supposed to be safely in the land of nod, taking a sly peep at the treasures which only the morrow should reveal. There he stands, with the curtain of his cot drawn aside, staring in breathless curiosity at the prematurely-revealed gifts. Doubtless he knows that he is tasting forbidden fruit, and is fully prepared to dodge behind the curtain should his mother turn her head. Rash Four-year-old! You have slain forever your child-like trust in the good St. Nicholas. You have killed Santa Claus with the sharp knife of curiosity. Henceforth you will doubt the cherished traditions of the Christmas season, and you will grow skeptical as to the reindeer and pack. What is the wisdom you have gained to the priceless faith you have lost? The one would have come soon enough; the other can never be restored. So the forbidden fruit, once tasted, opens the eyes of rosy-cheeked Four-year-old, gives him worldly knowledge, and drives him out of the paradise of unquestioning faith forever.

A GENTLEMAN OF THE NAME OF BOOTH.

Early in the year 1817, Covent-garden Theatre was the scene of great confusion and uproar—almost of riot, indeed. "A gentleman of the name of Booth"—so Hazlitt describes the performer—had essayed the part of Richard the Third, seeking the good opinion of a London audience, after having won considerable applause in the provinces. According to subsequent announcements in the playbills, Mr. Booth's Richard "met with a success unprecedented in the annals of histrionic fame." Nevertheless the managers of the theatre carefully avoided backing this strongly expressed opinion. They declined to pay their actor more than two pounds per week for his services—certainly a very small salary, even fifty years ago, for a player of any pretense. It was generally agreed that they were wrong, "either," as Hazlitt stated the case, "in puffing the new actor so unmercifully, or in haggling with him so pitifully." Forthwith Mr. Edmund Kean intervened. In times past he had played with Mr. Booth in the country; he was now the most prominent member of the Drury-lane company. He took his fellow-actor by the hand, and obtained for him an engagement at Drury-lane, upon a salary of ten pounds per week. Booth had played Richard at Covent-garden on the 12th and 13th of February; on the 20th he appeared at Drury-lane as Iago to the Othello of Kean. Two nights afterwards, however, he was back again at Covent-garden, playing Richard the Third to an angry house, that hissed and hooted him persistently and vehemently. Scarcely a syllable of Shakespeare, or perhaps we should rather say of Cibber, could be heard. There was, indeed, a great tumult. The enraged public would listen neither to the play nor to the apologies attempted both by Booth and by Fawcett, the stage-manager of the theatre. It must be observed that a spirit of partisanship, of a kind scarcely intelligible nowadays, characterized the playgoers of that period. Men espoused the interests of Drury-lane or Covent-garden with the heat and acrimonious zeal they displayed in political contests. It could, in truth, matter little upon which stage Mr. Booth chose to strut and fret; his appearance and his disappearance were not really events of vital importance. But "the play" was indeed "the thing" just then; and Mr. Booth's conduct was considered as a due incentive to excitement. If it was absolutely necessary to administer rebuke, the managers who had influenced his proceedings might justly have shared the odium devolving upon the actor. The public, however, held Mr. Booth solely accountable. Upon him alone they poured forth their indignation. Of course the considerations moving "the poor player" were obvious enough. He was tempted from Covent-garden by the promise of an improved salary; then misgivings troubled him regarding his professional prospects. It was clear to him that there was danger of being shelved at Drury-lane. Had Kean's kindness been of a different sort—his friendship but disguised enmity? Was he aiding a comrad, or ridding himself of a rival? If Mr. Booth was permitted to play at all at Drury-lane, it must needs be as second to Mr. Kean. At Covent-garden there was less fear of competition, at any rate. Kemble was retiring from the stage; Macready was but a novice. Booth might be recognised as the legitimate rival of Kean—might, perhaps, pass him and reign supreme, the leading actor of his time. So when the Covent-garden managers upbraided him for leaving them, threatened him with legal proceedings, and then solicited his return to them upon a larger salary even than that promised him at Drury-lane, he hastened back to the stage from which he had made his first bow to a London audience. For some nights he encountered bitter hostility. He published an appeal to the public, entreating their forgiveness for what, he was willing to admit, had been grave misconduct on his part. His first friends were slow to pardon him, but their opposition gradually diminished. At length he was enabled to express in the playbills his heartfelt gratitude to his patrons for the complete pardon they had extended to him; and there was an end of the Junius Brutus Booth controversy.

PANTOMIMIC POINTS, OR HARLEQUIN-ADES TO REPARTEE.

CLOWN.—I say, old 'un, here's a policeman and a Welshman a-coming.

PANTALOON (*looking off*).—I only see a policeman.

CLOWN.—Nonsense! Hasn't the constable got his (*a*) Taf with him?

CLOWN (*stealing sausages*).—Oh, here's a string of 'em?

PANTALOON.—A string! Then your performance ought to be 'ang-cord.

PANTALOON (*possessing himself of inevitable warming-pan*).—What am I now, Joey?

CLOWN.—Why, a warming-Pantaloon, of course.

CLOWN (*making baby cry*).—Be quiet, little beast!

COLUMBINE.—How dare you, monster? I belong to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

CLOWN.—Oh, I see! A Colam-bine—eh?

PANTALOON.—Doesn't our Harlequin shine?

CLOWN (*contemptuously*).—Oh, this is all his confounded tinsillines.

PANTALOON (*referring to Harlequin*).—How does he contrive to hit us so frequently without our catching *him*?

CLOWN.—It's wonderful!

CLOWN (*pointing to tailor's shop*).—Let's steal Snip's new dummy.

PANTALOON (*with spasm of proper feeling*).—If we do, who's to in-dummy-nify him for his loss?

PANTALOON (*referring to Indian tom-tom man*).—Here's a Hindoo coming, Joey!

CLOWN.—Then let's make a Buddha-slide for him to fall on.

CLOWN (*to Harlequin*).—That last twirl of yours winds up the performance, don't it?

HARLEQUIN.—Yes.

PANTALOON (*taking joke out of Clown's mouth*).—Then go it, finale-quin!

"DID you say that I never missed a drink, sir?" asked a man of a neighbor in an angry and threatening manner. "I may have done so," replied the neighbor. "But you know I never drink, and detest the smell of liquor," said the other. "Well, then," returned the neighbor, "you never miss a drink, do you?

Christmas Fable.

The Mince Pie, The Pudding, and the Son of the House.

A Mince Pie, whose brandy had got into his head, swaggered up one merry Christmas time to a Pudding, whose solidity was impeachable.

"I'm as good as you are, any way," said the Mince Pie, with a vicious sneer.

"Better, no doubt," retorted the Pudding, with a viciouser sneer.

"My crust is remarkably light!" persisted the Pie.

"My plums are remarkably numerous," answered the Pudding.

Just then the Son of the House, who was home for the holidays, came along; and his eyes gloamed warningly, and he smacked his lips with menace, as he beheld the disputants.

But they, alas! were too busily engaged with their squabble to notice these threatening signs; and, all unheeding, they agreed to make the Son their umpire.

"We wish you to decide which of us two is the best man—no, dish!" explained the Mince Pie.

"Now, my crust is remarkably light——"

"My plums are remarkably numerous," interrupted the Pudding.

"Not another word is necessary," said the Son of the House. "I can settle this affair without difficulty. "You," he added, as he took a reflective bite out of the Mince Pie, "are a good dish, certainly. "Yet you"—and here he "wolfed" a slice of Pudding—"are a good dish also. I must try again!"

"Now, I say, hold on!" cried the remains of the Mince Pie. "I am willing to admit he's best."

"I'm not to be compared to the Pie!" said the remnant of the Pudding. "But do leave off!"

But the Son had his duty, as an umpire, to consider; and it was not until the disputants had finally vanished that the verdict fell ponderously from his sticky lips:

"Both rippin'!"

MORAL. (*supplied by the aforesaid.*—"Pudding and Pie may endure for a night, but Black Draught cometh in the morning!

Some of the cheese—"Will you love me when I mould?"

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1878.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

OLD READER, Brockport.—1. Thomas Paine died June 8, 1809. He was born at Thetford, Eng., Jan. 29, 1737. 2. We do not publish salaries. 3. No such life has been published. 4. The lady is unmarried. 5. We guess he has the credit of that all to himself. At all events, the stage has existed for too many years for us to undertake to search for a parallel. 6. Melpomene, goddess of tragedy, belongs to Greek mythology. 7. Know of no one who has a copy. 8. "Our Jim" belongs to modern American mythology, and the other hieroglyphic stands for "Editor." 9. The gentleman might not be pleased to see his household figuring in print. He himself is forty-five years old.

ÆOLIAN.—Construct as follows: A box is to be made of thin board about five inches deep and about six inches wide, and the length of the window in which it is to be placed; on the top at each end a little strip of wood a quarter of an inch thick and half an inch high is to be glued on for the bridge for the strings, and across each end inside fasten a piece of hard wood to hold the pegs. Into one of these put as many pegs as there are strings, and into the other as many brass pins. The instrument is then strung with small catgut, not drawn tight, and tuned in unison. A thin board should be placed over the strings about three inches above the sounding-board.

P. B., Marlboro.—What is now known as the steam-piano is only a form of the calliope, in which valve-chambers are arranged along the top of a steam-chest or cylinder, each one furnished with a double metallic valve. A small stem passes from each valve, by which it may be opened or closed, and over each there is a steam-whistle having its particular tone. A cylinder with cogs, like that of a music-box, and which is started in a similar way, lifts the valves as it revolves, and so plays tunes. In the improvement on this form the valves are connected with a keyboard, which has to be manipulated by a player. This is known as the steam-piano.

S., San Francisco.—This was an exceptional bet. We hold that B meant that, if Butler failed of election, he would not fall so far short of it as 20,000 votes; while D meant that he would fall short that number at least. On this basis the bet should be decided, whether Talbot's excess over Butler was a majority or a plurality. The term "majority" cannot be applied to a beaten candidate in the same sense that it is to the successful one, where there is a plurality of candidates. Thus in a vote of Smith, 120,000; Jones, 100,000; Butler, 1. Smith is not elected by a majority of 20,000; but how much greater is the majority by which Butler is beaten.

FARO, Haverhill.—1. A could not count his run. He was too late, B having played in the interim. 2. That, as we now observe, was the answer. What we meant to show was that, if the player had the opportunity, he could retain one five and with the other make a new pile of "ten;" or with that other five he could make his own pile "fives." It was not intended to say that he could build his own "five" to "ten." However, it has not misled the questioners, as the sole point in dispute was whether it could be made "fives," and that was answered affirmatively. There was no ten-spot out.

J. M. C., Cedar Falls.—1. From $2,000 to $5,000, according to the labor required and the reputation of the artist. You can buy plenty of second-hand panoramas for one or two hundred dollars by advertising for such. 2. The time required for such an exhibition would depend in a great measure upon the length of the lecture. 3. We prefer not to recommend anyone. 4. Heenan and Sayers fought at Farnborough, Eng.

F. S., Warsaw.—European steamers, as a class, have never had any occasion to go through Hellgate. The same steamers go through there now that went through before it was blasted. The passage is now simply less hazardous for sailing vessels whose masters are unacquainted with the many peculiarities of navigation in that locality. The "Gate" is still there to a great extent.

LIBRARY CLUB.—1. C deals. 2. A misdeal forfeits the game, unless the game is being played in "legs," when only that "leg" is forfeited. 3. D deals again, because here B has everything to gain in pitching, and nothing at all to gain by dealing. 4. B can elect to deal or beg, and he may prefer to chance turning up jack if he has one to go, instead of begging.

A SUBSCRIBER, Washington.—1. Edwin Booth acted for the last time in your city March 12, 1864, in Grover's National Theatre, playing Pescara in "The Apostate" and the title-character in "Don Cæsar de Bazan," then closing an engagement which began Feb. 15 of that year. 2. He played that character in nearly all of the principal theatres in this country.

W. G., Chelsea.—You could not get an engagement until after you had appeared in public. Try and get a chance to sing for some performer's benefit, or see the manager of the Boylston Museum, in Boston, and ask him for a chance to sing in public. If you make a hit, then try and get an engagement there for one week. Never mind about the salary at first.

10, 8, 13, 23, Weusboro.—Circus-managers never employ people in those lines of business unless they are expert performers and well known. You must learn your business first, which you can do by practice in private. You could not get an engagement as property-man without having had previous experience.

NOVELIST, Philadelphia.—1. Upon proving in a court of law the facts you state, you could recover the amount of money you paid. 2. The drama is not necessarily worthless because another version from the same original source has been acted, although that would depreciate its value.

NO SIGNATURE.—B is out. Sweeps are not turned down, except by special agreement, in playing the call-out game of cassino. Moreover, when sweeps may be turned down, nothing but the matching of them with sweeps made by the opponent can turn them down. Taking in two aces, for example, will not suffice to turn down two sweeps.

SPHYNX, Philadelphia.—Harry pays for the drinks. He caused the complication by tendering Stephen odds while playing even with Jim, who also played even with Stephen. Jim had nothing to do with the special agreement between Harry and Stephen, and is exempt, having beaten Stephen.

O. W., Leavenworth.—Captain Jack, Schonchin and Black Jim of the Modocs were hung Oct. 3, 1873. Hooker Jim, Bogus Charley, Boston Charley, and Steamboat Frank, also found guilty of participating in the killing of General Canby and Commissioner Thomas, were respited, and transported to a reservation in Dakotah.

K. K., Columbus.—When you play poker with the joker in, you must make your own rules. The introduction of the fifty-third card upsets the game completely, by impairing the value of every hand. You might as well leave out an ace.

RARUS, Hamilton.—At poker-dice proper, in which deuces beat aces, fives and deuces beat fours and threes. What five and deuces beat in a special game in which you agree that aces shall beat sixes, it is not easy for us to say.

S. L. M., New Haven.—1. The Great Eastern was built in 1857-9 to carry 5,000 passengers from London to Australia, which she never did. 2. She was on exhibition here. 3. She was in New York waters a great many times, but first came to this port June 28, 1860.

U. A. M., Jacksonville.—1. A player need not capture a card at cassino, even if he can do so. When he has a build, he must capture something, or else take in his build or make another. 2. Any way that is agreeable. It is not euchre. 3. Sanche.

E. L., Stockton.—We have been told that Signor Germani succeeded in juggling five balls with one hand, but never in public. This is the largest number ever juggled. Eight balls or knives are the largest number with both hands.

CONSTANT READER, Baltimore.—1. The stakes were pulled up and the ring broken in in the Heenan-Sayers fight. The referee left the ringside at the end of the 37th round. 2. The men subsequently agreed to draw the stakes.

A. C. C.—Yes; there have been runs of six, and seven, and probably ten thousand in practice games. As they amount to nothing, it may as well be said that there have been runs of 100,000. If any part of this answer is required to decide a bet, then this answer does not go.

JIM HIGHAM, Des Moines.—The quickest time on record for a mile foot-race is 4m. 17¼s. The distance has been run in 4m. 2s.; but, as there was considerable of a fall towards the finish of the track, the time does not form a technical record.

GRIFFITHS, Brooklyn.—1. Inquire at the bridge office as you pass there. 2. After cards are all up, you must take every trick you can—that is, you must, if possible, beat your opponent's lead. 3. James Fisk Jr. was shot Jan. 6, 1872.

ROSE.—Laura Keene produced in her theatre (now the Olympic) Jan. 30, 1858, "White Lies," a dramatization of Charles Reade's novel of that name, another version of which is now being acted in the Lyceum Theatre under the title of "The Double Marriage."

CUCKOO, Wilmington.—1. Mr. Plympton is the only one, and he owns all the various patents on roller-skates. Other dealers who advertise them keep only the toy kind, which have no flexible joints. 2. They are in Europe. 3. The Landis Brothers, now in Europe.

G. S. H., Burlington.—1. In the form you write them the lines are not to be found in any "piece of poetry;" but the quotation you doubtless have in mind is from Tom Moore's "Lallah Rookh." 2. Thanks; but we do not require it.

BOB L.—It appears from your statement of the case that neither principal went to the place originally fixed upon for the fight, and that no mutual agreement could be arrived at in regard to another place of meeting; consequently the bet is a draw.

J. E., Detroit.—Charity is a virtue that cannot be measured by statistics, for the reason that those who do the most good in the world are not the people who give publicly and ostentatiously. The generous and the selfish are to be found in all stations and professions.

C. S., Morristown.—A and C count whatever they made. B and D count nothing, having between them played a foul hand. D is responsible for his partner's error, or blunder. B, who had seven cards, should have discovered that he had too many before he played any.

TITUS.—It jumped from 133 to 162½ in a few hours. There were no sales reported for the next three or four days, and when sales were resumed it had fallen back to about where it stood when the panic began, Sept. 29, 1869.

W. T. S., Boston.—The jack counts. The claim of a misdeal, in order to render the jack valueless, should have been made between its turning-up and the first running of the cards.

WM. McG.—We do not record the names of riders unless something special occurs. William Midgley, who rode Deadhead, was killed; but our report did not mention by name the rider of Problem.

L. L., San Francisco.—He is a native of this city, and made his first appearance on the stage here in the Chinese Assembly Rooms, playing a small part in "Julius Cæsar" for a benefit.

D. G., Anderson.—Having called "forty trumps," your opponent could afterwards melt one hundred and fifty. Had he called 150, he could not afterwards call 40, and so make a total of 190 on trumps.

WILL, Bay City.—1. He was sentenced on Dec. 17, 1870, and released last year. 2. Mike O'Connor fought a draw with Dan Carr March 13, 1871, and defeated him July 22, 1872.

CASSINO, Montreal.—He cannot strictly "build" the deuce and the four, but in taking in his "sixes" he can pick up the deuce and the four and as many other cards as will form "six."

F. P. M., Warren.—You had better draw. An orchestra with a traveling company is an unknown quantity. In eight places visited, it may consist of but two performers, while in the ninth it may have four or ten.

E. W. J., Philadelphia.—We do not know anything of the sort. If you desire a match with one or both of the parties mentioned you should issue a challenge to that effect, and back it up with money.

W. T. E.—We have not as yet seen anyone who remembers it. If you recollect at about what years the place existed, you can find a City Directory for those years at the City Library, City Hall.

J. B. T., Port Hope.—Certainly. Wrestling was not then and is not now prohibited by the rules of the prize-ring; but for obvious reasons it is not allowed in contests upon a stage or hard floor.

CONSTANT READER, Providence.—1, 2. We express no opinion, as to the status or management of lotteries. 3. Address it as you have written it, and any letter will reach it.

OTHELLO, Indianapolis.—1, 2, 3. Read our amusement columns. We cannot waste space by here repeating matters that have for some time been discussed in those columns from week to week.

F. A. S.—Eben Plympton traveled one season with Miss Adelaide Neilson, and played Romeo to her Juliet in nearly all of the principal cities of the country.

C. L., Bristol.—1. Four trays and a nine count 24. 2. Four sevens and an ace have necessarily to count the same—24.

BALTIMORE.—A must deal again if C wishes to beg, instead of deal. He is not to lose his beg merely because B went out on the last hand played.

J. K., Spuyten Duyvil.—Three fives do not count 17, and two sixes and a five are beaten by three fives at raffle-dice.

J. E., Nashville.—His present wife is a non-professional lady—Miss Adams of Boston, Mass., a daughter of "Oliver Optic."

R. D. R., Brooklyn.—The address then given was Thomas Yates, 25 Avenue D, New York, but it is some years since he advertised.

F. C., Canandaigua.—Even if it could be, it would scarcely be Havana tobacco; and it certainly would interfere with its sale to announce that it had been grown here.

E. H. W., Troy.—On the night of April 14, 1865, he acted in "The Iron Chest" and "Don Cæsar de Bazan" in the Boston (Mass.) Theatre.

MRS. J. C. W., Sparta.—No answers by mail. There is no such company. There are gymnasts by the names of Aubrey and King, but they do not perform together.

S. McF., Reading.—It means that all kinds of posters and descriptive bills such as are generally pasted on walls, billboards, etc., are dispensed with.

BALTIMORE.—We do not know of any permanent residents who would suit you. Apply to Prof. Miller, instructor to the Baltimore Athletic Club.

JOHN COLLINS, Holyoke.—If you will give us an approximate date we will try and hunt up the information wanted. Mike Trainor died Nov. 7, 1873.

PATROLIA.—1. A man who competes for money at athletic games is a professional in the sense of the amateur definition. 2. Not that we are aware of.

SUBSCRIBER.—1. The Lexington was lost in January, 1840. 2. Dick McBride is in business in Philadelphia, we believe.

W. A., Washington.—1. We do not employ solicitors. 2. She first appeared as a vocalist on the variety stage in California in 1866, being then eight years of age.

SPORTSMAN, Knoxville.—The information you want will be found in THE CLIPPER ALMANAC, to be issued early in January next.

R. T. MUNYER, Silver Cliff.—We doubt whether you can find anyone to explain the origin of the name as applied to a beverage.

C. W. JR.—A was pool. He had 39 good; the other man could get but 32.

CLIP, Jersey City.—If the dealer looks at the trump-card, in dealing at whist, his opponents can also look at it, or they may call for a new deal.

MRS. J. B. McL., Lewisburg.—He is performing in New Mexico. A letter addressed in care of this office will probably reach him.

STAGE-STRUCK.—Sheridan and Mack, who performed together for some years, never, to our knowledge, during that time had any other partner.

ASSEMBLY, Brooklyn.—According to New York rules, chickens take their age from the 1st of March, and are chickens during the following fifteen months.

H. WOODALL, Ida Grove.—You will find as full an account of the affair as its character may warrant our publishing.

F. W. M., Allegheny City.—A wins.

HOLMES GORDON, Stockton.—1. Weston may be addressed in care of The Sporting Life, 148 Fleet street, London, Eng. 2. John Ennis resides in Chicago, Ill.

M. F.—Neither party is right. A cannot exchange his discard, and C and D cannot claim two points, whatever else they may be able to claim.

DECLINED.—"What Shall I Do?" "My Happy Little Gullimine," "A Worm in the Bud," "Why Did She Leave Me?" "Say You'll be Mine."

A. B., Philadelphia.—Have no time to devote to arithmetical problems. This you can get figured out by anyone who knows the rule of mensuration.

C. G. S.—1. Mme. Gerster has not appeared in the opera of "Carmen" in New York. 2. No answers in regard to the circulation of newspapers.

G. H. S., Williamsport.—You will find their route in our dramatic summary, or you can address any member of the company in care of this office.

C. O. S.—Sometimes $500 per night, at others one-half of the gross receipts.

C. C. C., Zanesville.—1. Cannot say. 2. Do not require one.

CONSTANT READER, Utica.—A loses fifteen dollars in money, together with a pair of boots.

N. A. L., Bordentown.—Lady Thorn's fastest time was 2:18¾.

M. W. H. Z., Lanark.—Address a letter to his manager, in care of this office. He was in the South recently.

J. B. W., Muncie.—B cannot play alone on a trump not made by himself.

CHARLEY, Jersey City.—The price announced as having been paid for Dexter by Robert Bonner is $33,000.

A. R.—1. Three fours win. 2. Any other three beat three aces at raffle-dice.

NO SIGNATURE, Baltimore.—Any player can "raise" the blind.

R. M., Hamilton.—Cannot say. Inquire at a recruiting office.

J. H. R., Michigan.—The order of counting is high, low, jack, game, pedro.

F. W., Burlington.—Write to the agent of that hall, inclosing stamp for a reply.

H. H., Chattanooga.—We keep no record of the height of actors.

M. Y. S.—If A had one to go to E's two, A went out on his low.

READERS.—In 3, queen, 6, 4, 5, 2, there is no run for the player of the deuce.

WALKER, St. Johnsville.—Weston started from Portland, Me., Oct. 29, 1867, to walk to Chicago, Ill.

E. F. O., Monticello.—We know nothing about the lottery traffic.

SID COLLINS, Shingle Creek.—No record of the time made in walking that distance on a floor.

JOHN BLACK, Boston.—O'Leary can name San Francisco, Cal., if he wishes to do so.

W. H. HUGHES.—Hyer and McClusky fought at Caldwell's Landing, N. Y., Sept. 9, 1841.

BOOTS AND SHOES, Boston.—John Dwyer stands 5ft. 9¼in. in height; John McMahon, 5ft. 10¼in.

MISS MAY MARSHALL.—The judges were right in deciding it a draw.

SCIENCE, Baltimore.—Sam Collyer lives in Brooklyn, and a letter addressed in our care will reach him.

JAS. A. T., Poughkeepsie.—No such tournament has been announced, and when it is you will see it in THE CLIPPER.

PATSY NORTON, Oneida.—1. Not essentially different. 2. James Owens.

X Y Z.—Cannot say. Twenty years of age is not too old to commence the dramatic profession.

T. J. T., Boston.—He played in that piece in the Park Theatre, here, last Summer.

PATRON, Quincy.—It was Michael Finnell who shot Ned O'Baldwin.

F. H. S., St. Louis.—They may have done so. We cannot state definitely.

H. W. C., Gerdonville.—There is no reliable work of that kind in print.

J. D. A., Lafayette.—A letter addressed in care of this office will quickest reach him.

J. R., Hamilton.—Consult a dictionary of poetical quotations.

J. G., Waterford.—1. It is not. 2. No charge for answering questions, and we do not answer them by mail.

J. B. J., Vernon.—G. G. Grady has retired from the circus business. G. N. Eldred is performing in Europe.

BOLD AMERICA.—B wins, if it had been agreed upon to play straight flushes. If not, A's four aces win.

M. H. D., Allegheny.—Thank you, but we had a full supply when yours arrived.

J. T. P., Newport.—A letter addressed to him in care of this office will reach him.

YOUNG DOG, Chicago.—It would depend upon the age of the slut and several other contributing causes.

CONSTANT READER, Wilmington.—You can take the beg or the deal, whichever you choose.

F. Y. B., Virginia.—The football season is over. The ground is too hard now for so dangerous a sport.

R. R.—Barney Williams died in this city April 25, 1876.

CRIBBAGE, Beloit.—In 8, 7, 4, 6, 5 there is a run of five.

G. D., Greenpoint.—We think not, but do not know.

F. H. D., Concord.—Have no copies of that poem.

WILKENS.—He was born in this city July 19, 1847.

WASH, Washington.—You can call out at once.

ANXIOUS.—Of course, we forward them.

J. W. F., Brooklyn.—The same to you.

T. G. R., Phila.—We do not know.

"OUR ALMANAC."

It has been found necessary, on account of an unexpected pressure of interesting matter, to enlarge THE CLIPPER ALMANAC for 1879 from sixty-four to seventy-two pages. This additional space will enable us to present much valuable information which otherwise would have been crowded out of THE ALMANAC'S pages. In addition to the features already enumerated, the lovers of baseball and cricket will find a very comprehensive and accurate review of the past season's work. The records of the International clubs are given, also scores of the best League games, together with the scores of such other games as were most deserving of note. There is also a running account of the Australian Cricket Team's tour in this country. Every baseball and cricket player, as well as every admirer of these manly sports, will find THE ALMANAC full of interest. Indeed, the work must commend itself, as it has done in other years, to all who are in any way interested either in sporting or dramatic events. Unusual pains have been taken this year to make the chronological tables and the record of fastest time as nearly perfect as possible. We believe that the large amount of labor expended in this work has resulted in securing accuracy and completeness—qualities which readers of THE CLIPPER are always quick to appreciate. THE ALMANAC will be found to contain a condensed history of the theatre in America, and of the progress made in the world of sports—for such the chronologies resolve themselves into. No important event of a sporting or dramatic nature is permitted to pass unnoticed. The little book becomes, therefore, the essence of a library, the pith of an encyclopædia.

THE SMALL BOY exulteth with exceeding great joy; yea, he bloweth his horn and rejoices all mankind with the sound thereof; he executeth divers marvelous refrains upon the kettle-drum, and waketh the mourners with the mutterings of his trombone. He goeth into the cellar in search of ye fruitful mince-pie, and climbeth upon the housetop to hunt for the things dropped by Santa Claus in his haste. The small boy is having his harvest-time, and in his delirium of joy he sticketh pins in those places where his sister and her adorer most do congregate.

IN CASE of skating, a good deal of fun may be had by procuring a "danger" signal, and sticking it where the ice is solid to the bottom. The skaters will avoid it as though it were a plague. When you have sold the vast throng, show your courage by fearlessly skating all over the infected district. This can be repeated at intervals, and always with success.

THE ELEVATED ROADS having improved business on the thoroughfares through which they run, we now hear very little complaint about the noise the elevated trains make. Another instance of the superiority of mind over matter; likewise of the influence of the mighty dollar over public nuisances.

WHILE gormandizing on Christmas-day you would do well to avoid swallowing the leg-bones of the turkey. Fatal results frequently attend experiments of this character. Canines can handle the bones much better than individuals. Stick a pin there.

THIS is the season for sliding down hill. Should you experience any difficulty in reaching the bottom, you will find plenty of willing hands to help you down. The greatest trouble will be to get up again, which you will have to do without assistance.

WHILE dispensing your charities, do not seek to work off your counterfeits on the objects of your bounty; for, if you do, "be sure your sins will find you out" when the myrmidons of the law seek reparation at your homestead.

IT IS a remarkable fact that in Winter, when it is not so much needed, water is more plentiful than it is in Summer. Cannot the new Mayor reverse this order of things, while he is overhauling the Augean stable?

SATURDAY last was a bad day for baseball, and we were glad to learn that the proposed game between the Sours and the Sugar team was postponed, showing that our city teems with level heads.

YOU SEE, we were again correct in our prediction regarding the weather on Christmas-day, for it has turned out precisely as we foretold it would.

ICE-DEALERS COMPLAIN of a stagnation in trade, with but little inquiry by consumers. Dealers now concede that Summer is better for their business than Winter.

TRADE in smoked glass for eclipses is eclipsed by traffic in Christmas trees and evergreens. "Our Jim" has been doing a little among the latter, out of pure sympathy and fellow-feeling.

SINCE the decease of the Princess Alice, puns on the Marquis of Lorne have ceased; and very cease-onably, too.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS.—*Father*, to prodigal son: "Will you *settle down?*" *Prodigal*—"Yes, if you'll *settle up*."

THE MULE that kicked and injured Governor Hampton would make a nice sideshow when stuffed!

MERRY CHRISTMAS, Happy New Year, many joyful returns of the day, etc. *You* know.

THE DOG SEASON is ended, and "pound" parties are no longer fashionable.

CHRISTMAS AND SENTIMENT.

Of the few holidays that brighten the year's calendar, Christmas is the best. No other day brings with it such a troop of pleasant memories; no other day is hallowed by such sacred associations. Somewhat of the spirit of the season infuses itself into the ink as we write. To-day, at least, let us forget our routine duties; let us be deaf to the clamor of rival managers, and blind alike to the virtues and the faults of theatric stars. Let us, if we please, indulge in sentiment.

It is this very quality which lends the chiefest charm to Christmas. The fashion of the day is to ridicule sentiment. The tendency of the age is to squeeze the juices out of a man's nature and leave him dry and hard. He may be imbued with skepticism, tinged with Ingersollism, grasping, suspicious, selfish, and it does not once occur to him that he is unmanly; but as for sentiment—he is taught to leave that to poets, schoolgirls and actors. And yet, in spite of fashion, sentiment cannot be wholly repressed. There is far more of it in human nature than the cynics will admit. Now and then, even in these sternly practical days, it struggles to the surface. And at no other period is it so apparent as at this Christmas time. The writer of these lines once spent a part of Christmas-day in prison—voluntarily. He saw many things to remember, but none which left so lasting an impression on his mind as this: In one of the cells was confined a man who had committed pretty nearly every crime in the criminal's catalogue. There was none of the romance of the convict about him. He was ignorant, coarse and defiant. His identity was sunk in No. 97—the number of his cell—and he was pointed out as the hardest case in the prison. When the other convicts were marched to the chapel, No. 97, for some breach of discipline, was kept in his cell. The religious exercises in the chapel opened with singing—a simple Christmas hymn, in which the convicts themselves joined. The volume of song, vigorous if not wholly harmonious, rolled through the corridors and penetrated Cell No. 97. Its occupant stood with his face pressed against the bars, listening. He was ignorant of the fact that he was watched. At first he took to humming the air himself, softly and with evident distrust in his own vocal powers. Then his voice died away, the hard look went out from his face, the thick under-lip quivered, and a tear trickled down his cheek. At that moment he discovered that he was watched. He turned with a half frightened, half sullen look, as he might have turned when the officer surprised him in his last burglary, jimmy in hand. The defiant expression came back to his features, but he could not wholly hide his embarrassment. He wiped away the tears savagely, took a turn in his cell, then came back to the bars. He seemed to think it necessary to make some apology, and so he turned the quid of tobacco in his mouth and said: "Damn it, I was a-thinkin'!" He might have spared himself the confession. Nobody who had seen him could doubt that he had been thinking—thinking, perhaps, of the days when a prison-cell never bounded his dreams of the future; thinking, possibly, of those other Christmas-days when he had joined in singing that very hymn which now welled up from the throats of fellow-convicts. The simple melody had power to waken sentiment even in the breast of No. 97.

No, it is not wise to ridicule sentiment—surely not the sentiment which attaches to the Christmas season. All that is most beautiful in that old story is in itself the outgrowth of sentiment. The wise men following the star; the gifts of frankincense and myrrh; the flight with the Young Child into Egypt—is there not sentiment in all the circumstances of that wonderful birth? And the associations of the day are surely of a kind to stir the noblest impulses in human nature. It is a day when every man should live over again the past. If he cannot restore his own faith in the good St. Nicholas, he can at least strengthen the faith of the youngster whose hard lines in life have made him skeptical as to the existence of a Santa Claus. Heaven pity the man whose wisdom in childhood was so precocious that he never believed in the saint. Stripped of the traditions which cluster about the day, Christmas loses its distinctive character, as it does its truest charm. There must be some memory of the stocking hung at the fire-place; of the visions of sugar plums that danced in the youthful head; of the exquisite delight which a jack-knife or pair of skates could impart; of the turkey dinner and family reunions—some memory of these things to make Christmas what it should be. And if one would find in the day a keener enjoyment than any self-indulgence can afford, let him give of his abundance to those who have little to make the holiday season bright. The best possible expression which Christmas sentiment can take is charity. And, with all the unpleasant things which may be said about the age in which we live, we prefer to cling to the belief that charity still finds a place in men's hearts.

That particular class to which THE CLIPPER addresses itself most directly has, perhaps, the least reason to rejoice over the holidays. To the profession generally Christmas brings double work. It means, too often, an extra matinee and nothing more. Rarely does it happen that an actor is permitted to taste the sweets of home-life—and without a home Christmas must needs be a little dreary. Still, it is possible, even with the followers of the stage, to give a dash of sunlight to the day. A turkey sent to some unfortunate fellow-actor will be sure to return a rich reward. That blessedness of giving is as perfect now as it was in the ages gone. A kind word from the star to the super may make the latter's Christmas a merry one—and kind words are possible with all. Above all, let no actor blush to confess that the Christmas awakens sentiment in his breast. Even if it places him in the same category with poets and schoolgirls, he need not be ashamed. What is friendship but sentiment? What is patriotism but another name for sentiment? Even religion itself is sentiment in its noblest form. Let the Christmas then awaken a responsive chord in every heart, and let it not be counted unmanly on that day to live over again the brighter scenes of childhood. Make the Christmas merry by doing good, which is the sentiment best befitting the season.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

ALMY, John H.—Financial editor of *The Sun*, this city. He had filled similar positions on *The Evening Mail*, *The Commercial Advertiser* and *The Financial Record*. During the Rebellion he was military agent in this city for Connecticut and Rhode Island. Col. Almy was a graduate of Amherst College, a man of considerable literary ability, a genial companion, and a warm-hearted friend—here, Dec. 17, aged about 48.

ALEXANDER, Barton Stone—Of the United States Engineer Corps. He was graduated from West Point in 1842. Served with distinction in the Rebellion, since which he had been engaged on the public works in Maine and a member of the Pacific Board of Engineers for Fortifications. He was General Sheridan's consulting engineer in 1864—San Francisco, Cal., Dec. 15, aged 59.

ABBOTT, William P.—Pastor of the Thirtieth-street Methodist Episcopal Church, this city. He had been in the ministry seventeen years, and had filled pulpits in Albany, Newburg and elsewhere. He was a D. D., and presiding elder of the New York district—here, Dec. 22, aged 39.

ALLEN, William Mortimer.—Son of Stephen Allen, once Mayor of this city. He was educated at Columbia College, and studied law, but abandoned the practice of his profession some years ago—this city, Dec. 14, aged 64.

ATCHESON, Thomas C.—United States Deputy-marshal and Under-sheriff of St. Lawrence County, N. Y.; also of the firm of T. C. & R. J. Atcheson, hatters, of Ogdensburg, N. Y.—that city, Dec. 19.

BRIGGS, George W.—Professor of Agriculture in the Maryland State Agricultural College. He was widely known throughout the State—Suffolk, Va., Dec. 20.

BABCOCK, Lettam H.—Founder of the first engine company in Galveston, Texas—Clear Creek, Texas, Dec. 11, aged 56.

BURNARD, Nevill Northy—A Cornish sculptor of note—Redruth, Cornwall, Nov. 27, aged 60.

BALIZELL, John C.—A soldier of 1812—Dublin Township, O., recently, aged 92.

BOLTON, Oscar—A clerk in the office of the Receiver of Taxes, Philadelphia, Pa.—there, Dec. 19.

COHEN, Solomon E.—Publisher of *The Underwriter*, Philadelphia, Pa. At different times he had been connected with *The Southern Monitor*, *The Pennsylvanian* and *The Philadelphia Age*. He established a daily paper in Philadelphia, which had but a brief career. In 1856 he published the directory of that city. He was also the founder of *The Dial*, devoted to finance—Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 17, aged 55.

CRAIG, Hugh—Until 1873 a prominent commission merchant in Philadelphia, Pa. He was one of the founders and a director of the Corn Exchange Bank—Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 21, aged 62.

COLBURN, Justice E.—United States Consul-general in Mexico. He was for a number of years Washington correspondent of *The New York Times*—City of Mexico, Dec. 2, aged about 45.

CHAPPELL, Absalom H.—Congressman-at-large from Georgia in 1843, and a member of that State's Constitutional Convention in 1865—near Columbus, Ga., Dec. 11.

COOKE, H. P.—A prominent citizen of Watertown, N. Y.—that city, Dec. 21, aged 69.

DOUGLAS, Beverly B.—Representative in Congress from the First District of Virginia. A native of Virginia, he was a member of that State's Constitutional Convention in 1850-51, served in the State Senate for twelve years, and was a Presidential Elector on the Breckinridge and Lane ticket in 1860. During the Rebellion he served in the Confederate Army as first-lieutenant in Lee's Rangers, and afterwards as major of the Fifth Virginia Cavalry. He was chosen a delegate to the Democratic National Convention, in this city, which nominated Seymour and Blair, but was unable to attend—Washington, D. C., Dec. 22, aged 56.

DUKEHEART, John—A well-known resident of Baltimore, Md. He was prominently identified with the old Volunteer Fire Department, and had been a member of both branches of the City Council. He had lived to celebrate his golden wedding—Baltimore, Md., Dec. 17, aged 78.

DOUCET, Judge—Of the Quebec Court of Sessions—Quebec, Canada, Dec. 20.

DICK, James—Of Ashtabula, O.—there, recently, aged 95.

ELY, Mrs. Lucinda—Of Monroe County, N. Y. Her wedded life covered a period of sixty-three years with the husband who survives her—Henrietta, Monroe County, N. Y., Dec. 11, aged 85.

FOUCHE, Armand C. F.—Duke of Otranto and son of the celebrated Minister of Police of the First French Empire—Stockholm, Sweden, recently, aged 78.

GANIER, Mrs. Melissa—Of Scottsville, Monroe County, N. Y. She married in 1789, at the age of 14, and removed in 1801 to the place where she died. Her husband still survives her, at the age of 107. After Mrs. Ganier's death her husband, who is somewhat feeble, was assisted to her coffin, but was stricken blind, and was unable to see the dead wife with whom he had lived eighty-nine years. They counted ninety-five descendants—Scottsville, N. Y., recently, aged 103.

GUTZKOW, Karl F.—A German dramatist and poet. Among his tragedies are "Nero," "King Saul," "Richard Savage" and "Werner," and among his comedies "The School of Riches" and "The Original Tartuffe"—Frankfort-on-the-Main, Dec. 16, aged 67.

GRIER, George M.—Formerly a well-known politician of Orange County, N. Y. He was a Presidential elector in the convention which nominated Abraham Lincoln in 1860—Goshen, N. Y., Dec. 20, aged 76.

GREENE, Elihu.—A brother of General Nathaniel Greene of Revolutionary fame—Cincinnati, O., Dec. 15, aged 75.

HUNT, John H.—An old resident of the Eighth Ward, this city. He was a printer by trade, working in the same office in Rochester, N. Y., with Thurlow Weed when the latter was an apprentice. Mr. Hunt was for some years a Custom-house officer, and when a young man was prominent in local politics—this city, Dec. 19, aged 74.

HAWKINS, William—A man who lived all his life on Long Island without once visiting New York or riding in a railroad car—Stony Brook, L. I., last week, aged 94.

HOY, Henry E.—A member of the firm of Galt & Hoy, publishers, this city. He was known among his friends as "Handsome Hoy." Financial embarrassments led him to suicide—this city, Dec. 16, aged 28.

HEATH, James—One of the oldest and best-known boatmen at Newport, R. I. He dropped dead in his boat—Newport, R. I., Dec. 17.

HERR, Rudolph—A German lawyer of Brooklyn, N. Y. He was at one time a partner of Judge Bloom's. He committed suicide by shooting—Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 18, aged 48.

HANNA, Thomas—Of Anderson, S. C.—Hall Township, S. C., recently, aged 90.

JONES SR., Aaron—Formerly proprietor of the Hinckley Knitting Mills, in Germantown, Pa.—Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 18, aged 71.

McGAVOCK, Jacob—For nearly seventy-five years a resident of Nashville, Tenn. In 1813 he was a volunteer in the Creek War, served as one of Gen. Jackson's body-guard, and received a severe wound in the battle of Emuckfaw. He was father of Randall W. McGavock, colonel of the Tenth Tennessee Regiment, who was killed at the battle of Raymond, Miss.—Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 8, aged 88.

McKEEHAN, John.—According to his friends, the oldest Mason in the world. He was born in Ireland, and joined St. John's Lodge, No. 38, Ballentoy, in 1809—Logansport, Ind., Dec. 16, aged 97.

MARTIN, James—One of the oldest flagmen on the Hudson-river Railroad. He was struck by a train and killed—Fishkill Landing, N. Y., Dec. 15.

McCAULEY, Rev. Dr.—Late president of King's College, Windsor, Nova Scotia—Halifax, N. S., Dec. 21.

MORELY, Harriet—Widow of Col. S. S. Morely of Hampton, Ct.—there, Dec. 16, aged 92.

MILES, George—Of Philadelphia, Pa.—there, Dec. 18, aged 94.

PATTERSON, Alfred—A prominent citizen of Pittsburg, Pa. Before his removal to that city he had been a leading lawyer of Fayette County. He was largely interested in the banking business, and was at one time worth $500,000—Natchitoches, La., Dec. 16, aged 71.

PIERRON, Pierre Alexis—French philologist and scholar. He published a translation of the dramas of Æschylus, which was "crowned" by the French Academy—France, recently, aged 64.

REEVES, Samuel J.—An extensive iron manufacturer of Philadelphia, Pa. He was president of the Phœnix Iron Company, and interested in a number of other iron-works. A large portion of one of the elevated railroads in this city was built by the Phœnix Company—Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 15, aged 61.

RYALS, H. J.—Of Selma, N. C. He was major of the Fiftieth North Carolina during the Rebellion, having been promoted for gallantry—Selma, N. C., recently, aged 45.

ROCKWELL, W. T.—Purchasing agent for the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company in Scranton, Pa.—that city, Dec. 18.

REYNOLDS, Abelard—Reported to be the oldest resident of Rochester, N. Y.—there, Dec. 19, aged 98.

RAMAGE, C. T.—A Scottish writer of eminence—Scotland, recently, aged 75.

STONE, Edward Collins—Principal of the American Asylum for Deaf and Dumb in Hartford, Ct., a position which was held by his father before him—Hartford, Ct., Dec. 21, aged 39.

STEVENS, Tappan—Formerly proprietor of the Spring Hotel, in Newbury, Vt., and at one time a member of the Vermont Legislature—Boston, Mass., Dec. 18, aged 83.

SARGENT, Frank L.—A veteran reporter of *The Boston Journal*—Boston, Mass., Dec. 19, aged 59.

SANDERSON, Nathan—Of Waltham, Mass.—there, Dec. 15, aged 93.

TAYLOR, James Bayard—Traveler, journalist, poet, and, at the time of his death, American Minister to Germany. He was born in Kenneth square, Chester County, Pa., and was descended from a Quaker family. With but little book knowledge he entered a printing-office at the age of seventeen. Two years later the fever for travel, which was ever after in his blood, seized him, and he made his way to New York. Here he was befriended by Horace Greeley, N. P. Willis, Parke Godwin, and other literary men. They provided him with money enough to get to Europe, and there he spent two years, sending home letters to *The Tribune* descriptive of what he saw. These were afterwards collected into a volume and published under the title "Views Afoot, or Europe Seen with Knapsack and Staff." Upon his return to this country, in 1846, Mr. Taylor edited, for a short time, a paper in Phœnixville, Pa., wrote some verses, and finally, in 1848, became attached to *The New York Tribune*. The following year he went to California, and returned by way of Mexico. In 1851 he began a long tour in the East, visiting parts of Africa, China and Japan. In 1862 he was Secretary of the American Legation at St. Petersburg, and for some time acted as Charge d'Affaires. He revisited Egypt in 1874, attended the millennial celebration in Iceland, and on his return, during the same year, published an interesting account of his travels. His literary career began while he was still a printer at the case. He published a small volume of verse before his first visit to Europe, and he followed this during the remainder of his life with many volumes of travel, poetry and fiction. It was his ambition to write a life of Goethe, and he had collected much information for this purpose. His books of travel are best known, although it was his desire to be remembered chiefly as a poet. With regard to his poetical abilities Edgar A. Poe spoke highly when Taylor was still a young man. Here is Poe's opinion, which we have not seen printed in connection with Mr. Taylor's death: "Mr. Taylor is, unquestionably, the most terse, glowing and vigorous of all our poets, young or old—in point, I mean, of expression. His sonorous, well-balanced rhythm puts me often in mind of Campbell, and his rhetoric in general is of the highest order." Personally, Mr. Taylor was generous, sympathetic and companionable. He was appointed Minister to Berlin about a year ago—Berlin, Germany, Dec. 19, aged 53.

TOOMEY, Josiah H. G.—A colored barber of Baltimore, Md., who was widely known in that city. He was at one time an officer in the Custom-house—Baltimore, Md., Dec. 16, aged 65.

THOMPSON, Homer A.—An instructor in the Flushing (L. I.) Institute—Flushing, Long Island, Dec. 17, aged 51.

TAYLOR, Mrs. Abigail—Of Falmouth, N. S.—there, Dec. 6, aged 90.

THRESHER, James—Of Stafford, Ct.—there, Dec. 11, aged 92.

VON DER LUEHE, Carl—A practicing physician of Williamsburg, L. I. He is said to have been of noble parentage—Williamsburg, N. Y., Dec. 17, aged 66.

WELLS, Samuel R.—A member of the police force of this city who enjoyed the double distinction of wealth and piety. He came to New York in 1862 from Connecticut, where he had been a Methodist minister. He became a policeman that he might the better perform his duties as an evangelist. He was assigned to duty in the First Precinct, where policemen are more familiar to the residents than are evangelists. He administered wholesome advice to his prisoners, was kind to women and children, and had the courage to arrest anybody, and to preach wherever preaching did good. "Pop" Wells, as he was often called, was liked by all who knew him. He is said to have saved a comfortable fortune, and to have owned a farm in Connecticut. He was employed in the Fourteenth Precinct at the time of his death—this city, Dec. 17, aged about 60.

WILLIAMS, Alpheus S.—Member of the House of Representatives from the Detroit district, Michigan. Apart from his political distinction, he was prominent as a journalist, lawyer and soldier. He was born in Saybrook, Ct., was graduated from Yale College in 1831, and began the practice of law in Detroit in 1836. He was, in turn, Judge of Probate, Alderman, Recorder, Lieutenant-colonel in the Mexican War, Postmaster of Detroit, Brigadier-general in the Rebellion, Minister to Salvador, and Member of Congress. In 1843 he edited *The Detroit Daily Advertiser*. In 1866 he was the Democratic candidate for Governor of Michigan. His career in the Rebellion was particularly brilliant—Washington, D. C., Dec. 21, aged 68.

WRAY, John Henry—A clergyman who disappeared from his home in New Brunswick, N. J., Dec. 7. Five days later a prisoner in the Tombs, this city, who had been confined for supposed drunkenness, was found insensible and sent to Bellevue Hospital. He gave his name as John Thompson. The next day he died. His body was removed to the Morgue, where, on Dec. 16, it was identified as that of the Rev. John H. Wray—this city, Dec. 14.

WAITE, Warren S.—Well known in Toledo, O., where he had formerly been Assistant-postmaster. In a fit of somnambulism he climbed out of a third-story window on to a roof, over which he walked, falling a distance of forty feet to the ground. The injuries resulted in his death—Toledo, O., Dec. 17.

WILLIAMSON, Chas. A.—A prominent citizen of Baltimore, Md., where he was at one time Italian Consul. He was engaged in the banking business for some years, and was a leading member of the Maryland Club—Baltimore, Md., Dec. 14, aged 78.

WILD, Silas—A veteran of the War of 1812. He voted at every Presidential election since he was of age—Medford, Mass., Dec. 16, aged 91.

WEST, John C.—Of the well-known Nova Scotian family of West India merchants—Halifax, N. S., Dec. 19.

WILCOX, Hannah—Of New Bedford, Mass.—there, Dec 15, aged 95.

YORKE, Eliot—Member of the British Parliament for Cambridgeshire—Cable dispatch of Dec. 23.

BILLIARDS.

THE SEXTON-SLOSSON CONTEST.

The match for $500 a side, together with the medal that until the first of this month was emblematic of the actual championship of America at the three-ball carom game, is to be determined in this city on Friday night, Dec. 27, in Tammany Hall, where William Sexton first acquired possession of it on May 31, 1877, and where he has since successfully defended it against the only players, Cyrille Dion and George F. Slosson, who ventured to challenge him during the eighteen months, ending on Nov. 30 last, the rules required him to hold it in order to entitle himself to its permanent possession. Sexton's competitor this week will be the same player he encountered when he last contended for the medal—Slosson. The latter has improved somewhat since last June, and should make a better fight than he did then. In the way of large runs in practice games he has been scoring two points to Sexton's one, and in one instance he has got as high as 868—a surprising feat on so lively a cushion as he has been practicing upon, and as this match is to be played upon. But large "runs," like high "averages," amount to nothing except when made "alongside of the trial-horse;" and the players who make them oftenest in practice are the very ones who rarely make them in match games. The tendency of big runs in practice is to disappoint their maker when he comes to play the match, in which he cannot get the same chance to make them as he had in practice. In this view it is to be feared that Slosson, in running from six to nearly eight hundred, has been doing altogether too well for his own good. Sexton, on the other hand, has been knocking out from two to four hundred, which is quite within the bounds of his usual gait in practice. It is not likely that he will look for a higher run than a couple of hundred or so on Friday night, and he may elect to so play that neither himself nor his opponent will get a chance to run even two hundred before half-past eleven, by which time, if it begins at about eight, the game will be over. There is, of course, a fair chance for Slosson to win: but the player who encounters Sexton in a match has "a good deal the worst of it." Slosson has been beaten so often by Sexton in matches that it is more difficult for him to face Sexton than it is for any other player of anything like Slosson's strength.

THE TOURNAMENT'S CHIEF PRIZE.

After having examined the different designs submitted to him, Mr. L. C. Newhall, who is manifesting a deep concern in the tournament to be instituted here next month, has decided to give to Messrs. Tiffany & Co. the order to manufacture the chief prize—a costly emblem that is to typify the new championship of the world at three-ball billiards, and is to be accompanied by a $1,200 purse. As foreshown in the artist's drawing, now before us, the emblem is to be an exceedingly neat and artistic piece of workmanship. It conveys, in a general way, the idea of an urn, surmounted by a full-length figure. The base is about seven inches in height, with a rectangular space four-and-a-half by two-and-a-half inches for the inscription. The urn proper is of circular form, measuring eight-and-a-half inches at the point of its greatest diameter. At the foot of what may be termed the cover of the urn is a sphere of the size of a regulation billiard-ball. From the back of this, and projecting upwards almost to the figure, is a plumous leaf, not unlike a fern, but representing, perhaps, a species of palm as indicative of victory. The ball is partly covered by a ribbon, which falls in graceful folds over the stem of the leaf. The crowning figure stands in shirt-sleeves, the right hand resting upon a billiard-cue. It is eminently suggestive of a player watching his opponent at a run. The emblem complete stands nearly twenty-six inches high. It is most symmetrical in its proportions, and, if we may judge from the drawing, it will be equally appropriate and artistic when presented in the more substantial form of precious metal.

HARRY CHOATE, ex-champion of Ohio, was to have played at Heuck's Opera-house, Cincinnati, on Dec. 20, with "Yank" Adams, whose success is still unabated. The game was to have been 100 points up, Choate playing with cue, while Adams was to be required to play from wherever his ball stopped, and was prohibited from "running out," it seems, unless the 100 were made in three minutes.

THE AMERICAN HOTEL, Philadelphia, is to have sixteen new tables of H. W. Collender's make. The same maker has also furnished eight new tables for Horning's room, Schenectady, N. Y.

A. F. TROESCHER of the J. M. Brunswick & Balke Co. left this city for Cincinnati on Dec. 20, to spend Christmas with his family.

ATHLETIC.

O'LEARY AND CAMPANA.

The unusual spectacle of some twelve hundred people assembled at Gilmore's Garden at the unseasonable hour of one o'clock on the morning of Monday, Dec. 23, was a satisfactory indication of the interest felt by the public in the second six days' go-as-you please competition ever engaged in in this country. The parties to the present match are Champion Daniel O'Leary and Peter Napoleon Campana, called for the sake of brevity "Young Sport." Of the former's career as a walker we need say nothing, as his doings here and abroad are very familiar to our readers, having been recently recounted at length in these columns. We shall therefore merely state that O'Leary was born at Clanikilty, near Cork, Ireland, stands 5ft. 8½in. in height, weighs 155lb, has lived in this country for a period of 12 years, and his permanent residence is in Chicago, Ill. Campana's first public appearance on the running track dates nearly a score of years farther back than that of the champion, and in 1856, or a little earlier, he was well known as a runner at almost all distances up to five miles in this city and State and in New England, which section was in those days well represented by pedestrians, and good ones too. "Sport" (that was his nickname then, as it is now) was born at Petersburg, Va., Sept. 17, 1836, stands 5ft. 8in., and in his best days was wont to scale about 150lb, but on commencing his present arduous undertaking kicked the beam at but 142½lb. In the issue of THE CLIPPER bearing date Oct. 3, 1857, appears a portrait of Campana—and a very trim-built, likely-looking young fellow he was in his running costume—with his record underneath, from which we glean the following particulars concerning his performances up to that time: Won a mile-race against time, $50, June 4, 1855—time, 4m. 58s.; beat Billy Lee, $20, around Tompkins square, N. Y. City, June 11, 1855; beat Lee, $50, half a mile, July 2, 1855—time, 2m. 18¼s.; ran 1,600 yards in 4m. 11s., $25, Jan. 30, 1857; beat Murray, $40, half a mile, Red House track, Harlem, N. Y., May 25, 1857—time, 2m. 18s.; won champion belt of New England, offered by James Hart, five miles, defeating Lambert and another, Providence, R. I., July 10, 1857; beaten by Patrick Buckley ("Lynn Buck"), $200, five miles, Union Course, L. I., Sept. 3, 1857; time 29m. 21s. Not satisfied with this defeat, Sport sought another race with the Buck, and they ran the same distance on the track at Saugus, Mass., Oct. 9 following, Campana being allowed a start of one hundred yards, and being beaten by over two hundred yards in 28m. 3s. On St. Patrick's-day, 1858, Sport had a benefit at the Circus, in the Bowery, this city (where the New Bowery Theatre was afterwards located), when he defeated Frank Attinalli (afterwards a burly, good-natured member of "the force"), Langstaff and "Indian" in a two-mile race—time, 10:19. In November, 1858, Sport defeated W. B. Dennison, one mile, at Copake, N. Y., in 4min. 49sec. About this time Campana offered to run any man in America, bar John Grindell, but no match resulted from the defi. After that time "Sport" figured but little on the race-track until he shone forth, meteor-like, on the occasion of his alleged walk-and-run of Nov. 11 to 16 last, when he was reported to have excelled O'Leary's record—a statement which, for excellent reasons, was not credited. As many people appeared disposed to give "Sport" credit, if not for performing the feat ascribed to him at Bridgeport, at least for ability to perform it, O'Leary, to settle the matter, made a public announcement that he would give Campana odds of $2,500 against $2,000 in a six days' get-along-somehow-or-another, the winner to take all the gate-money, after expenses, and the loser to have only his defeat to console him for his pains, aches and unavailing perseverance and pluck. Of course this arrangement was fair enough for Campana, but he and his backers thought a better arrangement might be made; and after "Sport" had strengthened his friends' confidence by showing a satisfactory trial, they offered to make a match with the seemingly invincible Irish-American for one thousand dollars a side, the winner to take three-fourths of the admission money and the loser one-fourth, provided the latter covered 450 miles; if the loser should fall short of that distance, then he was to have no claim upon the proceeds, the total amount of which was to go to the winning man. On Thursday, Dec. 12, the match was entered into, the articles governing the same (and which were published last week) being very strict, indeed. The match made, Campana hied away to Bridgeport to physically prepare himself for a struggle the winning of which would bring to him more money than he is ever likely to bank from any other source. With such an incentive to exertion, it will be believed that he paid strict attention to the business in hand, and, in consequence, when he came to the city on the 21st, he was feeling as much like a young colt as a chap of his years and checkered existence can be expected to feel. O'Leary, who a few days previous to signing the articles had easily walked a distance of four hundred miles in less than 124 hours at Philadelphia, took his customary amount of preparatory exercise during the intervening time, and expressed himself as being in capital condition—an assertion the truth of which was attested by his appearance when he came to the starting-point, armed with his favorite cobs. Two tracks had been built under experienced supervision, composed as usual of loam and sawdust, and, as the outer one was an eighth and the inner a ninth of a mile round, there was a choice, and this was tossed for on the afternoon of the 21st by Messrs. Smith and Rourke, respectively backers of O'Leary and Campana. The champion's backer had shown that he was willing to take a little the worst of it by offering before the flip of the coin to let Campana have the pick, but the latter's backer declined the favor, only, however, to accept it upon its renewal after the fall of the piece had given O'Leary the right to choose. Rourke then took the outside track, which was subsequently made a little harder, as Sport, who can run far better than he can walk, proposes to travel the greater part of the time he sticks to the track at the former gait. Accommodation in the shape of portable wooden houses, which can be taken apart and packed away in a small space, and which are supplied with a number of ingenious interior contrivances, has been provided, that for Campana being located just outside of his track, and that for O'Leary (which, by-the-bye, was larger by two wings than that placed at the disposal of "Sport") being situated inside of the track. The former, besides being much smaller, was lighted by lamps only, while gas was introduced into the O'Leary building, and things generally were much more conducive to comfort there than in the retiring-room of Campana. When the men came upon the track, shortly before the time fixed upon for the start, both received a warm welcome from the eager throng of spectators. O'Leary was attired in the costume familiar to the public—white shirt and tights, black-velvet trunks and white 'kerchief loosely tied around the neck—while Campana was arrayed in a white shirt trimmed with scarlet, the word "Sport" worked in scarlet on the front, blue knee-breeches, white tights, a handkerchief of sanguinary hue about his neck, and a similar tied around his head, the ends flapping from underneath a slouchy-looking cap. The contrast between the men was striking, especially after they were fairly on their journey—O'Leary neat, clean, quick and graceful in his appearance and movements, Campana careless-looking as to attire, loose and ungainly in action. Both commenced at a walk, but, upon finding that O'Leary was making the pace too hot, Sport changed to a jog-trot, and for several laps they journeyed side by side, when Campana began gradually to gain, he completing the first mile, 1m. 11s. ahead, in 9m. 31s., the second in 18m. 53s. to O'Leary's 21m. 16s., and three miles in 27m. 44s to O'Leary's 31m. 45s. The times of both men, as taken at the end of every five miles up to 4 o'clock P. M., is shown below:

Miles.	*Campana.* H. M. S.	*O'Leary.* H. M. S.	*Miles.*	*Campana.* H. M. S.	*O'Leary.* H. M. S.
5	44 37	52 52	40	8 13 00	10 05 10
10	1 30 07	1 45 58	45	9 27 30	12 17 00
15	2 19 39	3 05 59	50	10 38 30	13 26 00
20	3 24 09	4 34 52	55	13 55 00	14 32 30
25	4 37 19	5 35 30	60	14 50 00	
30	5 42 11	7 15 10	65	15 03 00	
35	6 59 10	8 20 00			

Campana took his first rest, a brief one, at the conclusion of his thirtieth mile, and thereafter up to the time our report closed, at 4 P. M., fifteen hours from the start, he stuck closely to the track, being absent but a few minutes in all. O'Leary made his first halt on the sixth lap of his seventh mile and made frequent stops. Up to the close of the twenty-fifth mile he had consumed fifty minutes in resting, and afterwards he was away from the course often, his stoppages varying in length from one to thirty-six minutes, the reason assigned for these halts being a very sore heel. O'Leary invariably started on a sharp run upon returning to the track, and Sport generally quickened and kept him company, but these runs seemed to weaken both men, O'Leary especially, as they always fell back to a slower pace than before the burst. During the day there was a large crowd present, and a great deal of enthusiasm was manifested. The pedestrians were cheered during the latter part of the afternoon by the strains of a brass band, to the music of which they got over the ground at a livelier gait. Just after the band began to play Sport's better-half handed him a bouquet, with which he made several circuits of the track. During the sixtieth mile both men ran very fast, and at the conclusion of the sixty-fifth mile Campana took a short respite from his pedal labors. Upon coming back rousing cheers were given for "Old 41," that being the number of the "masheen" with which Sport used to "run" in his younger days. The red-flannel shirt which he invariably dons upon returning to the track, has the word "Sport" in blue letters on the front, while across the back are the words "Old Stag," by which name the aforesaid fire-engine was also known. The miles made by each man by hours up to twelve is shown below:

CAMPANA. H. M. L. Yds.	O'LEARY. M. L. Yds.	CAMPANA. H. M. L. Yds.	O'LEARY. M. L. Yds.
1—6 6 55	5 6 50	7—35 0 140	28 6 200
2—13 1 70	10 6 120	8—39 1 10	33 3 200
3—18 1 40	14 5 120	9—42 6 75	35 7 00
4—22 2 100	18 4 00	10—47 1 150	39 5 110
5—26 6 40	21 8 60	11—48 0 00	41 5 00
6—31 0 100	27 0 150	12—54 3 180	44 8 80

The judges, scorers, timekeepers, etc., are members of athletic clubs, and the referee is Wm. B. Curtis.

DINNIE TO ROSS AND JOHNSON.

Donald Dinnie has written a letter in response to the communication from D. C. Ross and E. W. Johnson, in which, it will be remembered, they expressed their willingness to arrange an athletic competition, to consist of a series of games, with Dinnie and George Davidson. Finding that Ross has serious objections to returning to Scotland at present, Dinnie says: "I inclose articles of agreement, which, if Ross and Johnson sign and return to me, I will at once stake £100 (one hundred pounds) sterling as first deposit. The agreement is written and feats chosen similar to those contested by Ross and Lynch and according to my challenge. Some £50 each more is asked for expenses which will necessarily be required in that country. The articles of agreement alluded to specify that the contest shall take place in New York, on some day during the first week in July, 1879, and that the stakes shall be 200 sovereigns in gold, Ross and Johnson to allow Dinnie and Davidson 50 sovereigns each for expenses; the profits of the gate-money to be equally divided. The Alexandra Athletic Club, or any respectable firm in Glasgow, are proposed as the stakeholders, the allowance for expenses to be paid before final deposit, which must be staked before the middle of May, 1879. The following feats are named: Throwing 56lb by ring from side, "fair stand;" putting 56lb from shoulder, 7½ft. allowed; throwing heavy hammer, 22lb, "fair stand;" throwing light hammer, 16lb, "fair stand;" putting heavy stone, 22lb, 7½ feet allowed; putting light stone, 16lb, 7½ feet allowed; tossing the caber; running high-leap; running 100 yards, with or without hurdles. These contests must be all performed according to the rules existing in Scotland. In the weight-throwing, putting, etc., the best distance made by each man to be added against the opponents, and the winners of five out of the nine events to be awarded the stakes. Each man must find his own weights, hammers, etc., which must not be less than the weights specified.

TIMOTHY DOYLE is said to have walked sixty miles in 13h. 25m. in an attempt to walk one hundred miles in twenty-four hours at, Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y., recently. It was done without preparation. Timothy is desirous of giving up the occupation of day-laborer and substituting that of pedestrian; but, as blistered feet caused him to abandon his recent 100-mile attempt, we would advise him to give up the idea.

WHAT IS CONFIDENTLY EXPECTED will be one of the best exhibitions at handball and racket ever witnessed in this country will take place at McQuade's Court, 404 Madison street, on Christmas-day, between eight of the leading players of this country. Play will commence at 9 A. M., and will continue during the day and evening. Admission will be free.

LAW vs. GOODWIN.

George J. Law of Connecticut and J. W. Goodwin of the American Athletic Club, New York, were recently matched for a spin of 75 hours. The conditions were that Law was to walk square heel and toe, while Goodwin was to make the best of his way, run or walk. The match came off in Bridgeport, Ct., Dec. 19, the men being started at 8:25 P. M. Goodwin started on a run, rolling off his laps quite fast, while Law started off on an easy, machine-like gait, and at the finish of the first twenty-four hours the score stood: Law, 88 miles; Goodwin, 78 miles. This is exceedingly slow; but both men knew they had a long way to go, and took it easy. At the close of 48 hours the score showed that Law finished 160 miles, while Goodwin's score stood 140 miles. Law was now 20 miles ahead, walking slow but sure, while Goodwin seemed to be a little stiff. The third day and finish of 72 hours showed that Law went 225 miles, while Goodwin got as far as 173 miles. Both men at this point showed some fast walking. Neither of the men finished the 75 hours. Goodwin stopped at 9 P. M., having gone 176 miles 8 laps (22 to the mile) in 72 hours and 35 minutes 10 seconds. Law stopped at 9.25 P. M., having gone 228 miles 8 laps in 73 hours. Goodwin was pretty well used up, while Law was in excellent condition and as fresh as when he started.

BROWN UNIVERSITY GAMES.

The awakening of the Brown University Athletic Association from a sleep which has extended over a period of years is a pleasant thing to chronicle. The first public evidence of the fact was afforded on Dec. 14, when the opening games were held on the college campus at Providence, R. I. Unfortunately the grounds had been rendered unfit by rain, so that the crowd of students present did not witness any unusually good performance. The return follows: Standing long-jump—Diltz, '82, 9ft. 9in.; Waterman, '80, 9ft. 4in. Running long-jump—Diltz, '82, 17ft. 11¼in.; Knowles, '80, 16ft. 1in. Standing high-jump—Irons, '81, 4ft. 3½in. Running high-jump—Adams, '80, 4ft. 6in.; Meader, '80, 4ft. 5in. Putting 15½lb-shot—Irons, '81, 31ft. 1½in.; Ladd, '81, 28ft. 6in. 100yds. run—Eddy, '79, 1; Diltz, '82, 2; time, 10 3-5s. Three-legged race—Lippitt and Waterman, '82, 1. Wheelbarrow-race—Jewett, '81, 1. Throwing baseball—Diltz, '82, 333ft. 6in.; Winslow, '80, 310ft. 10in.; Ladd, '81, 307ft. 1in.

N. Y. A. C. MEETING.

Athletes will please bear in mind that the entries for the several games to be held at the Winter indoor meeting of the New York Athletic Club will close on Thursday, Dec. 26. They can be made to the secretary, P. O. box 3,101, N. Y. City. The meeting will be held at Gilmore's Garden Jan. 3, 4, commencing at 8 P. M. each day, and will consist of the following competitions: 75 yards, 220 yards, quarter mile, half mile, and one mile handicap runs; 220 yard and 440 yard handicap hurdle races, 10 hurdles, 2ft. 6in. high; one-mile walk for those who have never beaten 8m. 30s.; two-mile handicap walk; bicycle race, 2 miles; tug-of-war, limited to Seventh Regiment teams of 6 men and 3 substitutes; amateur tug-of-war, teams of 10 men and 3 substitutes. Entrance fee, $1 for each game except amateur tug-of-war, for which it will be $5 per team.

MADAME ANDERSON.—This lady pedestrian, who has been before the public in the provincial towns of England since the Fall of 1877, during which she claims to have accomplished some most wonderful feats, made her debut before an American assembly on Monday evening, Dec. 16, at Mozart Garden, Brooklyn. The task she is advertised to have undertaken is that of walking 2,700 quarter miles in 2,700 consecutive periods of fifteen minutes each, and there was quite a party present to encourage her as she tramped around the seven-lap-to-a-quarter-mile track. At times during the week the attendance was satisfactory, and the lady's style of progression was very favorably commented upon. She is represented to have walked faithfully so far, and she seems strong and well. It is probable that during the holidays the walk will meet with better patronage.

KNICKERBOCKER ATHLETIC CLUB.—The annual indoor meeting, under the auspices of this club, will be held at the American Institute building, this city, Jan. 6, 7. The programme is as follows: *First Evening*—Run of 75yds., handicap; one-mile walk, handicap; running broad-jump; one-mile run, handicap; hurdle handicap; 220yds., over ten hurdles, 2ft. 6in.; half-mile run, handicap; 3-mile walk, handicap; running high-jump; one-quarter-mile run, handicap; five-mile run; tug-of-war, open to teams of four men each from any regiment in the National Guard. *Second Evening*—Walk of twenty-five miles for the amateur championship of America. Medals will be given to first, second and third in each game, excepting in tug-of-war, for which a prize will be given each member of the winning team. Entries close on Monday, Dec. 30, with J. M. Pollock, secretary, No. 104 Broadway, New York.

GYMNASIUM EXHIBITION IN PHILADELPHIA.—Last week an exhibition was given by the pupils of Prof. Barrett, superintendent of the Y. M. C. A. Gymnasium, Philadelphia, which was well attended. The contortion act by R. Ferris was good. The dumb-bell drill was led by H. Wright, the trapeze was attended to by Wright and Parker, and the horizontal-bar by G. Bratta, Morrow, Brannan, and Ferris. The club-swinging by Prof. Barrett was very fine, he juggling 15-pounders easily. The pole-vaulting by Hazlette and Heins, for a silver medal, was won by Heins; height, 8ft. 6¾in. Prof. Barrett was presented with a handsome gold and silver medal by the pupils of his classes.

ERRATA.—In our past issue it was inadvertently stated that the best time for fifty miles by an American amateur walker was 4h. 9m. 19s. Everybody who knows aught about this species of sport understands that twenty-five miles was intended, for which distance the figures given are correct, notwithstanding the assertion of a contemporary that the true figures were 4h. 9m. 9s. That walk commenced at 6.45, and Armstrong finished at 10.54:19, Holske following at 10.54:24.

THE WALLIS CLUB repeated their exhibition Dec. 21 at the Academy of Music, Baltimore, Md. The exhibition was quite similar to the one given the previous week, and was participated in by the following: Messrs. Wolf, Morris, Burdette of the Wallis Club, Profs. J. B. Retz, G. Heintz and A. J. Corbesier of the Naval Academy, Prof. Miller, Steve Taylor, and J. M. Laflin, whose Roman and Grecian portraitures were the feature of the entertainment. Two calcium lights were used to give greater effect.

C. A. HARRIMAN of Haverhill, Mass., who will be one of the competitors in the next contest for the championship of the world, arrived in the metropolis on Sunday, Dec. 22, and proposes to remain here until the belt contest takes place. He will make his abiding place at Frank Lenardson's, 55 Greenwich avenue, where E. C. Holske also stops.

JAMES ROBINSON, formerly of Manchester, Eng., but now a member of the Harlem A. C., desires us to state that he will walk any amateur in America 100 miles, or for 24 hours, for a cup and a bet of $500 a side, in two or four weeks from signing articles. An answer through THE CLIPPER will insure a match.

E. W. JOHNSON and John West put in last week in Philadelphia, and this week they are astonishing the amusement-loving people of the Monumental City with their high and broad jumping, hitch-and-kick, etc., in which line of business they are improving, good as they were before.

CLUB-SWINGING.—A correspondent writes: "Harry Vanetti succeeded in his self-imposed task of swinging a pair of 8-pound Indian Clubs for four hours without intermission on Dec. 18 at Mænnœchor Hall, Philadelphia.

ROBERT CAMPBELL of Brooklyn and J. W. Goodwin of New York are matched to walk seventy-five hours at Stella Hall, 413 Bedford avenue, Brooklyn, L. I., commencing at 8 P. M. Jan. 1, 1879.

HARRY HICKEN will take a benefit on the evening of Jan. 15, 1879, at the International Comique, Sansom street, above Eighth, Philadelphia. John H. Clark is to wind-up with Hicken.

JAMES GIFFORD desires us to say that he finished second instead of S. G. Chapin at the mile race at the late games of Scottish-American A. C.

JIMMY GALLAGHER takes a benefit at the Philadelphia Racket Court, 132 South Tenth street, on Dec. 31.

THE TRIGGER.

THE HOLIDAY TOURNAMENT.

On Dec. 25, 26, 27, the pigeon and glass-ball tournament promoted by Capt. A. H. Bogardus takes place at Brooklyn Driving Park, L. I. On the first day the prizes will be $500 and a gold medal. Each competitor will shoot at twenty single and ten double birds, the winner to receive $150 and a champion medal; second prize, $175; third, $100; fourth, $75. On the second day the contest for the champion badge of America for glass-ball shooting will take place. The first prize is a medal and $75; second, $100; third, $75; fourth, $50. The conditions are 100 glass balls each. On the third day a purse of $500 will be hung up for all comers, each to shoot at twenty glass balls and seven pigeons. The first prize will be $200; second, $150; third, $100; fourth, $50. Bogardus rules will govern the events. Entries will close each day as the first shooter goes to the score. The rules governing the badge for pigeon-shooting are as follows:

We, the undersigned contestants for the badge of the championship of America, given by Captain A. H. Bogardus, do hereby pledge ourselves and agree to the following rules and regulations, whenever and wherever said badge is contested for:

1. The winner of the badge shall give a satisfactory guarantee to Captain A. H. Bogardus for the safety thereof, in the shape of a responsible surety.

2. The winner shall pledge himself to shoot any challenger, for a sum not less than $250 a side, within two months of the date of said challenge, under penalty of forfeiting said badge.

3. Any party challenging the holder of this badge shall make a deposit of $125, as a forfeit for a match of $250 a side, in the hands of the editor of THE CLIPPER, to be covered by the challenged party with an equal amount. The balance of the money, $125 a side, shall be deposited in the hands of the editor of THE CLIPPER, or some other party mutually agreed upon by both parties, three days before the match is shot; the match then becomes play or pay. In case of the holder not complying with the foregoing conditions, he shall forfeit the badge to the party challenging.

4. Every contestant for this badge shall pledge himself to contend for the same under the Bogardus Rules for Pigeon-shooting.

5. All matches for this badge shall be at one hundred pigeons, fifty single and twenty-five double.

6. The holder of this badge shall name the place where the same shall be contested for, and each contestant shall furnish one hundred and ten pigeons for the match, and the pigeons shall be taken out of the same basket or box until the same is exhausted, and so on through the match.

7. The party holding this badge for two years against all comers, it shall become his personal property.

The working of the rules for the government of the glass-ball badge are the same as those given above, with the exception of the two following: IV. Every contestant for this badge shall pledge himself to contend for the same under the Bogardus Rules for Glass-ball Trap-shooting, and the balls to be sprung from Bogardus' patent glass-ball traps *for wing practice*. V. All matches for this badge shall be at 100 glass balls, Bogardus' patent.

We have been shown the badges, which are unique in design, handsome in appearance, and of excellent workmanship.

SAMUEL RUNDLE, aged 27, of Peekskill, N. Y., is said to have broken 24 glass balls out of 25 shot at, 21 yards, at Jersey City, N. J., Dec. 17. He isn't afraid to meet anybody of his own age in a similar contest for a stake.

CANADA'S PICKED MARKSMEN.—The team who will represent the Dominion of Canada at Wimbledon, Eng., in 1879 has been made up as follows: Lieutenant Colonel Gibson of Hamilton, Privates Morris of Hamilton, Wheeler Ogg of Wellington, Captain Todd of Ottawa, Sergeant J. Mitchell of Hamilton, Lieutenant Adams of Hamilton, Corporal Gray of Ottawa, Captain Anderson of Toronto, Lieutenant Cruit of Toronto, Dr. Aikens of Toronto, Private Bell of Toronto; Captain Thomas of Quebec; J. Palen of St. John, N. B.; Sergeant Bishop of Halifax; Captain Cooper of Toronto; Sergeant Reddell of Montreal; Lieutenant Corvin of Halifax; Private Mills of Toronto; Private Wynne of Montreal; and Sergeant Hunter of St. John, N. B. Thirteen are from Ontario, three from Quebec, two from Nova Scotia and two from New Brunswick.

THE NASSAU GUN CLUB of Brooklyn had their regular monthly shoot for the gold badge and a dinner at Dexter Park, L. I., Dec. 17. The contestants were divided into two teams of seven, the losing side to pay for the "feed," and the highest scorer to take the badge; conditions: five birds each, handicap rise, 80yds. boundary, 1¼oz. of shot, H and T traps, Long Island rules. L. H. Smith's team beat W. Garrett's by a score of 25 to 19. A sweepstakes, $2 entry, three birds each, 25yds. rise, resulted in Mills, Selover and Smith killing all their birds and dividing the money.

THE MEMBERS of the Fountain Gun Club shot for a breech-loading shot-gun at the Brooklyn Driving Park, L. I., Dec. 18, the conditions being seven birds each, handicap rise, 80yds. boundary, 1¼oz. shot, five traps. J. T. Slane (25yds.), won, killing all his birds. Messrs. James (25), and Madison (27) killed six apiece.

THE RING.

CLARK vs. THE UNKNOWN.

There is a deepening of the interest felt in this light-weight event as time grows apace and the hour of settlement draws nearer, although the day of battle is still a month off. The anxiety manifested by many people to discover the identity of the man who has been chosen as the opponent of the untried Johnny Clark has not yet been gratified, nor will it be until the coming of the date fixed in the articles for naming him. Considering that Clark never entered the ring as a principal, it seems strange that the experienced pugilists who represented the other side at the making of the match should have seriously thought of sending three thousand miles for a man to fight him. That they did pay this tribute to Clark's presumed ability, however, we have the best of evidence, embodied in a letter received on the 21st inst., by a gentleman in this city, from Bat Mullins, who, it will be remembered, visited this country in 1872, and who for some years past has been doing well by imparting a knowledge of fisticuffs to residents of the British metropolis who were impressed with his superior scientific attainments. Mullins is a known game 'un, while few can boast of greater cleverness, and when the match with Clark was ratified he was the boxer whom it was intended to pit against the Philadelphian. Edwards and Chambers feeling confident, no doubt, that they could hold out sufficient inducements to insure Bat's undertaking an ocean trip and a job the difficulties attending which he could only know of from hearsay. This project has failed of success, however, as will be seen from the subjoined extract from the letter referred to, which is dated Dec. 8: "I wrote to Chambers last week and told him that I would not go over to fight Clark. Even if I was willing to go, I could not get down to 128lb; I now weigh 154lb in my flannels. Besides, I am making a good living teaching gentlemen boxing. I am engaged by some of the best clubs in London, and think it best to let well enough alone. Chambers sent me a paper, in which I see my name mentioned in connection with this matter, and I should feel obliged if you would contradict the statement about me being the man who will fight Clark." This settles the question as far as Mullins is concerned; and as we don't consider it probable that anybody else has been negotiated with for a like purpose, we fancy that Chambers, as was the case in 1872 when he fought Edwards, will be called upon to step into the breach himself and face Clark on Jan. 21. This, of course, will suit Johnny very well—almost as well as though Edwards was to be his opponent in the ring, as he has been on the stage—not that Clark, in our opinion, has any fears of the result of a meeting with Mullins or any other man of his weight, but because Edwards and Chambers are the only men whom he has manifested any desire to encounter within the ropes, and we presume he has relinquished all hope of meeting Billy there. Henceforth Arthur's movements will be watched with greater interest than heretofore, and little stock will be taken in his asseverations that the amputation of the middle finger of his left hand proves an insuperable obstacle to his ever again engaging with hope of success in any contest in which the bare knuckles are depended upon for execution. The next, and final, deposit, must be in the hands of the temporary stakeholder not later than four o'clock on the afternoon of Tuesday, Jan. 7. Upon the same date the men must meet at *The Item* office, in Philadelphia, choose a final stakeholder, and toss for choice of fighting ground, and the name of the unknown must be made known to Clark. Clark has been doing good work of a pedalestic nature during the past week, besides boxing frequently with Patsey Sheppard and others, and Chambers has taken plenty of wholesome open-air exercise.

MIDDLE-WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP.

The appended communication from Mike Donovan was received one day too late for publication in last week's CLIPPER. It will be seen that he agrees to do as McClellan proposed, and the latter is anxious to have the money in Mr. Bennett's hands at an early date:

SACRAMENTO, CAL., Dec. 10, 1878.

EDITOR CLIPPER—*Dear Sir*: In answer to the communication of W. C. McClellan in your issue of Dec. 7, I would state that it is a tissue of falsehoods from beginning to end, and in verification of my statement I would refer the gentleman to THE CLIPPER of May 22 last. It is a well-known fact in sporting circles of New York City that in my first meeting with McClellan, on April 6, he did not win the fight fairly. In my second encounter with the same person, May 18, I won, through McClellan's not coming to the scratch when time was called, and the fight was decided in my favor by the referee. McClellan showed by his actions that he was willing to quit. He also states that I was defeated by James Murray, which is also a untrue; and if such was the truth I would not be ashamed to acknowledge it, as I consider Mr. Murray the superior of McClellan in every particular, and the only difference in the condition of Mr. Murray when I met him and when McClellan met him was simply this: he was young and fresh at the time of my meeting, and overworked and strained when he met McClellan. He also must remember that in my encounter with Mr. Murray it was with *bare* hands—an action which McClellan never has and never will undertake. In regard to my never having fought McClellan, I would simply reply that I am now, as I have ever been in the past, ready to meet him at any time and place, or for any amount, and I will then show him that he has never fought Donovan, as I consider myself the superior of McClellan in everything. I would inform him also that I have a deposit of $50 in THE CLIPPER office to fight any man in the world at 140lb, and that he, McClellan, can be accommodated at any weight. In conclusion, I would state that as soon as my friends raise the amount of $2,000, it will be placed in the hands of the gentleman he named. He also makes another mistake when he states that Maynard is 20 pounds lighter than me. His weight is 134lb, and mine 140lb—a difference of six pounds. In regard to my being "high-toned," I would state that I am now as I have always been, and am not desirous of gaining any newspaper notoriety, as some people are; and if I have an overabundance of feeling, it has been caused by the excellent manner in which I have been treated since I landed on the Pacific coast; and if McClellan should come out here, he might possibly get as "high-toned" as your humble servant. Of one thing he may rest assured, if he should come he will meet with fair play, and receive his just dues in case he should gain a victory. Respectfully, MIKE DONOVAN.

A PUGILISTIC FRAUD.

For some weeks past a would-be teacher of boxing has been circulating around some parts of Ohio representing himself to be that clever but unfortunate light-weight, Tim Collins, who, it will be remembered, was placed in an insane asylum in Taunton, Mass., two or three years ago. We first heard of the person who was passing himself off as the original Tim about a month ago, when he was at Salem, O., since which time we have received two or more letters from doubting parties at Akron, making inquiries regarding the newcomer. We made answer through THE CLIPPER to the effect that we had no knowledge of Collins' release from the asylum, and were confident that he had not been discharged. It was therefore somewhat of a staggerer when we, on the 18th inst., received a lengthy letter from Akron, signed "Tim Collins," the writer of which claimed to be that identical individual, and was very indignant because anybody was disposed to question the fact. He said he had, upon recovering from his malady, quietly proceeded Westward (just like Tim), and was then teaching sparring and other athletic exercises to the Buckeyes, and, although having decided to have nothing more to do with the prize-ring proper, he was, under such aggravating circumstances, constrained to say that if anyone of those who seemed dubious regarding his identity would back up his opinions with money, he would fight such doubter with gloves for from $100 to $500 a side, just to show that he really was Tim Collins of old. To settle the matter, we wrote to John Shea, of 46 Elliot street, Boston, Mass., and on Dec. 21 received an answer reading as follows: "I made inquiries concerning Tim Collins, and have to say that the State records show that he was confined at the asylum in Taunton for sometime; but upon it being found that he was incurable, he was transferred to the Northampton institution, as is the custom in the case of those who are hopelessly insane. He is still confined there." This proves the Ohio individual is not the man he claims to be, and we fancy that those whom he has tried to impose upon will make Akron and the region round about uncomfortably warm for him when they read this exposure.

ELLIOTT'S TESTIMONIAL.

Elliott to Miller.

Lively expectations are entertained regarding the approaching sparring exhibition on a mammoth scale to be given for the benefit of Jimmy Elliott at Gilmore's Garden on New-Year's Eve, Tuesday, Dec. 31. The first show given by a man of Elliott's reputation in the metropolis after the lapse of so long a time should attract a big crowd under ordinary circumstances; but now that there is the additional attraction of the beneficiary being matched to do battle in the prize-ring for the championship of America, the walls of this huge structure ought to inclose an immense throng upon the occasion when he puts up his hands before gigantic Paddy Ryan of Troy. A rich banquet of pugilistic good things is announced for the entertainment of lovers of fistic luxuries, all of whom are invited to be present and enjoy the following bill-of-fare, done up in Chamois leather: Johnny Clark (of Philadelphia, now matched to fight for the light-weight championship) and Barney Aaron, Billy Edwards and Arthur Chambers, Prof. Wm. McLean and Dooney Harris, Arthur Mullen of Brooklyn and Prof. W. C. McClellan, and Jimmy Elliott and Paddy Ryan for the wind-up. There will also be wrestling, club-swinging, etc. The set-to between Elliott and the man who was once matched with Johnny Dwyer is looked forward to with particular interest, and will be the crowning feature of the entertainment. Elliott requests us to say that, having heard that Prof. Miller last week verbally challenged any man to spar him a match, he (Elliott) will make a match with him to spar for $500 or $1,000 a side, at Miller's option, either upon the same conditions that governed the latter's recent match with Goss, or upon any other terms that may be preferred by Miller, the contest to take place at any time subsequent to Jan. 9; and Elliott will agree to spar in Baltimore if the Professor's duties will not admit of his leaving that city. If this suits Miller, Jimmy hopes he will send a deposit and articles, so that the match may be made without delay. Elliott is very earnest in this matter, believing that in such a contest he can get enough the better of the Australian to win by.

HARRY MORGAN writes all the way from Virginia City, Nev., to say that the statement that he and Harry Maynard had an off-hand glove-fight is incorrect. He says, however, that he and Maynard had a friendly set-to at the Alhambra Theatre, that place, for which the proprietor paid him $25. Morgan also says that while he was in San Francisco he put up money to a large amount in hopes of getting on a match with Maynard, who, however, declined.

MILLER vs. GOSS.—The blackened-glove match between Wm. Miller and Joe Goss was decided at Maryland Institute, Baltimore, Md., Dec. 19, in presence of a large assemblage. Only face hits counted, three-minute rounds, with a minute between, and after they had got through eleven rounds Miller was declared the winner by a score of 22 to 19. Arthur Chambers was umpire for Goss, John McGraw for Miller, and James Randolph officiated as referee.

PATSY SHEPPARD will be the recipient of a benefit at Lyric Hall, this city, on Wednesday evening, Jan. 1 (New-Year's Night), when a first-class show will be given, winding up with a set-to between Sheppard and Billy Edwards, the first time these clever light-weights have faced each other for some nine years, we believe.

THE BLACKENED-GLOVE CONTEST between Billy McLean and Fred Smith at Fox's American Theatre, Philadelphia, on December 23, proved to be a "fizzle;" and the referee, one McCurdy, said he was "unable to render a true, just and satisfactory decision(?)."

JIM FRAWLEY returned to New York Dec. 16, finding it impossible to pay the tariff asked for a suitable hall in Philadelphia. He returns thanks to Jim Colbert, Arthur Chambers, Jerry Nolan and John Clark for attentions.

A COPY OF "BOXIANA" is advertised for sale in another column.

JOHNNY SAUNDERS and Johnny Reilly had a first-rate house upon the occasion of their benefit at Dramatic Hall, East Houston street, on Dec. 17. The show included boxing by Johnny Stack and Bob Carman, Ed. McGlinchy and Prof. Woods, Johnny Cash and Barney Jones, Mike Coburn and Young Grady, McGlinchy and McCoy, Bill Flynn and Mullen, and Saunders and Reilly. Gus Hill and McGlinchy also manipulated the Indian clubs, and Eddie Walker gave a clog-dance. Father Tovee was M. C.

THE TURF.

TROTTING-HORSE BREEDERS' ASSOCIATION.

A meeting of the Executive Committee of the National Association of Trotting-horse Breeders was held in this city on Thursday, Dec 19, the following members being present: H. W. T. Mall of New York (president), L. D. Packer of Brooklyn (secretary), Shepherd F. Knapp of New York, W. F. Osborne of Ansonia, Ct., W. H. Wilson of Cynthiana, Ky., J. D. Willis of Brooklyn, N. Y., L. W. Gray of Randolph, Vt., and F. D. Norris of Brooklyn. After the transaction of routine business, it was ordered that the stakes below enumerated be opened: For stallions that never beat 2:20, entrance $500, half forfeit, the association to add $500; to be trotted at the annual meeting of 1879. For stallions that never beat 2:26, entrance $250, half forfeit; to be trotted at the annual meeting of 1879. For stallions that never beat 2:40, entrance $250, half forfeit; to be trotted at the annual meeting of 1879. The National Stake for trotting sires — subscription to be the amount of their respective service-fee for the season of 1878, said amount not to be less than $20; to name and close on May 1, 1879, the whole forming a sweepstakes for the get of such sires upon payments, as follows: $10 May 1, 1880; $15 May 1, 1881; $50 May 1, 1882; and $175 twenty days before the first day of the meeting. To be trotted at the annual meeting of 1882. The Annual Nursery Stakes, for foals of 1877 and 1878; to close and name May 1, 1879; to be trotted when three years old, under conditions as before announced. The Graded Stallion Stakes, for foals of 1874, 1875 and 1876, declaration plan, the same terms and conditions as those of last year governing, excepting that ten or more subscribers are required to fill. Stakes for foals of 1875, to be trotted at the Fall meeting of 1879, as four-year-olds; $250 entrance, half forfeit. Stakes for five-year-olds or under, to be trotted at the Fall meeting of 1879: $500 entrance, half forfeit, payable at the time of making entry.

In addition to the above races set down for the annual meeting of the Association, there will be trotted the two stakes for foals of 1876, which closed May 1, 1877, and July 2, 1875, with thirty-one and twenty-nine entries respectively. President Mail having donated $500 to the stakes of the Association, the Executive Committee selected the Graded Stallion Stakes (foals of 1876), to be trotted at the annual meeting of 1879, as the best to which to apply it, and so ruled, the event to be known as the Mail Stakes. All races, excepting for three-year olds, will be mile-heats, three in five, in harness. All stakes will name and close on May 1, 1879. The Executive Committee ruled that in case of a walk-over it shall be discretionary with them whether the nominator be required to appear on the track with his horse or not. The committee decided that any member of the Association shall have the privilege of giving horses a trial during any meeting upon the payment of $25 each and a notification ten days in advance to the secretary that such trial or trials are to be made.

M. Feuillet, one of the founders of racing in France, and a member of the Salon des Courses, died recently at Chantilly.

BASEBALL.

THE LEAGUE RULES FOR 1879.

Until the season of 1879 is practically opened, and the working of the recently amended playing rules realized, but little can be ascertained in regard to the advantages to be derived from the majority of the amendments; but some of the changes made are of such character as to be easily commented upon without waiting for any practical experiment in reference to their effect on the future of the game. While the League Association at its recent meeting did much to promote the welfare of the professional class, especially in sustaining the rule of honest play, in the way of amendments to its field rules it did some crude work, and, to a certain extent, allowed club influences to control its action. For instance, we cannot see what just cause there was for the amendment prohibiting a pitcher's turning his back on the batsman when about to deliver the ball. That is as much a strategic point in delivery as his causing the ball to rotate in such manner as to produce the horizontal curve. As there was but one pitcher of the League nines who pitched in this way, and he a very troublesome man in the position, it certainly looked like an instance of special legislation against a club-player, rather than an amendment calculated to enhance the interest or beauty of field-work. So, too, in prohibiting a club-manager from taking a seat beside his players outside of the legal ball-field. In fact, both amendments were as uncalled for and as unreasonable as was that of suggesting that a pitcher be prohibited from wearing spectacles—an amendment, of course, aimed at Will White of the Cincinnatis. This is not legislating for the welfare of the game at large, but in the special interest or interests of the club or clubs which can command the voting power for such partisan legislation. Reading over the amendments to other rules, we find the one reducing the pitcher's position uncalled for, as far as we can see. Six-foot-square is but a small space for the movements of a pitcher in delivery. The change prevents his pitching so as to oblige the batsman to bat more to the right or to the left, as the pitcher may desire. This change, like that preventing the pitcher's turning his back, is but reducing the field for strategic play, without any compensating advantage. It is simply playing into the hands of the class of pitchers who depend upon their speed and the "curve" alone for effect.

The new reading of the rule governing the striking order is as follows:

The batsmen must take their positions in the order in which they are directed by the captain of their club; and, after each player has had one time "at bat," the striker-order thus established shall not be changed during the game. After the first inning the first striker in each inning shall be the batsman whose name follows that of the *last man at the bat* in the preceding inning.

This is an improvement to the extent that it gets rid of the confusion which frequently prevails among the spectators and even players as to who is the first striker in the second or following inning of a match, and it also prevents a batsman having an undue number of chances at the bat. Now, no matter how players running bases may be put out, the player next in order to the man "*last at the bat*" becomes the first striker in the ensuing inning. The last man at the bat may be the third striker put out, and he may not be, as in the case of his forcing a base-runner out after two men had been retired; nevertheless, the batsman next in order takes the first strike. Under the old rule a batsman might force third man out at second base, and in the next inning take his strike over again, because he was "next to the third man out," whom he had himself forced out. Under the new rule each batsman will have the same number of times at the bat in a match, so far as the rules can possibly control the matter.

We now come to the amendment throwing out the bound-catch of foul balls and of bound catches from "three strikes." This is the only radical change in the rules which the League convention adopted. In the estimate of the merits of baseball made by unprejudiced cricketers, the putting-out of the batsman on foul balls has always been regarded as an objection, on the ground that by such play he was subject to a penalty without any opportunity being afforded him for an offsetting play at the bat. If he hits a fair fly-ball, while he runs the risk of being put out by the fly-catch, he also has the chance of making a base on a missed catch. Not so, however, in the case of the foul ball, for then he can neither make a base himself nor give his partner on the bases a chance to make one. In reducing the number of outs on foul balls, therefore, by prohibiting bound catches of such balls, a nearer approach to excellence in the game is made in a cricketer's point of view. Whether it will add to the record of base-hits and runs, by the reduced chance for outs, remains to be seen by the experience of actual play. There is one thing about this amendment, however, worthy of note, and that is that it introduces the rule of the fly-game in reality for the first time in the history of baseball. Now no player can be put out on any caught ball that is not caught on the fly.

Next in the list of amendments is that which gives the umpire the power to fine a pitcher who willfully pitches so as to strike the batsman. The defect of this amendment is that it leaves too much to the discretion of the umpire. How is the umpire to judge whether the pitcher intended to hit the batsman or not? When a pitcher, whose forte is a combination of speed and the curve, delivers the ball to the bat, it is almost impossible for him to be accurate in his aim. To have good command of the ball in conjunction with a fast delivery is not difficult to attain; but to control the ball while giving it speed, and striving to impart the necessary rotary motion to it as to produce the curve, is something we have yet to see a pitcher achieve. Hence the tendency in fast curve-pitching towards a wild delivery is the rule, not the exception; and it frequently happens that the ball under such a delivery will hit the batsman without the pitcher intending to do so. Still some check on the intimidating method of fast pitching in vogue in 1878 was necessary, and the new rule will prevent some of its evil effects, if not all.

Next on the list comes the amendment to the rule governing the base-runner in the case of his being hit by a fair ball from the bat while running a base. The wording of this rule, as stated in the report, makes its working conflict with the base-running clauses of other sections. The rule now reads as follows:

Any base-runner who shall in any way interfere with or obstruct a fielder while attempting to catch a fair fly-ball or a foul-ball shall be declared out. If he willfully obstructs a fielder from fielding a ball he shall be declared out, and if a *batted fair-ball strike him, no base nor run shall be scored on such ball*, but each base-runner shall be allowed to return to the base he left when the ball was hit, without being put out.

Another section of the same rule reads:

No player running the bases shall be forced to vacate the base he occupies unless the batsman becomes a base-runner. Should the first base be occupied by a base-runner when a fair ball is struck, the base-runner shall cease to be entitled to hold said base until the player running to first base shall be put out.

Now, according to the amended section, if base-runners be on first and second bases when a fair ball is struck to short field, and such ball hit the base-runner running to third base, the other runner, forced to leave first to go to second by the fact of the batsman not being put out, is obliged by the new rule to return to that base, and the striker to the home base. Here is a conflict not provided for.

The last amendment we shall refer to at this time is in relation to the calling of balls. Under the amended rule, the umpire is now required to call every unfair ball in its order. Thus, instead of counting the unfair balls as one, two, three, and then calling out "one ball," he calls "one ball," "two balls," "three balls," "four balls," until nine have been called, when he gives the batsman his first base on called balls. The pitcher is still allowed the unfair advantage of delivering the unfair balls to the bat before he is punished for his willfully or otherwise wild delivery, while the batsman is required to strike at the first *four* fair balls sent in to him, thereby giving the pitcher an advantage in the ratio of nine to four. With the rule that of calling every second fair ball a strike if not struck at, instead of every ball as delivered, and limiting the pitcher to six unfair balls instead of nine, the batsman would have just the latitude for free batting given him which would have given the batting the chances desired out West. There would thus have been no need of changing the ball to a more lively one, and thereby reducing the average of fine fielding, which is the great feature of baseball.

THE NEW BEDFORD CLUB.

The members of this club were tendered a complimentary testimonial at Liberty Hall, New Bedford, Mass., Dec. 16, drawing a most fashionable audience. George and Sam Wright, Charles Foley, Charles Reilly, Storey, Piggott, Stone, Mutrie and the best local talent appeared in readings and songs, and acquitted themselves fairly, while Ed. Kent gave illustrations of pitching, Reilly catching him. The event of the evening was the presentation to the Association of the New England championship-flag for 1878 by Morgan Rotch, vice-president of the New England Baseball Association, which occurred towards the close of the entertainment. The stage was opened to its greatest depth, and the members of the nines of 1878 and 1879 now in the city, with Manager Bancroft and Captain Mutrie, were drawn up in line across the stage at the south side. Standing near Mr. Bancroft was Charles W. Clifford, President of the New Bedford Baseball Association. Mr. Rotch advanced from the opposite side of the stage and made the presentation. A tremendous outburst of enthusiasm then occurred, at the close of which Mr. Clifford responded in behalf of the Association, returning sincere thanks not only for the flag and the title of champions, but for the kind words of commendation which accompanied the gift. Mr. Clifford said he regarded this event as no idle ceremony, but the legitimate result of an honest endeavor, as well on the part of the management of the club as of the individual members of the nine, to establish the game of baseball—a healthful and innocent, attractive and moral amusement for this community, and a beneficial element in the physical education of the people of this country. After an apt reference to the influence of the amusements of a people in shaping their physical character, etc., Mr. Clifford addressed himself to Captain Mutrie and to him surrendered the custody of the flag, with befitting words of congratulation and admonition to Captain Mutrie and his associate players. These were received with tremendous applause, as were also highly complimentary allusions to Manager Bancroft and Mr. Reilly of the '78 nine, and Sam Wright of the nine for next season. Mr. Reilly was obliged to twice bow his acknowledgements before the enthusiasm created by Mr. Clifford's words of praise would subside. In conclusion, Mr. Clifford, in behalf of the Association, thanked the ladies and gentlemen of New Bedford for the support, encouragement and practical assistance which they had given to the efforts of the management of the club to place the game of baseball upon a solid foundation as one of the recognized innocent amusements of the community.

The flag is 27 feet long, has a white centre, a red border, and on the centre the words "Champions, 1878," in blue block-letters 18in. long. The enthusiasm manifested by an audience, composed of the elite of the city, points to brilliant expectations for next season.

James Roseman signed to play right-field here for 1879, and will be a valuable acquisition, being a fine fielder, batsman and base runner. Kent created a good impression while here by his gentlemanly deportment, and Geo. Wright, Sam Wright, Foley, and all who see him say he has the making of a great pitcher, being possessed of a level head and an even temper. Storey, Stone, Mutrie, and possibly Kent go into gymnasium practice here after New Years, Sam Wright being in daily practice in Boston. Storey has charge of a billiard-room at the Bancroft House this Winter. Stone works in a machine shop, Piggott in a printing-office, and Mutrie runs a cigar store.

C. Duve, short-stop or fielder, advertises for an engagement.

SKATING.

The ball is up here for 1878 and '79, and the promise is that quite a skating furor will exist this season. The sport was inaugurated on Dec. 19 on the Capitoline Lake, Brooklyn, which is generally the first to present skating facilities in this neighborhood, owing to the fact that the seven-acre lake is only twenty inches deep in the deepest part, and ice forms quicker and sooner gets thick enough to bear a crowd than at the Park Lakes, where safety requires that the ice shall be at least four inches thick before the skating signal ball is hoisted. On Friday, Dec. 20, there was a gay assemblage of skaters of both sexes at the Capitoline, and the consequence was a very active demand for skates for Christmas gifts. The ardor of the boys was dampened somewhat by Saturday's storm of snow and rain, but the severe cold of the night of Dec. 22 and of the 23d set things all right again, and skating at the Parks is now expected on Christmas-day. Last week the Manhattan Athletic Club flooded its grounds, at Fifty-sixth street and Eighth avenue, for skating, and good sport will be at command there this week. Other athletic clubs having similar facilities will probably follow suit. There was good skating on the 23d at Lake View and Lake Haledon, near Paterson, and on all the ponds around Hoboken and Jersey City. In the suburbs of Brooklyn the ponds on the vacant lots were all occupied by skaters last Friday, and again on Monday. The skating-house at Prospect Park is in readiness, and the promise is that the ball will be run up on the 24th for skating on the inner lakes. The skating-houses at Central Park were not ready on the 23d, but will be this week.

The Victoria Skating Rink, at Montreal, was opened for the season last week, and, but for the mourning season which has set in, there would have been some gay scenes on the ice there, in which the Marquis of Lorne would have participated, as he is quite a fine skater.

A new roller skating rink is in course of erection at Worcester, Mass. Rinks for ice-skating do not suit this climate. They are little better than feeders of consumption, and they don't pay; but with the rollers it is different.

AQUATIC.

Geo. Tarryer and W. Spencer are matched to row from Putney Aqueduct to Mortlake, on the Thames, Eng., for £200 a side, April 8, 1879. The former has the best record, 22m. 55s., over this course.

The Harvard Freshmen, at a meeting held Dec. 17, voted to send an informal communication to Yale inviting them to oppose the crimson in a freshmen-race in the Summer of 1879.

Wallace Ross arrived at Bristol, Eng., Dec. 9, and after a short stay in London was to go to Newcastle, where he intended to abide with Mr. Percy.

A. Strong and Frank Bennett are to row a mile and a quarter on the Walney Channel, Eng., Jan. 9, for £50 a side.

Solid Silver-plated Tableware.—The card of Douglas Silver-plating Co. in another column will attract the attention of every reader, and we take pleasure in saying the silverware sold by this firm is of a superior quality and gives everyone full satisfaction. We can suggest for a Christmas present nothing more agreeable or gratifying.—*American Christian Review*.

Sid Collins advertises for a lady pedestrian.

CIRCUSES.

Continued from page 319.

The Equescurriculum commenced Dec. 16 the tenth week of its successful season by the engagement of Miss Millie Christine, the two-headed colored girl, and the Magie Brothers, Baron Littlefinger and Count Rosebud, two dwarfs, the popular features being retained. Chas. H. Day, the efficient advertising-agent of the Equescurriculum, has been tendered a complimentary benefit on afternoon and evening of 27, on which occasion Billy Burke and Billy Porter, clowns, will be among the numerous volunteers. The season closes with the performances on Jan. 1.

A new feature for an outside sensation and a striking act for inside exhibition are advertised by "Attraction."

Al. G. Field has been engaged as principal clown with the Sells Brothers' Circus next season.

James E. Cooper of Cooper & Bailey purchased the Great London Show on Dec. 17 at Atlanta, Ga.

Manager Geo. W Orrin will arrive here from Cuba Dec. 30. Elsewhere talent is advertised for. First-class performers can, it is announced, find engagements immediately at the Orrin Brothers' successful shows in Havana.

The London Show, numbering some fifty persons and thirty-four car-loads of animals, fixtures, etc., arrived in Richmond, Va., Dec. 18. After laying over two days the entire concern left 20 for Philadelphia, where the menagerie will go into Winter-quarters, the company dispersing generally.

A number of cages with or without animals are wanted, as well as performers, musicians and curiosities for the season of 1879. See Boyd & Peters' card.

MISCELLANEOUS.

At De Atley's Hotel, Washington, D. C., professional guests are especially catered for. See card.

G. W. Shrader closed his engagement with the Helen D'Este party at Atlanta, Ga. He can be engaged by addressing as per advertisement.

In Philadelphia the International Exhibition, with roller-skating as an attraction, received a fair share of patronage last week......Prof. E. Warren Clark lectured on "A Tour Through India" at St. George's Hall Dec. 16......Dr. W. H. Greene delivered the sixth lecture of his course on the "Compounds of Carbon" at the Franklin Institute 17......At the Rink the first fete of the season was given 19, when hurdle-racing, polo and fancy skating by J. R. Mayer of the Brooklyn Rink constituted the chief features of the programme.......Prof. Houston delivered his closing lecture at the Franklin Institute 19, his subject being "Conservation of Energy."......Prof. Edward MacHarg lectured on "Memory and How to Improve It" at Association Hall 20.

Harry Speigel and L. D. Miller have consolidated their two sideshows, now exhibiting in Philadelphia. Among their attractions are Leon Lowanda, the man with the iron jaw; an educated pig, a troupe of marionettes a Punch and Judy performed by James Speigel, Mme. De Haven and her den of snakes, John D. Lowanda in stone-breaking feats, a cage of monkeys, a living crocodile and a panorama of Paris.

Prof. J. M. Leaman is to make a high-rope ascension at East Virgil Falls, N. Y., Dec. 25.

The Farini Opera Troupe are to present "Il Trovatore" and "Martha" Dec. 23, 24, in St. Paul, Minn., and then fulfill a two weeks' engagement through the principal towns of the State, closing Jan. 4, 1879, in La Crosse, Wis. While in Minnesota they are under the management of John X. Davidson of St. Paul.

Bradbury and Houghtaling advertise for sale a billposting and distributing business, with all necessary appurtenances.

A hot-air balloon and a sideshow canvas, with curiosities, are wanted by D. K. Johnson. See card.

Gen. Franz Siegel lectured in Milwaukee, Wis., to a small audience Dec. 15. Subject: "The German and American Element."......Miss Leah Strauss gave readings to a select few 19.

Several first-class sideshows are advertised for by Frank.

New York Clippers from Jan., 1875, to date are offered for sale by E. V. Kane. See card.

George C. Dobson, the well-known banjoist, who is Past Regent of Council 25, Royal Arcanum, Boston, Mass., was re-elected Regent Dec. 18; also Representative to the Grand Council. At the close of the election he was presented with a handsome Past Regent's jewel of gold, said to have cost $50, and inscribed "Presented to George C. Dobson by his esteemed friends of Temple Council, No. 25." This order, we are informed, has seven thousand members and two hundred councils throughout the United States.

In Chicago, Ill., at the Union Park Congregational Church, Dec. 17, Mrs. Minnie G. Slayton gave the third entertainment of the West-side Lecture Course, with readings and impersonations, aided by Miss Zo Swisshelm in piano-solos. At the same church, during all of Christmas-week, Prof. E. L. Nims and Rev. N. A. West give a series of six visual and oral art illustrations.....Prof. Carpenter, mesmerist, gives his entertainment at the West-end Opera-house during the two holiday weeks.

James E. Murdoch will give readings in Lincoln Hall, Washington, D. C., Dec. 26.

Edward Fabian Smith, elocutionist, is announced to give an entertainment in Rochester, N. Y., Dec. 27.

Harry Weston, business or advertising agent, advertises for an engagement.

Arnold Jones, advance agent and programmer, can be engaged by addressing as per card.

Professionals desiring business transacted for them in New York are referred to Harry Weston's advertisement.

A magic lantern or stereopticon is wanted by J. Miller, who advertises.

Edith O'Gorman lectured Dec. 16, 17, 19, in Hornellsville, N. Y., to a good attendance. Our correspondent says: "Before the lecture commenced 16 a number of roughs rushed upon the doorkeeper, Mr. Graham, knocking him down and gaining admission. The police were called, and several arrests were made. While the lecture was in progress a false alarm of fire was sounded."

G. B. Bunnell exhibited the St. Benoit Twins at Liberty Hall, Newark, N. J., during the past week. They are reported as doing a fine business, the hours of exhibition being extended so as to accommodate the crowds.

Bloom & Nixon's Opera-house, Council Bluffs, Ia., can be rented by applying to W. B. Knapp, manager, as per card.

McAllister, magician, shows in Mechanics' Hall, Montreal, P. Q., Dec. 30, for one week, under management of J. F. Strebig.

Braun's Autotypes are on exhibition at Wiswell's Picture Gallery, Cincinnati, O......Hon. Will Cumback lectured in Mt. Auburn 23.

T. De Witt Talmage lectured in Pittsburg, Pa., on "Bright and Happy Homes," Dec. 17, to a fairly large audience......Rev. B. F. Ferris lectured 22 on "Mothers, Daughters and Sweethearts."

Tom Thumb and troupe are at the Brooklyn Music Hall again this week, under Manager Sylvester Bleecker.

The orchestra chairs, scenery and general fittings of the Twenty-third-street Opera-house are offered for sale. The house is soon to be torn down. See H. R. Drew & Co.'s card.

J. O. O'Connor in set-to-music recitations, supported by Miss Charlotte Lindsay and Master Spong, pianist and buffo-vocalist, is billed in Vineland, N. J., Dec. 23, Rahway 26, Brooklyn, N. Y., 27.

Hartz, magician, played last week in the Grand Opera-house, Detroit, Mich., to fair business.

Chas. Melville, the well-known business-manager and agent, who has successfully directed a number of leading organizations during past years, and latterly Gilmore's Band, is at present disengaged, and can be addressed care of this office.

Howorth's Hibernica is billed in Trenton, N. J., Dec. 23, Easton, Pa., 24, 25, Catasauqua 26, Mauch Chunk 27, 28, Tamaqua 30, Pittston 31, Jan. 1, 1879.

Keller in magical feats and the exhibition of his automatic figure Psyche have drawn a liberal attendance at Horticultural Hall, Boston, Mass., during the past week. They remain another week......The Siege of Paris still holds sway, and additional features of attraction are vocal and instrumental concerts given each Sunday afternoon and evening......Colonel G. Edwin Dunbar of a lecture bureau of Kalamazoo, Mich., has been in Boston for the purpose of completing arrangements for the appearance upon the lecture platform of Ann Eliza Young......Mons. L. Le Jume gave the first of fifteen lectures on "The Literary Movement in France" at Hawthorne Hall morning of 16......Charles F. Pidgin has written two new poems for "The Poetical Wooing," now being performed by Charles F. Atkinson and Clara Ellard......The Orthodox Hebrew Fair opened 17......James T. Fields gave a reading from the works of Samuel F. Taylor Coleridge and Ralph Waldo Emerson at Hawthorne Hall......The members of the Boston Young Men's Christian Union were entertained with "An Evening with Shakespeare," consisting of tableaux and readings from the poet's works, at Union Hall 18, Miss Cora Batelle and Hartshorn's Orchestra furnishing the music......The first entertainment in the Tombola Lyceum Course was given in Tremont Temple 18; Miss Hattie A. Prunk read from "Henry VIII" and a concert was given by Louis P. Pfau, George R. Titus, W. R. Gibbs, flutist; Will E. Taylor, pianist; and Miss Clara Upham......The Philadelphian Club of Newton, Mass., gave their first entertainment at Prospect Hall, Newton, 17. Readings, vocal and instrumental music and the shadow pantomime were given......Professor J. W. Churchill gave a reading in the Old Bay State Course of Entertainments at Music Hall 18......The Sixth Somerset Entertainment was given in Tremont Temple 18, by the Bush Combination......A meeting of projectors of the proposed Carnival of Authors was held in Old South Church 20......Sidney Woollett gave his sixth and last reading at Hawthorne Hall afternoon 21......A reading and musical entertainment is to be given at the hall of the Boston Young Men's Christian Association Christmas-evening, at which appear Mrs Laura E. Dainty, a Chicago reader; Bessie Hamilton, soprano; Louis P. Pfau, tenor; and Willie Barber, pianist

AMATEUR.

Moncrieff's play of "The Jewess" was performed by amateurs at Weiting Opera-house, Syracuse, N. Y., Dec. 14 to a crowded house. The play was finely mounted.

The Wheatley Dramatic Association of Philadelphia performed "The Duke's Motto" Dec. 18......"Hamlet," with W. H. Gannis in the title-role, was presented at the Amateur Drawing-Room 18......The Mirror appeared in "Money" 19......The Shakespeare produced "Don Cæsar de Bazan" and "Rough Diamond" 19......The Weccacoe rendered "Ten Nights in a Barroom" at Oxford Hall 19......The Boucicault appeared in "Milky White" and "Brown the Martyr" 20.

Cincinnati Items.—The Davenport Club performed "Bought" at Pike's Opera-house Dec. 19. The Shakespeare Club gave an entertainment in Clifton Hall 26, and on the same evening the Hawthorne Club performed at Thom's Hall. The Clio Club goes to Aurora, Ind., 24, 25, to support Anna Boyle in "Fanchon." They purpose shortly to give "The Two Orphans" for their own benefit. The next regular performance of the club comes off at Robinson's Opera-house 31, and will consist of "Grandfather Whitehead" and "Loan of a Lover."

In Chicago, Ill., Dec 18, 19, the Thalian Dramatic Company, with Eunice Goodrich as the star, presented "The Grasshopper."

The Amaranth Dramatic Society produced "The Heir-at-law" at the Brooklyn Academy on Dec. 18, when Mr. Wilson made a hit as Zekiel Homespun.

Amateur Notes from Boston and Vicinity.—"Led Astray" was very creditably performed by the pupils of L. W. Norcross Jr., at the Chelsea Academy of Music Dec. 17......The Haymaker Club of Newton, Mass., performed "Penelope, or the Milkman's Bride," and "Pauline, or the Bride of Saratoga," at Newton 18......The Hoi Polloi Club, composed of the choir boys of St. Peter and Paul's Church, gave a variety and musical entertainment at St. Joseph's Hall 18......A variety performance was given in Waverly Hall, Charlestown District, 18, for the purpose of raising funds for the purchase of a boat for the St. Mary's boat crew......"Atchi" and "Ici lon parle Français" were played at Kennedy Hall, S. B., 19......The Gothic Social Club gave a performance of "The Chimney Corner" and "High C" at Social Hall, North Cambridge, 20......The Bradbury Comedy Company appear in "Home" and "The Trial of Tompkins" at Turn Hall 23. "No Thoroughfare" will be given in Monument Hall, Charlestown, 25, William Pratt and Nellie Lord appearing as Obenreizer and Marguerite......The Boston Comedy Company present "The Honeymoon" and "A Cup of Tea" at Turn Hall Jan. 6.

FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

DRAMATIC.

On Wednesday morning, Dec. 4, between 12.30 and 1 o'clock, the inhabitants in the vicinity of the Elephant and Castle Tavern were alarmed by what at first was thought to be a terrific explosion, but on further inquiry it was discovered that the gigantic roof and about six feet of the walls (all round) of the newly-erected Theatre, known as the Elephant and Castle, had fallen in, and made sad havoc in the place. It was fortunate, indeed, for the workpeople engaged in the building that the accident occurred when it did, as if it had taken place during working hours many lives would inevitably have been lost, for the roof was an exceedingly ponderous one.

"No. 20, or the Bastile of Calvados," has proved a failure, and "It's Never Too Late to Mend" is to be revived at the Princess' Theatre, London, Dec. 26.

The following appeared in *The London Era* of Dec. 8: "We have been particularly requested to make it known that the appearance of a *lady of quality*, under an assumed name, at one of the West-end theatres, is an impudent attempt to annoy her relatives, and a direct violation of the terms of an agreement entered into only six months ago between her and her husband as the basis of an amicable separation."

The director of the Berlin Residence Theatre, having an offer of an engagement at Stettin, Germany, submitted his list of dramas before signing the contract. The repertory included twenty-two of the most popular dramas of the French stage, but the police authorities *condemned them all*. The Berlin manager decided not to go to Stettin.

E. A. Sothern closed his engagement at Dublin, Ireland, Dec. 7, and after sojourning a week in London proposed to proceed to Italy.

MUSICAL.

Robert Fraser, buffo-vocalist, died in Glasgow, Scotland, Nov. 27, of inflammation of the bowels.

One of the last acts of Frederic Gye before his recent accident was to invent a new electric light, with which the manager wished to light Covent-garden in the course of the forthcoming season of the Royal Italian Opera. The application by Mr. Gye for a patent for "improvements in apparatus for obtaining electric light" is dated Nov 5.

The death is announced—at Paris, aged 58, of Moniot, pianist and composer; at Prague, of Frau Johanna Hauser *nee* Surenne, once a famous contralto; at Berne, aged 72, of Albert Methfessel, a popular Swiss song-writer; at Turin, of Tempia, aged 46, director of singing at the Turin Conservatoire; at Milan, aged 73, of Mme De Baillou, once a famous vocalist; and at Padua, of Dal Molin, professor of music.

Philip Kessler, formerly viola-player at the Theatre Royal, Brighton, Eng., died Nov. 20, in the County Lunatic Asylum.

VARIETY HALLS.

The Worrell Sisters, Baby Bindley, the Dare Brothers, and Fred Wilson continue to contribute to the entertainment of the patrons of the London music halls.

The Garettas are performing at the El Dorado, Antwerp, as is also T. Harper, the one-legged skater, dancer and comic singer.

Miss Charlotte Lauri (Mrs. W. Foster), serio-comic vocalist, died in London Dec. 4, after a long illness.

Billy Ashcroft and Miss Kitty Brooke are singing and dancing in Liverpool.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

Sam Hague's Troupe reappeared for the Winter season at St James' Hall, Liverpool, Dec. 2, and they were greeted by a large audience. The American Team, the Big Six and the Raynors are in the company. Among the novelties (?) were "The Hen Convention" and "There's Whiskey in the Jar."

CIRCUSES.

Alfred, Eugene and John Henry Cooke on Dec. 2 opened a newly-built circus in Liverpool. The building is in Chepstow street, adjoining the Princes' Theatre, and will hold nearly three thousand persons.

J. Myers, equestrian director, commences a three months' season at the Agricultural Hall, London, Eng., Dec. 26.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Mr. Bullock, manager of the Marionettes in England, suffered heavily by reason of the destruction of the Altrincham Literary Institution, recently. His loss is estimated at from £1,800 to £2,000. One of the little figures alone was valued at £150, the clock-work being of a most expensive character.

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MATINEE SATURDAY AT 2. 40-1t*

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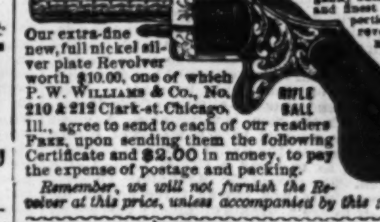

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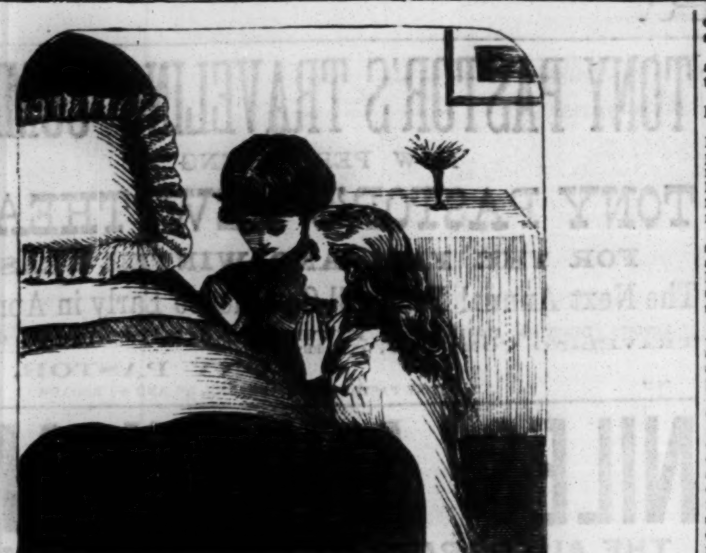
DETROIT, MICHIGAN,
JAMES F. O'NEIL - - PROPRIETOR | CHARLES O. WHITE - - MANAGER
THE BATTLE IS OVER, AND VICTORY IS OURS.
ALL OPPOSITION CLEANSED FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH.
THE COLISEUM IS THE ONLY VARIETY THEATRE IN THE CITY OF DETROIT.
NEIL BURGESS AND MY MOTHER-IN-LAW
WERE THE FAVORITES IN THE RACE.
A WORD OF ADVICE TO MANAGERS OF VARIETY THEATRES.—IF YOU WISH A SURE DRAWING CARD, SECURE THE VALUABLE SERVICES OF MR. NEIL BURGESS, THE GREAT CHARACTER COMEDIAN. He closes Dec. 21 his second engagement in four weeks at my theatre, which has proved, if possible, more successful than his first engagement. Respectfully, CHAS. O. WHITE.
READ WHAT THE DETROIT FREE PRESS OF DEC. 21 SAYS:
THE THEATRE COMIQUE CLOSED.—It is a fact well known that the Comique has been doing a wretched business for three or four months, although every effort has seemingly been made to regain its old popularity. Prices were reduced, but without success; "paper" was distributed liberally, but such tactics failed, and gradually it became a settled conviction that the place must be closed. It is commonly understood that a failure to pay salaries was the immediate cause of the suspension. Whether it be the cause of the failure or not, there is no disguising the fact that the programmes presented at the Comique for three months have, on the whole, been very poor, as vaudeville performances go. C. M. Welch, who has been manager of the theatre for many years, could not be found last evening. Mr. Lang begins an engagement at the Coliseum next week. 40-1t



ANNIE AND WILLIE'S PRAYER.

BY SOPHIA P. SNOW.

Republished by Request.

'Twas the eve before Christmas. "Good night" had been said,
And Annie and Willie had crept into bed;
There were tears on their pillows, and tears in their eyes,
And each little bosom was heaving with sighs;
For to-night their stern father's command had been given
That they should retire precisely at seven—
Instead of eight—for they troubled him more
With questions unheard of than ever before.
He told them he thought this delusion a sin—
No such person as "Santa Claus" ever had been—
And he hoped, after this, he should nevermore hear
How he scrambled down chimneys with presents each year.
And this was the reason that two little heads
So restlessly tossed on their soft, downy beds.
Eight, nine, and the clock on the steeple tolled ten;
Not a word had been spoken by either till then,
When Willie's sad face from the blanket did peep
As he whispered: "Dear Annie, is ou' fas' aseep?"
"Why, no, Brother Willie," a sweet voice replies;
"I've long tried in vain, but I can't shut my eyes,
For somehow it makes me so sorry because
Dear papa has said there is no Santa Claus.
Now, we know there is, and it can't be denied,
For he came every year before mamma died;
But, then, I've been thinking that she used to pray,
And God would hear everything mamma would say,
And maybe she asked Him to send Santa Claus here
With the sack full of presents he brought every year."
"Well, why tan't we pay dust as mamma did den,
And ask Dod to send him with presents aden?"
"I've been thinking so too," and without a word more
Four little bare feet bounded out on the floor,
And four little knees the soft carpet pressed,
And two tiny hands were clasped close to each breast.
"Now, Willie, you know we must firmly believe
That the presents we ask for we're sure to receive;
You must wait just as still till I say the 'Amen,'
And by that you will know that your turn has come then.
Dear Jesus, look down on my brother and me,
And grant us the favor we are asking of Thee.
I want a wax dolly, a tea-set and ring,
And an ebony work-box that shuts with a spring.
Bless papa, dear Jesus, and cause him to see
That Santa Claus loves us much as does he:
Don't let him get fretful and angry again
At dear Brother Willie and Annie. Amen."
"Please, Deesus, et Santa Taus tum down to-night,
And bing us some pesents before it is light;
I want he should div me a nice ittle sed,
With bright shinin unners, and all painted red;
A box full of tandy, a book and a toy.
Amen, and den, Deesus, I'll be a dood boy."
Their prayers being ended, they raised up their heads,
And, with hearts light and cheerful, again sought their beds.
They were soon lost in slumbers, both peaceful and deep,
And with fairies in dreamland were roaming in sleep.
Eight, nine, and the little French clock had struck ten
Ere the father had thought of his children again:
He seems now to hear Annie's half-suppressed sighs,
And to see the big tears stand in Willie's blue eyes.
"I was harsh with my darlings," he mentally said,
"And should not have sent them so early to bed;
But then I was troubled: my feelings found vent,
For bank-stock to-day has gone down ten per cent.;
But of course they've forgotten their troubles ere this,
And that I denied them the thrice-asked-for kiss;
And, just to make sure, I'll steal up to the door,
For I never spoke harsh to my darlings before."
So saying, he softly ascended the stairs,
And arrived at the door to hear both of their prayers;
His Annie's "Bless papa" drew forth the big tears,
And Willie's grave promise fell sweet on his ears.
"Strange—strange—I'd forgotten," said he with a sigh,
"How I longed when a child to have Christmas draw nigh.
I'll atone for my harshness," he inwardly said,
"By answering their prayers ere I sleep in my bed."
Then turned to the stairs and softly went down,
Threw off velvet slippers and silk dressing-gown,
Donned hat, coat and boots, and was out in the street—
A millionaire facing the cold, driving sleet!
Nor stopped he until he had bought everything,
From the box full of candy to the tiny gold ring;
Indeed, he kept adding so much to his store
That the various presents outnumbered a score;
Then homeward he turned, when his holiday load,
With Aunt Mary's help, in the nurs'ry was stowed.
Miss Dolly was seated beneath a pine-tree
By the side of a table spread out for her tea;
A work-box well filled in the centre was laid,
And on it the ring for which Annie had prayed;
A soldier in uniform stood by a sled,
"With bright shining runners and all painted red;"
There were balls, dogs and horses, books pleasing to see,
And birds of all colors were perched in the tree;
While Santa Claus, laughing, stood up in the top,
As if getting ready more presents to drop.
And, as the fond father the picture surveyed,
He thought for his trouble he had amply been paid;
And he said to himself as he brushed off a tear:
"I'm happier to-night than I've been for a year.
I've enjoyed more true pleasure than ever before—
What care I if bank-stock falls ten per cent. more?
Hereafter I'll make it a rule, I believe,
To have Santa Claus visit us each Christmas-eve."
So thinking, he gently extinguished the light,
And, tripping downstairs, he retired for the night.
As soon as the beams of the bright morning sun
Put the darkness to flight, and the stars one by one,
Four little blue eyes out of sleep opened wide,
And, at the same moment, the presents espied:
Then out of their beds they sprang with a bound,
And the very gifts prayed for were all of them found.
They laughed and they cried, in their innocent glee,
And shouted for papa to come quick and see
What presents old Santa Claus brought in the night
(Just the things that they wanted), and left before light.
"And now," added Annie in voice soft and low,
"You'll believe there's a 'Santa Claus,' papa, I know;"
While dear little Willie climbed up on his knee,
Determined no secret between them should be,
And told in soft whispers how Annie had said
That their dear, blessed mamma, so long ago dead,
Used to kneel down and pray by the side of her chair,
And that God up in heaven had answered her prayer.
"Den we dot up and prayed dust as well as we tood,
And Dod answered our prayers; now, wasn't He dood?"
"I should say that He was if He sent you all these,
And knew just what presents my children would please.
(Well, well, let him think so, the dear little elf;
'Twould be cruel to tell him I did it myself.")
Blind father! Who caused your stern heart to relent,
And the hasty words spoken so soon to repent?
'Twas the Being who made you steal softly upstairs,
And made you His agent to answer their prayers.

HAGUE ALLEY:

THE CHRISTMAS STORY OF A THIEF.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MARC COOK.

The night before Christmas.

What a night it was! Clear as crystal, cold as Iceland, with every star in the vaulted heavens twinkling as if conscious that it was also a star which, ages ago, went before the wise men of the East, till it came and stood over where the Young Child was. A glorious night, bringing bright visions to a thousand happy homes, and hallowed memories to those who knew the story of Bethlehem's birth. And yet a cruel night, for the cold made many a poor wretch shiver; a cruel night, for it brought up phantoms of the past before eyes red with weeping; a cruel night to all the dwellers in Hague alley, who shivered in bare rooms, nor ever thought them to hang up stockings at the chimney-place.

The good Saint Nicholas never came to Hague alley. Indeed, nothing good ever seemed to find its way into those desolate tenement-houses. Even the narrow stretch of sky, visible between the high brick walls, contained fewer stars than any other part of the heavens. So thought Barbara Dent as she wearily climbed the three flights of stairs leading to her wretched rooms. What did the Christmas mean to her? Hunger and cold and misery. Worse even than that—hunger and cold and misery to the helpless ones dependent upon her. Late in the afternoon Barbara Dent had gone forth to make one last, desperate effort to get food. She left behind her a crippled father and a half-starved little brother. She went without knowing where she was going. She walked hurriedly out of the alley, through the side-streets, across the East-side avenues, and into Broadway. The December twilight was already deepening. The street-lamps burned brightly. A mighty mass of humanity surged up and down the great thoroughfare. Barbara Dent drew her thin shawl more closely about her and plunged into the surging mass.

A flood of light came from the shop-windows. Rosy-cheeked children laughed aloud at the pretty things displayed. Comely matrons, in sealskin and silk, swept in and out of the stores. Men in ulsters hurried by with bundles under their arms. Nobody noticed Barbara Dent. She passed a jewelry-store, where at that moment a queenly woman was purchasing a diamond ring. She saw the glitter of the stone, and wondered how many tons of coal it would buy. She saw a coupe drive up, and the portly occupant paid the driver a dollar and a half for carrying him three blocks. What a dinner a dollar and a half would have bought for the crippled father and the half-starved brother! She stopped a moment before one window more dazzling than its neighbors, wherein, among a hundred other costly trinkets, was exhibited a curiously-carved toilet-box designed to hold powdered chalk. A card marked the price at twenty dollars. She turned away, thinking how starvation whitened her face without the use of chalk. She passed the Hotel Chesterfield, and caught a glimpse of the dining-room through the rich lace-curtains. A guest just then was sending back a platter of savory beefsteak because the waiter had been so amazingly stupid as to bring a sirloin instead of a tenderloin. She passed the Manhattan Theatre, where somebody was paying three dollars for two tickets to see a drama of misery enacted on the stage on Christmas-day. Why go to the stage? thought Barbara. Why not go to Hague alley?

At last, made bold by despair, she accosted a kindly-faced man, asking him for aid. The kindly expression straightway went out from his face.

"Yes, yes," he interrupted before she had spoken a dozen words. "Very sad case, I've no doubt. Here—here is the address of an institution that will help you. Go there!"

He thrust a card into her hand and disappeared. On the card was printed the location of the South-side Magdalen Asylum. She tore it into pieces and passed on.

That was the first time Barbara Dent ever begged in the street. Only the vision of the crippled father and half-starved brother could have given her courage to make another attempt after this failure; but another she did make—a second, and even a third. Her appeals were vain. The air was too nipping for Prosperity to pull off a glove and thrust a hand into its pocket for Poverty. Besides, what business had anyone to be begging Christmas-eve? That was the time for merry-making, for the buying of gifts and the selecting of turkeys.

Barbara, who had turned about, retraced her steps until she came again to the Hotel Chesterfield. She was very cold now. Her fingers were so numb that she could scarcely hold the thin shawl about her. Should she make another appeal for charity? Here was just the person—a gentleman from his appearance—a man, at all events, and men she could beg from better than women. So she said faintly:

"I am in great need, sir. Could you give me ——"

"Oh, go to the devil!"

The girl shrank back. The man passed into the warmth and light of the Hotel Chesterfield. He was no ruffian. In fact, he was known as a jolly good fellow. Appealed to at the right time, he would help any beggar. Barbara's misfortune was to appeal to him at the wrong time—at the time he was considering the momentous question what he should order for dinner. At such moments it was unsafe even for an intimate friend to disturb R. Douglass Bruce; for a stranger, and above all a beggar, it was simply preposterous.

Barbara could beg no longer. Hearing nothing, seeing nothing, she wended her way mechanically back to Hague alley. Once she thought of pawning her shawl. It might fetch ten cents. Then she remembered that no pawnbroker's shop was open at that hour. Once a hard-faced loafer spoke to her insultingly; she quickened her pace to a run, and he did not follow. Once—it was when she had reached the corner of the street where she turned into Hague alley—she stopped and looked longingly at the dark waters of the East River. Then she pressed her hand to her bosom, shut her teeth so tightly that they grated, and plunged down into the dark alley.

Meantime Mr. R. Douglass Bruce had seated himself at his favorite table in the Hotel Chesterfield dining-room, and was proceeding, by easy stages, to conquer the bill-of-fare. In giving you somewhat of an insight into the character of R. Douglass Bruce, I desire to say that he was the most exquisite gourmand, the most glorious glutton, the grandest eater, which the Hotel Chesterfield ever produced. He never indulged in any absurd talk about Epicurean principles. He knew, for he was not a fool, what the average schoolboy who writes on the subject appears to forget, that the followers of Epicurus were philosophers—often as studious and quite as deep as the disciples of Plato. For himself, R. Douglass Bruce did not want to be a philosopher. He was content to be an eater. Epicurus or any other classic heathen may have known a thing or two in his day; but, bless you, has the art of eating made no progress? To refute any such assumption, R. Douglass Bruce pointed to himself. At the age of twenty-five he had come into possession of a comfortable fortune. Precisely how large it was does not matter. Greater or less, it enabled him to take up his abode at the Hotel Chesterfield, and there, for twenty years, he had remained. At the beginning he wrote his name Robert D. Bruce, weighed 145lb, said "if you please" to the waiters, and could not eat a plain sirloin steak without weakening. To-day he was sensitive upon the subject of middle names, turned the scales at 210lb, never said "if you please" to the waiters, and could eat—suppose we see what he did eat that Christmas-eve.

"Ah, John," he began, as the attentive waiter at his elbow assumed a listening attitude, "you may bring me—after the clams, you know, and have the clams small—yes—ah—you may bring me turtle soup, and—and—observe, John, see that it contains two pieces of lemon—*two* pieces!"

John bowed and withdrew. The sublime eater spread out an evening newspaper upon the table, adjusted his eye-glasses with great nicety, folded the paper down the centre, read one paragraph, laid it down, took off his glasses, coughed twice—a small, asthmatic sort of cough, highly suggestive of roast-beef and port—replaced his glasses on his nose, took a comprehensive survey of the dining-room, read another paragraph, and then turned to look for John. That attentive automaton was on hand with the clams and tureen of soup, which he placed upon the table deftly, and waited for further orders. They came forthwith. Having eaten one clam, R. Douglass Bruce paused, wiped his short, iron-gray moustache with his napkin, and said, while he held the bill-of-fare in his left hand and adjusted the gold-rimmed eye-glasses with his right:

"Ah—John—you may bring some salmon with lobster sauce, and—yes—only a small piece of boiled turkey—dark meat, remember—and—ah—a slice of roast beef, and be careful, John, to have a little more fat than there was last night—yes—and the vegetables—you know what I want—potatoes plain, corn, tomatoes, string-beans and peas—yes—and—Christmas-eve, isn't it, John?—yes—must take some roast turkey, I suppose, in honor of the day—second joint, John—I'm not overfond of it, but, then, Christmas, you know—and, look here, John, be a little careful about my salad—see that the leaves are small and crisp—and—ah—that'll do for the present!"

R. Douglass Bruce picked up another clam, while the automaton vanished.

Your artistic eater is never in a hurry. On the contrary, he makes it a study to prolong the pleasures of the table by all the ingenious devices he can contrive. Mr. Bruce had long ago learned this fact. With him the ceremony of dinner, even when the meal was eaten alone, required fully an hour and a half. Nothing could induce him to move with anything like vulgar haste over that sacred bridge which spans the courses from clams to coffee. It had been his custom for years to sit down with a newspaper for a companion, and to read a paragraph or two at intervals during the meal. By degrees he had fallen into the habit of selecting certain departments of the paper to accompany the several courses of the dinner. Thus, while partaking of the clams, he invariably cast his eye over the telegraphic headlines, thereby whetting his appetite for further rations of news. With the soup he turned to the summary of the day's events, which served as a preliminary to more substantial dishes. When the fish came he read the shipping news, or possibly some story which put his credulity severely to the test. The boiled meats led him naturally to turn to the column of condensed dispatches. The roast suggested the solid editorials. With his salad he took a dose of paragraphic squibs. The highly seasoned entries introduced him to social scandals, murders and robberies. Chow-chow became inseparably associated with politics, while into his coffee he was wont to put a stick of Arabian information. Sometimes, although a bachelor, he was moved to look over the report of a fashionable wedding; but, if he did this, it was sure to be while he was eating plum-pudding or charlotte-russe.

By the time R. Douglass Bruce had finished the soup and the summary of the day's events, John had spread before him a feast to brighten the eyes of any gourmand. In one or two things our Chesterfieldian glutton departed from the orthodox custom of the polite table. He insisted, for example, upon having all the courses after the soup brought at once. He took infinite satisfaction in admiring the meal in its unity. The sight of the rich dishes spread out before him was in itself appetizing. It gave him inspiration, he said, for the work he had to do. Another of his peculiarities was in the matter of wine. He drank nothing but sherry. Not the sweet, adulterated stuff which is sold under that name in barrooms, but a dry, pure wine, deep amber in color, aromatic and good. A wine to be drunk thankfully. A wine to be sipped from delicate cut-glass. A wine worthy of the Hotel Chesterfield.

John needed no orders to bring the first and second bottles of this good wine. It was only when R. Douglass Bruce stepped beyond his accustomed limits and indulged in a third bottle that words became necessary. On this particular Christmas-eve, Mr. Bruce found his dinner exceptionably palatable. He took a preliminary glance at the dishes arrayed before him, and rubbed his hands approvingly. The salmon's meaty-red mingled with the coral and white of the lobster in perfect harmony; the boiled drumstick lay completely embedded in its platter of oyster sauce; the generous slice of roast-beef, rare and tender, with a clean-cut border of fat relieving the lean, needed no other gravy than its own life-juices; the second joint of turkey, roasted to a turn, and embellished with cranberry sauce, stood as a pleasant reminder of the season; while the crisp celery, the steaming vegetables and the half-dozen entries which John had taken the liberty of adding to the order—all appeared perfect in their way. R. Douglass Bruce, having completed his critical examination of the whole, replaced the covers on the dishes and began the noble task of gormandizing.

At intervals during the meal he took a comprehensive survey of the dining-room, and scrutinized all who were strangers to the place. You must have noticed when you dined at the Hotel Chesterfield that the class of people you met was different from that which patronizes any of the other famous city restaurants. At Delmonico's, one sees many public characters; at the Brunswick, there is much wealth and more fashion; at the Gilsey, there is a mingling of all society's streams; but at the Chesterfield you found a certain air of exclusiveness peculiar to the place. This air for the most part was breathed only by the habitues of the gorgeous dining-room. So it happened that a strange face at the very next table attracted R. Douglass Bruce's attention even before he had reached the boiled drumstick and the column of condensed dispatches.

It was not an interesting face. The cheekbones were too high, and the small, dark moustache failed to conceal the hard expression about the mouth. Moreover, the eyes were unpleasantly restless, and there was visible on the left brow a deep scar, which, by contrast, made the sallow-white of the complexion more conspicuous. The owner of this face was a slight, wiry man, neatly dressed in a suit of black. Although he ordered his small beefsteak with perfect composure, it was evident that he was unaccustomed to the atmosphere of the Chesterfield. Indeed, he gave the impression that, if occasion required it, he could have gone into the kitchen and cooked his own beefsteak without in any way shocking his sensibilities or burning the steak.

R. Douglass Bruce had finished the second-joint and the solid editorials, when he beckoned John to his side and said:

"Another bottle, John. 'S Christmas-eve, you know!"

John glided away like a well-trained shadow. Had he been ordered to bring his own head on a platter, fricasseed or boiled, with parsley trimmings or cranberry sauce, I believe he would have faithfully carried out the order—at least so far as the contingencies of nature would admit.

With the third bottle and fillet of venison, sauce Grandenure—an entree which John had added on his own responsibility—R. Douglass Bruce began to expand. His heart warmed, his sympathies grew larger. He wanted to talk to somebody.

"Ah—John—'s bad thing to be without a home—at a time like this—Christmas, you know—be alone in the world, with no family associations, and nowhere to sit down to a meal except in a public hotel—'s bad, John!"

John took talk as he took orders or stray half-dollars—respectfully and in silence.

"I—ah—I'm all alone in the world to night, John," continued Mr. Bruce, as he tasted the oyster patties, *a la* Toulouse, and shook his head approvingly at their flavor. "Getting to be an old fellow with but few comforts left—if the Souflee pudding is good, John, you may bring me some—an old fellow with no one to care what becomes of me—I think I will try a little Swiss merengue, *a la creme*—and to-morrow I shall have to eat my Christmas dinner alone, John—all alone—don't forget the cheese with the coffee, John!"

Moved partly, perhaps, by the spirit of the Christmas-time, and partly by the three bottles of good sherry, R. Bruce Douglass, when he had finished the aromatic coffee, again called John to his side.

"John—ah—I hope you will have a jolly Christmas—ah—that is a happy Christmas—a—what the devil is it, John, that they wish people, anyway?"

"A merry Christmas?" suggested John, so modestly as to leave a doubt whether he had hit upon the right word.

"Yes—yes—a merry Christmas—that's it! I hope you'll have a merry Christmas, John, and—ah ——"

Here Mr. Bruce drew forth a fat roll of bank-notes, and, selecting a V, handed it to the waiter.

The small man at the next table, who had been all this time eating his insignificant steak, did not fail to observe this act of generosity. Neither did he fail to observe into which pocket R. Douglass Bruce thrust the roll of bank-notes when he rose from his chair.

The smoking-room of the Hotel Chesterfield was as perfect in its way as the dining-saloon. Its glorious, leather-covered easy-chairs were the very essence of comfort. Into one of these chairs sank R. Douglass Bruce, with a fragrant cigar and a sense of absolute satisfaction. If at that moment Barbara Dent, or any other shivering, half-starved woman had asked him for aid, he would not have told her to go to the devil. But no such unpleasant visions as half-starved women ever obtruded themselves in the Hotel Chesterfield. With the deep crimson of the curtains blending harmoniously with frescoed walls, the grate-fire burning brightly under the marble mantel, the many-jetted chandelier shedding a soft light over the rich colors of the room—with these surroundings, and the gentle narcotic of a good cigar, it is not to be wondered at that R. Douglass Bruce's thoughts ran only in pleasant channels. There was but one other occupant of the room, and that was the small man with the scar upon his face. He sat unobtrusively in a corner. He smoked now and then, but the odor of his cigar was not Chesterfieldian. He kept his restless eyes fixed upon the broad mirror between the windows, wherein was reflected the rotund figure of R. Douglass Bruce.

That gentleman, at the end of fifteen minutes, found it so difficult to keep his eyes open that he finally permitted them to remain closed. His interest in his cigar went out. So did the cigar itself. His breath came more and more heavily, until it sounded very like a snore. It was the third bottle of wine, he afterwards explained. Whether it was that, or the dinner, or the warmth of the room, or a clear conscience, may not be determined. But the fact itself stood forth. R. Douglass Bruce was asleep.

The moment the small man in the corner had satisfied himself of this, he rose up, glanced nervously about the room, then crossed lightly over to where the princely eater sat dozing. At the side of the chair he paused. Somebody was passing through the hall. Somebody was coming out of the dining-saloon. There was no time to be lost. The man thrust his hand—a small hand, white and delicate as a woman's—into R. Douglass Bruce's breast-pocket. He drew forth the roll of bank-notes, gave one hurried glance at the mirror, then darted from the room.

At that precise moment the night-clerk of the Hotel Chesterfield, passing by the door of the smoking-room, also looked into the mirror. He rushed forward to head off the thief, but the small man was too quick for him. The latter dashed through the hall and out of the door leading into the street. Luck seemed against him. Two policemen were there on the curb, beating their hands against their breasts to keep them warm.

"Stop him!" cried the clerk—"stop him—he's a thief!"

The officers turned, saw a man running down the street, and started in hot pursuit.

He did not need to turn his head to know that they were after him. Instinct told him that. He felt it as the fox feels the hounds at his heels. He took in the situation the instant he dashed from the hotel into the street. He weighed all the chances while he was running the first hundred feet. He had a lead of half a block. That was something. The officers had not seen his face. That was more. The bank-notes were still clutched in his hand. He thrust them into his pocket, pulled the fur cap more tightly over his ears, and shut his teeth close. He had made up his mind to take the chances and cling to the money.

The clocks were striking eight. The street, at that point, was still full of people. He was forced to dodge in and out of the crowd, now keeping close to the shop-windows, now running along the curb and in the gutter. The police were calling out something, he could not distinguish what. The passers-by looked back at him as he dashed on, and some of them stopped to stare. He must get off of Broadway. He turned into Twenty-first street, where there was scarcely a pedestrian to be seen. He ran faster now, but his boots made such a noise on the flag-stones that he fancied people would come out of their houses to see what was the matter. He knew when the officers turned the corner, for he could hear them cry out. Would they dare to shoot? There was no snow on the walks, but here and there a bit of ice. Once he slipped, but recovered himself without falling. The noise of his boots seemed to grow louder and louder. Finally it shaped itself into these words:

"Five years! Five years! Clack, clack, five years!"

He could not shut out this echo. He knew what it meant. He had spent one five years in Sing Sing, and had come out of prison only ten days before. If they caught him, he was good for another term. He would eat his Christmas dinner behind bars, as he had done on five other Christmas-days. But if they did not catch him—the roll of bank-notes was a fat one—he had seen one twenty, at least, in the lot—if they did not catch him—that "if" gave him fresh courage. He quickened his pace. But still the devil was in his boots, for they kept singing that one refrain:

"Five years! Five years! Clack, clack, five years!"

By the time he reached Third avenue he had gained a trifle on his pursuers. He was panting for breath, and so stopped a moment on the corner. The officers could not see him there. Suppose he should go into a saloon? Would they not be apt to pass by without discovering him? But no, he could not remain passive in one place. The impulse to keep constantly moving was too strong. He ran into the street and boarded a car.

Here, as before, luck seemed against him. The officers rounded the corner in time to see their game jump onto the car. They shouted lustily, but the conductor did not hear them. A grocer' wagon was standing by the curb. They sprang into this and drove furiously after the car.

Meantime the man pushed his way through to the driver's platform. He began to breathe more easily. The cold was intense, but he did not feel it. The car rolled along at a rattling rate. One, two, three blocks. The slide in the door was pushed back with a sharp click. It made him start nervously; but it was only the conductor after his fare. What was that? The sound of wheels stopping suddenly. A wagon alongside of the car. The man looked and saw a policeman jump from this wagon. He did not wait to see more. Springing from the car he dashed to the sidewalk and down a cross-street. The officers had caught sight of him; but he had a clear lead again of more than a block. The car had taken him up-town, and he was running now towards Second avenue. His ride had rested him. He ran swifter than before. He kicked a dog that came out to bark at him, and hoped the animal would snap at the officers. He passed a poultry-stall and caught the words: "You may have that turkey, ma'am, for twenty cents a pound!" Turkey—he remembered how he had eaten it in the old home on Christmas-days when a boy. How many years ago was that? He remembered, too, how he had eaten it once while in Sing Sing—once only, when the prisoners had been given a feast. What were the boys doing in their cells to-night? Perhaps he would be back to join them in a week or two. He remembered the chaplain's sermon last Christmas—how he told them all that it was for their sake that One had come into the world and suffered and died. And how he urged them to lead better lives when they got out of prison. Hang the chaplain! Were the police gaining on him?

"Five years! Five years! Clack, clack, five years!"

Across Second avenue, across First avenue, now turning up a block, now holding his course towards the river, the man kept on. Sometimes he walked, oftener he ran. At last, when he had come almost to the docks, he turned down a dark alley and sought shelter in the unprotected hallway of a tenement-house. Even there he could not stand still. He began to grope his way up the stairs. One, two, three flights. He felt safer the higher he got. On the third landing he stopped. He heard voices on the other side of the thin partition.

"If God is good, why does he make us go hungry all the time?"

This was a child's voice.

"Hush, Dickey, you mustn't talk that way."

This was a woman's voice, soft and sweet.

There was a moment's silence, and then the sound of sobbing. Then the woman's voice was heard in prayer.

"Father in Heaven, we are cold and hungry and very wretched. We have no hope but in Thee. Unless Thou sendest help, we must freeze or starve. If it be Thy will, O God! give us bread, that the Christmas may not be wholly dark to poor father and little Dickey. We ask it in the name of Him who came into the world on Christmas. Amen!"

"Will He send it now?" asked the child's voice.

As if in answer to that question, there was a knock at the door. The man outside, who had crouched down to listen to the prayer, now stood erect. But for the darkness you might have seen a strange twitching about the hard mouth. The door was opened by Barbara Dent. The man walked in.

He cast his restless eyes about the bare room which was dimly lighted by a tallow candle. He saw a helpless cripple lying on a wretched bed of straw. He saw a shrunken, half-starved child clinging to his sister's dress. He saw a girl whose natural beauty had been wellnigh obliterated by privation and hardship. He saw all these things at a glance, and he said briefly:

"You're in a bad way."

"Yes, sir," answered Barbara. "We have neither food nor fuel."

"You was a-prayin' just now for somebody to give you a lift."

"I was," rejoined the girl.

"Do you believe He heard you?"

"I believe He always hears those in distress," answered Barbara.

At that moment the man's quick ear caught the sound of heavy footsteps on the stairs without. His face may have turned a trifle pale, but nobody noticed it. The footsteps came near the door. Somebody said:

"He's on the roof!"

The footsteps passed the door and were heard ascending the next flight of stairs.

Here was the opportunity for escape. The man turned to the door, and then turned back. Again might be seen the strange twitching about the hard mouth. Then he thrust his hand into his pocket and drew forth the roll of bank-notes. He laid them down, every dollar of them, on the pine table.

"Them is for you," he said. "A gent at the Hotel Chesterfield sent me down with the compliments of the season!"

"But there must be some mistake," said Barbara.

"No mistake," rejoined the man. "You're the party!"

Barbara looked at the roll of bills, then at the stranger. Great tears stood in her eyes, and she began to tremble all over. At last she put out her hands, saying:

"Heaven has heard my prayer, and made you the agent for answering it!"

"Then there can't be many working that racket," returned the man, as he moved towards the door.

"But let me thank you, sir—*do* let me thank you!"

"Oh, thank the gent at the Chesterfield. I only fetched it for you!"

With that he stepped out of the room.

A moment later, the heavy footsteps were heard again, this time descending from the roof.

There was a voice from without:

"He's gone, damn him!"

Then a gentler voice from within:

"He's gone, God bless him!"

SAINT OR SINNER? A MARRYING SPECULATION.

A STORY OF CHRISTMAS TIMES.

CHAPTER I.—IN DOUBT.

"I don't expect you to see the strength of my arguments, because you are in love, and love is proverbially blind. You are like the person in the play; you 'love a bright particular star, and think to wed it;' but depend upon it, my dear Sydney, the stage is a bad school for wives, and stars that shine in that hemisphere had better be admired at a distance."

In this manner, very earnestly indeed, my friend Arthur Herbert queries and advises as we walk our horses through the Park.

"Look in her face and doubt her if you can!" I answered, with enthusiasm.

"Quite so; yes, exactly. I know all about that; but I am taking a common-sense view of the business, and I earnestly advise you not to be precipitate," Arthur urges.

"Delay implies doubt; and to doubt her—it's too absurd to discuss," I reply.

"My dear fellow, you are not a love-sick boy of eighteen, but a man of some discernment, ten years older; and the mischief of it is, that you are your own master, with nearly three thousand a year to throw away."

"But would it be throwing money away to marry Ethel Heathfield? You speak very seriously, Arthur. It cannot be that you know anything against the girl?"

"No," he answers at once, and yet, as it seems to my suspicious ears, with something of hesitation or constraint in his manner. "Of course I know nothing, or I should feel bound to tell you. But it must be that a girl who has led her life has at times been mixed up with queer people. She and that great artist (from a photographer's shop-window point of view) Ellen Grosvenor were in the theatre together for a long time, and were friends, I believe, and without any thought of harm, you know ——"

"I know one thing—that Ethel never would nor could have had any sort of association with such a creature as Ellen Grosvenor. Their being together in the same theatre is one of the misfortunes of Ethel's life.

"Yes; only we don't all want to marry their acquaintances," he answered; and we ride on in silence.

I had for many months, in common with the vast majority of metropolitan playgoers, greatly admired Ethel Heathfield, a young actress of singular charm, grace, and refinement. My acquaintance with theatrical people was of the slightest; and it had never occurred to me as remotely probable that I should ever hear her soft voice uttering words which were the coinage of her own brain. Strolling through a picture-gallery one afternoon, however, I had come across a friend, whose first dramatic essay, a comedy of modern life, had met with considerable success. A young lady accompanied him, veiled and dressed in the simplest good taste, and it was not until he mentioned her name in introducing me that I recognized Ethel Heathfield. The young writer, spurred on to fresh exertions, was in the throes of a new play. Ethel had been much pleased with the character of the heroine, and their visit to the gallery was for the purpose of seeing a picture from which valuable hints as to costumes were to be derived. The girl's pleasant, gentle manner, her keen intelligence and innate appreciation of art greatly charmed me, both as a possibly susceptible being and as a painter; and in the latter character I was able to be at service in sketching some of the designs which were to be utilized in my friend's new piece. In those days I was too poor to think of marriage, or to pursue the thought if it entered my head; but the death of an aunt had put me into possession of a fortune; and, though no formal engagement had been made between Ethel and myself, our intimacy had grown since that first meeting, and developed into a warmer feeling, as my friends were for the most part aware. Even, indeed, the old relative whose money I had inherited had some knowledge of the affair; and my hesitation in speaking to Ethel was mainly caused by a letter which had accompanied her bequest, and been delivered to me only after her death:

I leave you this money (she wrote) in hope and belief that you will use it wisely. I have heard that you are forming a connection of what, had I less trust in your head and heart, I should consider a very doubtful nature; and I only beg you, as my last request, never to marry a woman who is not worthy of your love. Think not altogether of yourself, but of the children which may come in the future, and be sure that their mother is, in the noblest sense of the term, a good and true woman. And at any rate I ask you, for my sake, to do nothing rashly, but at least to wait until you have reason to be sure.

Nearly six months had passed since I read the letter, but every week had added to my confidence in Ethel's goodness. One day, indeed, I casually heard that she had been calling at Ellen Grosvenor's house, a story the impossibility of which had seemed sufficient contradiction. I felt how hateful association with a bold, vulgar, ignorant woman of the Grosvenor stamp must be to a gentle creature like Ethel Heathfield, and paid no attention to so wildly improbable an idea.

My friend's cautions, then, fell on a deaf ear; and, moreover, I knew why a lingering and unworthy suspicion of Ethel had generated in his mind. Walking one day, he had noticed Ethel in close and earnest argument, he reported, with Lord Borton, a young gentleman of doubtful reputation in many particulars, and with whom Miss Grosvenor's name was disagreeably associated. I had made no inquiries on the subject, as Ethel had not mentioned her interview with him; for I placed in her implicit reliance. I hoped that a personal acquaintance with Ethel would have dissipated his opposition to the idea of our marriage; but this had failed, and when we left her neat little house my inquiry how he liked her had brought the answer: "Very much indeed, especially as Celia. I should think she could almost play Juliet." A disappointing reply to me, who expected to find him enthusiastic in the praise of her personal qualities.

Under these circumstances our ride was far from being a pleasant one. It was only on the previous afternoon that he had seen Ethel, and, even though on leaving her house he had refused to dissociate her from her theatrical life, I fondly imagined that a little reflection on her simplicity and kindliness would have brought him to see her more with my eyes.

"Shall we get on? It's cold, and we shall be late for lunch. [illegible] Borton, bound to the Star and Garter [illegible]. He honored me with an invitation to meet Miss Grosvenor and some friends of theirs," Herbert said, as a dog-cart drove past, and he [illegible] its occupant with a very cool nod. "Ah," he continued, "here come the rest of the party, no doubt. Miss Grosvenor and—— See who is with her!" he added, with a sudden change of tone, which induced me to look eagerly towards an approaching carriage.

Decked in somewhat less than her customary radiance of attire, Miss Grosvenor was rapidly driven towards us, and seated by her side was—Ethel Heathfield.

CHAPTER II.—DOUBTS DISPELLED.

I do not think you have any right to question my proceedings; and if you had the right to ask, I might not feel justified in answering. I had noticed—with feelings of which I shall not now speak—the fancy, or, as you say, the affection, you had for me; but I have noticed also a restraint, a want of confidence, in your manner, which has pained me more than I can tell you. Your letter strengthens my self-respect, and enables me to say what but for womanly weakness—for reasons I cannot enter upon—I should have said many weeks ago—that our intimacy must come to an end. Had you loved me truly, you would have had implicit confidence in me. I have no explanation to give of my "presence at Richmond with more than questionable associates," and no more to say except to wish you heartily all the good things the world can give you.

So Ethel wrote, and I repeated the words; there was no occasion to read them, for I knew every line by heart, as I struggled on against the wind, which blew in my face showers of foam from the big waves rolling in under the cliffs at Rockington.

The necessity of writing and begging Ethel to tell me how she came to be in such strange companionship had been plain to me without Herbert's strongly-worded advice; and this was the response my letter had drawn. It was not until after I had read and studied her words, and realized what parting from her had come to mean, that I knew how deep my affection for her had grown; and without consultation with my friend I had called at her house, to find her not at home. My own rooms seemed hateful to me, with reminiscences of her on every side in sketches, books, and music. I had therefore started off to a pleasantly unfashionable watering-place, where, out of season, there was no chance of meeting anybody, and where I could sketch the grand effects of sea and cloud so frequently to be found on this coast in the stormy wintry weather. It was, indeed, she who had first told me of the beauties of Rockington, where she had once spent a Summer; and a vague sentiment of pleasure in being where she had been induced the choice.

A battle with the wind along the bleak cliffs, or, better still, a cruise round the headland in one of the fishermen's boats, suited my frame of mind much better than the pursuit of my calling, and the tiller or rope's-end was more often in my hand than brush or maulstick. Few mental distractions are more powerful with him who loves the ocean than

To sail
Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's breath prevail.

But reaction after the excitement of a stormy voyage brought with it pain of double keenness. I felt not only my own sorrow, but grief that she who had seemed so pure and good should have suffered this contamination. It was always with regret that I neared shore again. But on one day in early December, after a trip which had severely tested the seaworthiness of our brave little boat and the skill of old Hayes the fisherman, who now always accompanied me, there was no time to think of anything but the work in hand. The sea had become much rougher while we had been out, and landing was an operation attended by considerable difficulty and no little danger, as we plainly perceived by the size and strength of the breakers that thundered up onto the beach.

"Steady, William!" the old man called out to his son, who was at the helm. "Hold on a minute, sir! I'll jump out and make fast the anchor;" and, balancing himself on the prow, the moment her keel touched the shore he sprang upon the beach. Age had done little to destroy old Hayes' activity, and experience had taught him how to bring his boat ashore in the roughest seas. But for once the often-accomplished feat failed. He lost his footing, and, as it seemed, slid under the boat as it bumped violently on the stones, and a cry of pain showed too clearly that some mischief had been done. Springing at once ashore, I hastened to his assistance, and William was by my side as soon as my feet were safely on the shingle left by the retreating billow. Before another could gather and break we had succeeded in pulling the old man wellnigh beyond their reach, and soon discovered that in the fall or by the swing of the boat his leg was broken.

Improvising a stretcher by the aid of a sail and some spars, we bore him carefully to the town, where means of easy conveyance to his cottage were found; and I hurried off to find a doctor to set the fractured limb—an operation which the old man bore with heroic fortitude.

My boating was for the present brought to a close, as I did not like to hire a new attendant; and instead of being tossed about in the little craft, I made voyages in imagination as I listened to the old sailor's account of his adventurous life. His sturdy independence pleased me. Of compensation for the injury received in my service he refused to hear, on the ground that it was not any fault of mine; though I may add that in the end I took care that his high-minded generosity did not go without recompense. He had a little money in hand, and if he wanted anything there was a "fund" for injured sailors, as there appeared to be for many other objects. For in this respect Rockington was a very remarkable town. The living was absurdly small in value, and Flood, the incumbent, had a growing family; but nevertheless, as I discovered on making inquiries as to these various funds, he always had some agreeably substantial silver coin, often a piece of gold, and sometimes even a five-pound note, for any really deserving object; and among the little colony of fishermen established at Rockington deserving objects were plentiful, especially in Winter, when the boats could not get out.

With Flood I made many excursions, and learnt to take an interest in the joys and sorrows of many simple lives; so that as Christmas approached I had taken a fancy to the place, and determined to see out the old year in the almost deserted town, and strive, by mitigating the grief of others, to find mitigation for my own.

Old Hayes meantime progressed apace, as one of his breeding and occupation is likely to do; and one day, just before Christmas, I found the invalid in singularly good spirits; albeit, as I entered, he had hastily dashed his hand across his eyes and thrust a letter into his pocket. After our usual chat, and the discussion of plans for a yachting expediton as soon as he was well enough to get about again, I walked to the town with my friend Flood, the parson, who had called just as I was leaving, and from him I heard more than the old man had cared to tell me. Hayes had a daughter, who had gone into domestic service some years before, and was supposed to have died, and, to his joy and surprise a letter from her had just arrived. What more the epistle contained Flood did not know, for the old man had simply whispered to him: "I've heard from my girl."

On the next day I did not make my familiar journey to the cottage, and Nelson, no doubt, looked for me in vain. Instead, I wandered about the cliffs, thinking—of Ethel. For thoughts of her recurred again and again, in spite of all efforts to drive them away. What pleasure could she have found in companionship with such a woman as Ellen Grosvenor? How could she bring herself to become a guest of such a man as Borton? She was an actress, and the most wonderful of her race, if she could enjoy such feasts as that to which she was bound when last I saw her, and seem what she had seemed to me in the simplicity of her little home.

My reflections did not induce me to take another solitary ramble next day, so I sought out Flood, and went the rounds with him. Soon we came to old Hayes' cottage, and, hardly waiting for the cheery "Come in!" which usually answered our summons, we entered. A girl stooped over the sofa and smoothed the pillows on which the injured leg lay. Our entrance caused her to turn her face, and to my amazement I recognized—Ellen Grosvenor.

The old man's daughter had returned, and Nelly Hayes, who had played about the beach in childhood, was once more in her father's home. She drew back with an abashed bow when Flood stepped towards her; but he warmly grasped her hands, and bade her heartily welcome home, with a few earnest words of kindness, which brought a gush of tears to her eyes.

And now I began to see the origin of the "fund." As some kind of reparation for her wasted life, she had sought to relieve the distresses of her old companions. And this discovery I expounded to Flood, who, however, corrected me as we turned away and exchanged a few words, that we might not seem to be noting too closely how Ellen sobbed in her father's arms.

"No," Flood said, "you are wrong; but you shall see the origin of the fund in a moment;" and he went to the door, in answer to a knock which had just sounded. I glanced over his shoulder as he bent to open the latch, and there, framed in the doorway, was—Ethel Heathfield.

It had come on to rain heavily, and there she stood, the hood of her cloak thrown over her head, her sweet eyes fixed upon my face with an expression which told me that to doubt her supreme purity and goodness was as foolish as it was culpable. Often I had seen her decked with all the milliner's and jeweler's art, but never so utterly lovable as now gazing into my eyes.

Flood began an introduction. "Miss Melton, may I have the pleasure of making known to you my friend ——" But, to his amazement, I seized Ethel in my arms, and held her tightly clasped to the heart that had longed to meet her once again.

Little explanation need be added. Ethel's father, Heath Melton, had been curate at Rockington, and her acquaintance with the place was far more than that of a visitor. He had striven to be the friend to the poor in his flock, and on his death Ethel, left unprovided for, had taken lessons in music with a view to teaching. The organist who taught her, however, had discovered her talent for the stage, with which he had been long connected, and advised that career in preference to the drugery of teaching music in competition with so many hundreds of rival professors. She had succeeded beyond expectation, and with all the money she could spare she had continued her father's good work. Flood knew well what her life had been, and it was she who had induced Nelly Hayes to return home, had nursed her patiently through a long illness, and at last restored her to her father's arms.

"But why did you go to lunch with Lord Borton the time I saw you last?" I asked one day, in no doubt—thank Heaven for removing it—but from sheer curiosity.

"Lunch! I never went, nor did Nelly, that day. I think she said she had been asked, and had declined; for just then I had been able to make her think of old days here by the sea. We went for a drive together, because she said I seemed to shun her, and everybody else would; but we never knew that Lord Borton was near."

"Can you forgive me and love me, and may I help you to aid your father's friends?" I ask.

The tightening clasp of her hand and the smile which beams in her pure eyes form a response more eloquent than words.

THE TALE OF A TURKEY.

A Tough Story.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

A turkey for my Christmas-feast I started out to buy—
The best one in the market to obtain I meant to try;
Thought I, it shall not be my fault if in the town there be
A better turkey than the one that shall be brought to me.
Tat a corner stopped as up the street I took my way,
Where on a stand there, improvised, a single turkey lay.
My look of inquiry at once the watchful dealer caught,
And, coming forth, a customer to make of me he sought.
"Come, let me sell you that," said he, with smiles upon his face;
"A better one I know you cannot find in all the place:
Of all the stock of turkeys that I brought to town with me,
I purchasers have found for all except the one you see.
"And if I can dispose of it, this one the fiftieth makes—
They took so with the people that they went off like hot cakes;
And it is not three hours quite since my sales began.
Would you believe it, sir? I sold four turkeys to one man.
"Now, as I really do not care that single one to keep,
And, wishing soon to start for home, I'll sell it to you cheap."
Quite taken with the man's address, I credulously heard
All that he said to me about that solitary bird.
The turkey was a large one, and in truth looked plump enough;
Moreover, how was I to know that all he said was stuff?
So, laying down the needful stamps, I brought my fowl away.
Truly a foul transaction was the one that marked that day.
How little thought I, as towards my domicile I strolled,
That not alone the turkey, but its purchaser, was sold,
And that the smiling man, whose face seemed stamped with honesty,
Was an outrageous swindler, and had made a goose of me!
But to resume my narrative: I took the turkey home,
And to my Christmas-dinner I invited friends to come;
Requested of my kitchen-maids to have it nicely done,
And to prepare it so that it should be excelled by none.
On Christmas-day my friends and I assembled at my board,
Which teemed with all the luxuries the market could afford;
The dishes, filled with delicacies, made a grand array—
To crown the pleasing picture, in the midst the turkey lay.
It would have done you good, could it have been your lot to see
The pleasurable visages of that gay company;
Each smacked his lips, while expectation beamed in every face—
A pious friend then present even said for us a grace.
To say a grace o'er such a fowl was a disgrace and shame;
True, it was innocently done—our friend was not to blame.
Could he have known it was a fraud, as afterwards, he knew,
He would not have allowed himself so mean a thing to do.
Well, then, "the brother," in good faith, complied with my request—
Over that bird he said a grace with fervor and with zest;
And it was rendered gracefully, and nicely worded too,
And, much impressed, we all "gave ear" until he had got through.
Now, all things being ready, with my gleaming knife in hand,
To carve the turkey, at the table's head I took my stand;
That it was somewhat hard to cut misgivings might have caused,
But, thinking that the knife was dull, I helped my guests and paused.
Then to the eating of his share did each himself address,
But in a trice the whole of them showed signs of dire distress;
They could not with that meat between them bring their jaws together,
For oh! that bird was not a whit more tender than whit-leather.
Oh! what a wretched sight was that to see them crunch away,
While each one at his neighbor glared with looks of wild dismay!
They found that fowl for toughness by nothing tough excelled,
And, as they could not chew it, to eschew it were compelled.
The faces of the company reflected their chagrin,
And I—ah! who shall paint the tribulation I was in?—
I stood as though to marble turned, not knowing what to do
Wishing the floor would open wide and let me tumble through.
There was no helping it, and I had but one course to take—
An awkward explanation I was there compelled to make;
And then, to make the best of an extremely bad affair,
I took my friends to a saloon and ordered turkey there.
A sumptuous Christmas-feast was soon upon the table seen;
All hands enjoyed it—champagne flowed—all was again serene;
And each one made a vow that, should he e'er that dealer see,
He'd put a head upon the man that got ahead of me.

ONE CHRISTMAS-EVE,

OR ALICE MURRAY'S LESSON.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MRS. J. W. FOX.

They stood before the bureau, these two, husband and wife, and the flaring gaslight shone on two faces whose expression was strangely at variance with the harmony of the merry Christmas season. Her face, young and pretty, though somewhat worn and thin, was fretfully contemptuous as she looked down at a little heap of toys and confections lying on the shabby toilet-cloth; and he, slowly unwinding a string from a large package, regarded her with an anxious, perplexed, almost pained look on his handsome face. Presently she spoke, slowly and indifferently:

"Is that all? What a miserable lot! What's the use of trying to keep Christmas at all in this wretched way?"

"Well, dear," he spoke gently but cheerfully, "it is not much, I know; but the best we can do this year. All the bills seemed to come in at once, and a little earlier than I expected them; but never mind, the children will be just as well pleased, and—and Alice ——" hesitating just a little, but with a happy, eager tone in the pleasant voice, "I have something for you; the dress you have been wanting so long"—hastily unfolding the parcel and displaying a pretty steel-gray alpacca—"here it is, dear, and you can have it made whenever you like—there's money;" and, laying a little roll of bills before her, he looked eagerly in her face for some sign of pleasure. Not one penny had he spent on his own needs or wishes, though his overcoat was worn and frayed, his boots were patched, the soft hat was decidedly shabby. All that could be spared was for her and the children, but she never noticed that.

There are times, I am sure, when a woman becomes reckless and dispirited, and, worn with the struggle for bread and the homely needs of life, allows the Devil to take possession of her soul—when all that is tender and womanly departs, leaving but dregs of folly and sin. Surely that evil spell was upon Alice Murray now, for she answered the eager pleasure in his face contemptuously:

"Alpacca—common at that. Papa used to give the servants alpacca for their holiday dresses, but times are changed now," and she turned away and sat down at the fireside, staring into the glowing coals.

It was a cruel speech—all the joy died out of his face as he stood where she left him, slowly turning the despised gift in his trembling hands, and a curious expression grew and deepened in his honest gray eyes.

Ten years ago Robert Murray, the handsome young singing-master, wooed and won the fair daughter of a wealthy merchant, whose dollars were many and whose pride and arrogance were supreme, but who loved his daughter with all his heart. Motherless from her birth, she grew up beside him, indulged in every whim, ruling him and all the household with her imperious will, till her young fancy for her singing-master, not meeting with her father's approval, resulted in a violent scene, a midnight flitting and private marriage, and, worst of all, the undying anger of the proud, disappointed old man, who thus found his castles in Spain pulled rudely about his ears, and who formally renounced her, bidding her nevermore to come nigh him—their paths were parted forever.

All parties were somewhat to blame; for though a woman's love cannot be bought and sold like a bale of merchandise, yet a parent's untiring love and never-dying devotion may not be so bitterly requited, nor cast aside like a withered flower. She was very lonely, this imperious Alice, and with the glamour of home about her she felt bold enough to face anything with her "Robert," who, young, strong, and with a glorious voice, was confident in his power to keep her in comfort, if not luxury.

Ah, so fairly set out the boats on life's stream in the enchanted morning of youth; and who may know that beyond are sultry heats of noontide, adverse winds, and hidden, cruel reefs that may bring a stormy end to the lonely, smiling day!

For a time all went well. Happy hearts and smiling faces made the little home very bright, and Alice cared not that her father passed her in the street, unnoticing and unrelenting—so strong she felt in her youth and happiness; but no one's lot is perfect, and a severe fit of illness which attacked Robert, owing to undue exertion and some carelessness, resulted in the utter ruin of the silver voice that was bread-winner for the wife and two children now clambering about his knees. It was a bitter blow to him, young and ambitious; but he was a cheerful soul as well, and so took up the burden of life (a trifle heavier now) with a stout heart and willing hands; but the dollars came slowly, though his courage never failed him—for he loved her well—so well that his chiefest sorrow was to see her denied those surroundings she graced so bonnily.

Dark days came on apace, times pressed heavily on the young couple, and in the hour of sorest need the girl's undisciplined heart failed her, and when the struggling man turned to her for comfort in his distress he found but a broken reed instead of the rock of strength he so fondly fancied.

Then Robert, never blaming her, took contrition to himself that he had ever taken the delicate bird from its gilded cage. "He could bear poverty, but she was too soft, too frail, to face its bitterness," he said over and over to his own heart. "It was all his fault;" and his manner towards her took on a remorseful tenderness, a great pity and gentle endurance of her useless complainings and angry, bitter tears, and he strove always to shield her, though his own heart was heavy with disappointed hope, and sordid cares crowded fast upon him, and his wasted strength was sorely tried.

There was some excuse for her, however, in the fact that she had been most tenderly reared, carefully sheltered from chilling winds, and no one could expect to find in the delicate hot-house flower the hardiness of the little snowdrop that fights its own way in the world and makes the frost-bound earth beautiful with its tender presence. Now that trouble and want had come upon her, she was not brave enough to meet boldly the life she had chosen. She mourned daily for lost luxuries, and went her daily way hoping against hope that her father would relent at last, and some of his overflowing wealth come to make her life more endurable; but one morning the city rang with the news of his sudden, awful death—all alone in his handsome study—and the strange will that left his money to a prominent charity. Then, all hope being gone, she gave herself up to unavailing regrets and useless tears, and a line or two came in her smooth forehead, a querulous tone in the pleasant voice, that caused the struggling man to blame himself afresh and excuse her more and more.

So matters stood this Christmas-eve, and she, with a heavy frown, sat staring into the fire, while the chilled and disappointed man remained looking thoughtfully at the little heap of toys. It was, indeed, but a pitiful lot, after all: a doll with staring blue eyes and wiry, flaxen curls for little Lucy, a puzzle-map for sturdy, rosy Bob, and a wonderful woolly horse for year-old Charley, with a few—oh, such a very few—candies and nuts. But Robert scarcely saw them—his mind was full of the rejection of his gift. It was hard on him, a cruel return; for a new dress in their straitened circumstances was a thing of some moment, and this one had been purchased by much toil and self-denial, many a long wet walk home through the weary streets, many a meagre lunch, many a long hour of copying while others slept, and the tired eyes drooped, and the thin hands almost refused their office. But he had not minded, for the sacrifice and labor were all for her, for the dearly loved wife "who had so few presents nowadays," he pityingly thought.

There fell a long silence in the room, broken only by the fall of a cinder, the singing of the gas. The cheerful tumult of the streets came dully to his ears, and the merry bells and joyous voices seemed somehow out of tune. Presently he spoke, very gently:

"I must go back now, dear—they will need me at the store, and I only had an hour's leave; but I will come home as soon as I can."

He stood expectant for a moment, but no response came from the sullen figure at the fire, and with a sigh he pulled on the shabby overcoat and much-worn gloves, and went quietly out with a loving, pitying glance at her, that would have pierced her heart had she not been so willfully blind to what should have been her glory and her pride.

O wife! mother! beware how you let your dear ones go from you with angry words and a clouded brow. Who can know what may befal ere they return to your love and forgiveness? She sat a long time, angrily brooding and weeping bitter tears till the midnight, with a merry chime, rang in the Christmas-morn. As she listened, a sound from the crib reached her that startled her into instant activity—a sharp, ringing cough, that she knew too well. With all her faults she loved her children, and thought remorsefully: "Charley has not been well to-day—how could I have so forgotten him?" She took the child from his crib, and set about administering such remedies as were at hand, and wondered how she could get a physician. Bob and Lucy were too small to send into the streets at such an hour, and to leave the child was impossible. Oh, why did not Robert come? In her selfishness she had not heeded the premonitory symptoms, and the delay was fatal—it was too late for human help. Her punishment had come upon her, she felt, as she sat with the dying child in her arms, watching the awful struggle for breath, till with a parting sigh the little soul went home, and the mother's heart was desolate. It was all over, but she sat clasping the little form till the morning light peeped in, and Lucy and Bob, with joyful cries, scrambled out of bed and rushed to their stockings, hung carefully at the fireside. Alas! she had forgotten them; and the tearful faces turned to her, the sorrowful cry: "O mamma, Santa Claus forgot us," stung her past endurance, and she drove them back with angry words and threatening hand.

A key in the door, a foot on the stairs—Robert's foot, she knew, but what a strange, uncertain step. Was he ill? As he came in the dreadful truth burst on her—he was drunk! shamefully, beastially drunk. This was the bitterest drop of all! And, mad with pain, she rose from her seat and confronted him with her dead child in her arms, bidding him look, and asking why he had not come sooner to save his child.

In reply he only leered and grinned, and answered in thick tones: "So much 'er bezzer, one less in fam'ly—bezzer dress now," and flung himself on the bed in a heavy, drunken sleep.

How did that awful day ever pass away? Stunned and silent, she robed her dead darling for the grave, and laid him in his crib, covering the still form as carefully as she had been used to do, with a dim, dazed feeling that he might be cold.

The frightened children found the toys where they had been left, on the bureau, and gathered some small comfort in the fact that they had not been forgotten; but still that haggard, degraded figure lay on the bed, breathing heavily, the dead child lay in the crib, and she sat dry-eyed and motionless, slowly going mad! Yes, she must have been mad to have harbored the thought that crept into her mind, and grew and grew, shutting out every other feeling, even her mother-love, with every moment of that dreadful day.

By-and-bye the night came, and with it a heavy snowfall. The children came about her knee asking for food. Her purpose was fully matured now, and she brought out two bowls, filled them with milk, and, taking them to a side-table, bent over them, her back to the little ones. What was that in her hand—a bottle? What was she pouring into the milk, and why did her hand shake and her eyes turn away from them when she set the food before them and bade them eat? But she watched them until they had eaten it all, then helped them undress, and sat with white face and stony eyes while they knelt at their baby-prayers. She covered them carefully in their bed, muttering:

"The last time, the last time!"

They slept soon—a sound, deep slumber, very sound, very deep even for healthy childhood. Then she put on her veil and bonnet, and, wrapping her shawl about her, put out the light and left the house, turning her steps—whither? Swiftly she passed through the snow streets, neither seeing nor hearing the tumult about her, but attracting some attention by reason of her set white face and wild eyes. Out of the busy, lighted streets she passed rapidly into dark and silent ones, all leading one way—where? To the river, that flowed, black and sluggish and awful, by the piers, and beneath the bridges, lap, lap, lapping at their foundations as though clamoring for its prey. Her dreadful purpose never failed her.

"Hark!" she muttered. "So loud, so loud, it calls—I'm coming!" and with wild, outstretched hands she was walking straight into the black water when a strong hand laid hold of her shoulder, a bright light flashed into her eyes, and—she awoke to find Robert's arms about her, his voice in her ear, and eager delight shining from his dear, honest face.

She looked about her, scarcely bewildered. There in the crib lay rosy Charley sound asleep; Lucy and Bob nestled cosily in their little bed; the empty stockings at the fireside, and—and—yes, that dreadful bottle labeled "Laudanum" safe and sound on its high shelf, well away from mischievous fingers. About her all the well-known objects of her dear, dear home; and, outside, the merry Christmas-bells going mad for very joy.

Robert's voice in her ear—oh, how sweet it sounded!—she had thought never to hear it again, and what was he saying?

"Oh, Alice, such good news—they tell me I am faithful and valuable, and they have raised my salary for a Christmas-gift. Heaven bless them! Our dark days are all gone now, dear. Look up, Alice, darling, and wish me Merry Christmas!"

"Thank God! it was but a dream. O Robert! forgive me, if you can," and, safe in his loving arms, Alice Murray knew that her life-lesson was learned.

Said my little daughter to me: "All the stories end when the happy times come. I'd like to know what the people do then?" To the Murrays the dawn, indeed, had come. Fortune was once more kind to them; but in Alice's room hung, always in plain sight, a steel-gray alpaca gown which the wealth of all the golden Indies could never buy.

STRANGERS NOW.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

To Nell S.

Years of checkered life together,
Months of fair and stormy weather,
Hours of grief and endless pain,
Moments of eternal gain—
All have gone, we know not how,
And have left us strangers now.

Words that flowed to lighten care,
Thoughts which others could not share,
Hopes too bright for mortal eyes—
Prayers for wisdom from the skies;
All have ceased, we know not how,
And have left us strangers now.

Will it evermore be thus?
Can the past be lost to us?
Can the scale, united here,
Never once again be near?
Must we to the sentence bow—
"Strangers ever, strangers now?"

Thorns among the roses press;
Earth is but a wilderness;
Flitting o'er a fitful race,
Love can find no resting-place;
Where the flowers immortal bow,
Shall we strangers be as now? WILL H. COX.

DRIFTING TO DOOM;
OR,
A MAZY MARRIAGE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY WM. R. EYSTER,

Author of "King Dick, A Tale of New Orleans and St. Louis," "Branded and Mad," "Wild Nat's Brigade," "Ianthe," "The Free Trapper's Pass," "Through War and Fire," "The Haunted Hunter," etc.

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CHAPTER XIV.

AN UNWELCOME FRIEND—A STRANGE STORY.

When Dr. Williams left, for the first time, the room in which he had set Taylor to work, he retraced his steps to a room adjoining the one in which Michael had been waiting, and which served him as a sort of office and study. Here he busied himself for a short period with a packet of papers which he drew from a desk.

Possibly ten minutes had elapsed when he was startled by the sudden ringing of a door-bell. At that time of night this was a rather singular occurrence, especially as he thought it extremely doubtful if his presence in the house was at all generally known. Either it was someone desiring to see him, or else it was someone totally unacquainted with the usages of the place. This bell was not the one which would have been rung if it was anyone wishing to see the housekeeper. Keeping this in view, Williams hastily returned the papers to the desk, which he carefully locked, and started to answer the call in person. When he flung open the door a man appeared with his hand on the bell-knob, as if about to make another call for attention. He did not recognize this person, who seemed to be a short, thick-set individual, clad in the costume of a working-man on a holiday. After taking a survey, Williams addressed him in a short, crisp manner:

"Well, sir, and what might your pleasure be?"

"You couldn't give me a job at the Red Ridge, could you?"

The tone of the unexpected reply was unfamiliar, and the request particularly inappropriate, considering the circumstances of time and place; but the Doctor gave a second and scrutinizing look. When men acted in that way it meant that they were very simple or very shrewd—that they were to be dismissed promptly or looked after carefully.

"A job at the Red Ridge? You should not have come to me about such things. I have nothing to do with the hiring of the men. Go down to the mines and see some of the bosses about it. I hardly have as much influence about such matters as you have."

"Arrah, now, doothor darlint, but yer foolin' wid me. Sure, an' if yer say the word, it's meself wid be aven a mine-boss afore many an hour."

A second application by a second voice that seemed to come from nowhere in particular. At this Williams, who was not the kind of man to retreat from what might be danger, looked cautiously around him, though at the same time keeping an eye on the stranger before him, who broke in with:

"You can't do anything for me to-night—couldn't you give me a note to the foreman? I have run an engine in my time, and I hear you need."

"Of course I cannot, at this late hour. I will be around to-morrow morning, and, if you are about, will see if I can do anything for you."

"That's a liberal offer, Doctor; so I'll just come in and spend the evening with you, and talk over old times."

This time it was a different tone of voice again, and apparently a familiar one; for, after a moment's hesitation, which may have proceeded from surprise or lingering doubt, Williams said:

"Well done, if that is really you, Scott Boyd."

"Verily, thou art right," responded the stranger, this time with a strong nasal twang. "Let us enter, for the night-air is damp, and I have much to communicate."

"Then that nonsense is enough. You deceived me nicely, with your outlandish costume and feigned voices. Come in, and let us have your news, good, bad or indifferent."

"All right, Doctor, and I've a budget, I assure you. Lead along to your den, wherever it may be, at once. I've had my supper, so you need not worry about refreshments; but I guess I shall want a shake-down somewhere for the night."

The two then, almost in silence, made their way to the study, where they took seats and were soon engaged in conversation in regard to a subject with the meaning of which Williams seemed to be most thoroughly conversant. After some desultory conversation the stranger began to unload himself of his information.

"I've done my best in the matter, and my best is, anyhow, very good. I have followed this trail up as far as there was any room to travel, and I think I've got your boy—or rather man; for by this time he happens to be a man, and a right smart chunk of a man, too."

"You don't say so."

"You *are* right; I do say so. Now, where do you think I have holed him?"

"How should I know?"

"Well, right here, under your nose. His name is supposed to be Taylor, and he works in the Red Ridge shaft."

Williams gave a start of surprise, which could not have escaped the eyes of the other, sharpened by a long course of detective experience, though the full meaning of it might not have been known. Whether it was at the singular coincidence of the man whom he had employed Scott Boyd to shadow, or at his being able to run him to earth, remains to be seen. At any rate, there were points in the case that Boyd did not yet dream of.

"Taylor! What a coincidence! What! Charles Taylor?" finally exclaimed the Doctor.

"Yes, Charles Taylor; you seem to know the party."

"Of course I know him, or rather of him. He is a man of mark—or soon will be. He has had notice to quit from the secret mining organizations. If he stays here his life is hardly worth a penny. Strange he should be the person; and he located here, right under my nose. Had I known it, it would have saved some time and trouble, and I fancy some expense!"

"Possibly you are right in that. I've given some weeks and a right reasonable bill of expenses to trace the man out, and it was no such slouch of a joke either."

"Are you certain that you have made no mistake? What evidence have you that your statement is correct?"

"The best in the world—I worked the case up myself; and when I can say that of a job, there's no mistake about it, sure."

"No!"

"Fact, I tell you. Went to work to find out if there was a baby, boy or girl, and especially a boy, dropped around loose in striking distance of your uncle's residence. Inquiry didn't do much good, as no one knew anything about such a person as Theodore Williams; but the newspapers came in to my aid just in time to keep me from getting discouraged. Found in a file for that year a little item of interest about a foundling that was left on the doorstep of one Jacob Jacobs. Hit me fair and square between the eyes that did, and I went for that foundling at once."

"And it proved to be this Taylor?"

"Not a bit of it—it proved to be a girl."

CHAPTER XV.

THE DETECTIVE'S STORY BEING FINISHED, CALEB WILLIAMS GOES TO HIS WORK.

At the statement of the detective that the child proved to be a girl, Dr. Williams showed disgust, and something more. The long and apparently irrelevant tale aroused his ire, and he exclaimed harshly:

"A girl! What had that to do with the case, then, and why do you bore me with such an interminable yarn?"

"Considerable. I interviewed Mr. Jacob Jacobs, who, providentially, was a retired merchant in comfortable circumstances; and he told me all about it, except that he mentioned no names. Very singular case it was, the sequel of which didn't get into the newspapers. Seems that the mother of the baby had woke up in a fever, escaped the nurse, stole out with the infant, and, having left it on Mr. Jacobs' steps and pulled vigorously at the door-bell, went wandering along until a gentleman with a blue coat and a locust-switch escorted her to a station-house."

"If the baby was not the one that we were after, all this has no interest to me. Cut it short; I am tired to-night, and, after an outline of what you have accomplished, am going to start you off to bed. We can talk it over to-morrow again."

"That's all right—finish in a minute. The father, who had been away, came back and found his wife gone and nurse scared to death. He shipped the nurse and found his wife at last in the hospital, where she had to stay some time. He found the baby through the same local that I had seen, and brought it down to the mother. They thanked Mr. Jacobs very heartily, when they called on him just before they started for Europe; and that ended that."

"Well, now, tell me what that all proves?"

"Just nothing at all. The night is young, and time plenty; I want to give you the history, as I found, it of things twenty odd years ago. The queer part is this. I asked about the nurse and got the address where she had lived ten years before; and from all accounts she must have been a very antiquated old hen. I thought it wouldn't hurt, if she was still alive, to see her anyhow, and so hunted up the place. Gone—of course she was gone—gone to Woburn, Massachusetts. Found a niceish sort of woman in the rooms, though, who was inquisitive enough to ask me what I wanted; so I told her in short. Very remarkable thing; but there was another foundling about the same time, that didn't get into the papers, and she put me on the track, and I ran it down straight along. Got the record when it was turned over to the authorities, and by them in turn to a man named Smith. Smith went to Bridgeport and died, and his wife took the toddler with her to her mother's. Then she died. Then her sister, who was married to a man named Taylor, took a fancy to the young one, and took it along when they moved to Boston. a number of years afterwards. Go on the trail then without much difficulty, and found the Taylors had died also, in the course of years, and that Taylor, the adopted, had started for the West. Just as I thought I had lost him I found a party who had received a letter from him, written at the mines here. About that time I found you were missing, so I came on here. That's the story in brief; whenever you're ready, I can give it to you in full."

Williams listened to the latter part of this history with apparent attention. When it was concluded he remained silent for some time, slowly smoothing out his moustache with his left hand, whilst his right was making pencil-marks upon a sheet of white paper which lay upon the table beside him.

"You have done well, indeed," he said at length. "There are chances that there was a child, then. If there was, this Taylor may be that boy."

"Can't see any other outlet. *Might* be some mistake, but would be willing to swear that there isn't. Think so well of the matter, that I charge you two hundred and fifty for what I've done. It's worth that, and I fancy more."

"Yes, yes," responded Williams impatiently. "We shall not quarrel about that, though I should have been better satisfied if you had gone over the ground more thoroughly."

"Thoroughly! Just wait till I give you the account in full. Why, it will take a couple of hours to describe just what I did. Shall I begin right now?"

"Oh, no," responded Williams, smiling. "I really must beg to be excused for the present from the infliction. I must take time to think over what I have already heard. As I have told you in the commencement, however, tonight I am not in the mood for talk. Allow me to show you to your bedroom, and to-morrow will be time for further instructions. I have more work to do, and the pay will be commensurate with your success."

"Agreed, for I feel like bunking-in myself. Any place at all will do, you know. Don't make any parade of your best chambers. Would just as lieve as not snooze for the night hung up over the back of this chair."

"There is no lack of room here, and you shall be served with the best. Come along."

Boyd left the room under the guidance of Williams, who showed him a bedchamber that made the former open his eyes in astonishment at the accommodations the old house furnished.

Although the story of Scott Boyd the detective was of no little interest to Dr. Williams, it must be confessed that he heard it with some manifestations of impatience. He had other and important business on hand, the arrangement of which he had not, as yet, fully decided upon.

From the room where he had placed Boyd, as he hoped, for the night, the Doctor passed, by a journey of some little length, to the spot where he had left Charles Taylor at work. The particulars of the visit have already been given. Having marked the progress made, the man returned once more to his own room, and, throwing himself into an arm-chair, buried his face in his hands and resigned himself to thought.

Doctor Williams was no young hand at the crooked kind of work which has been shadowed in our opening chapters. For years he had followed a line of life which passed over a course more or less sinuous. As a speculator he had been a bold one; and, though the world knew it not, no speculation of his ever failed because of conscientious scruples or lack of that bad bravery which upholds a desperate gambler in tight places. But the work now before Dr. Williams was of a different class from that in which he had previously been engaged. For the first time he was entering upon a course which, if failure came across his path, would lead him straight up to the walls of the State prison; in fact, he saw the shadow of something even worse looming across his road. Hence the appearance of Boyd, at this particular juncture, was peculiarly inopportune. Of what manner of man the detective might be, Caleb Williams was not so well assured. He had heard that he was of easy-going virtue, and willing to consult the interests of his employer rather than of society; but he queried whether he would connive at an outrage or conceal a terrible crime. If he did, it would be for a price commensurate with the favor.

"Which shall I strike?" was the soliloquized inquiry which at length almost formed itself into audible words upon the lips of the Doctor. "Both must be made secure, and the question is which is to be done first. I might change my plans, to be sure, but it is bad to swap horses when crossing a stream. Shall I go on, or shall I not?"

A little longer silence, a little more thought, a little deeper knitting of the brows, and then Dr. Williams arose, with an expression of decision. He stepped to a case, and, opening it, took therefrom a bottle of cut-glass, which he placed within his bosom. Then, after removing his boots and replacing them with soft slippers, he left the room.

Every turn and stairway of the mansion was well known to him. Night or day, it was the same to him. He moved as freely and certainly now as if it were daylight. He slipped along in silence until he came to a halt in front of a door through the keyhole of which he could observe a faint light. Within all seemed to be silent. Noiselessly he tried the handle of the lock, and as noiselessly it turned; but the door resisted his attempt to open it. Evidently it was locked upon the inside.

A smile curled the lips of the plotter. He brought from his pockets a few little playthings of steel wire and a pair of slender, peculiar nippers. His actions had the assurance and certainty of an accomplished burglar or a professional locksmith, and with the success of the same. There was a twist or two of the wrist, the very faintest sort of a click as the bolt shot back, and then the door swung steadily open sufficiently far to admit the head and shoulders of the Doctor, who peered anxiously around. In an open fire-place a lighted lamp was standing, which cast but a feeble light over the room. The apartment was one of rather large size, and handsomely furnished. In a far corner was a bed, and upon it could be dimly seen the form of a woman, who had thrown herself down without disrobing, and was in deep slumber. For a moment the intruder inspected the form of this woman narrowly and listened to her regular breathing, then he advanced nearer, drawing the vial from his bosom as he did so. The head of the sleeping woman rested upon the pillow, but it lay in the shadow cast by a chair, and further was veiled by a mass of loosened hair, which lay scattered in wild profusion over face, neck and shoulders.

Reaching the bedside, Williams, paused for a moment. Bending down, he lightly caught a fold of the dress between the thumb and forefinger of his right hand. Reassured by the feel of the texture, next the man hastily, yet with precision, poured some liquid from the vial upon the pillow, bending over so that his hand almost touched the face of the sleeper. Then he hastily withdrew and carefully closed the door behind him, but without locking it.

Again he sought his own room; but hardly had he reached it when he seemed to be seized by the demon of unrest, since he immediately left it again and wended his way to the sleeping apartment in which he had lately installed Scott Boyd. He listened at the door, but heard no sound, either suspicious or reassuring. It yielded to his touch, and on entering he found it vacant. A strong smell of tobacco pervaded the room, a package which looked as though it might contain some minor articles of apparel lay upon a chair near the head of the bed, whilst the light from the moon, drifting through an open window upon the bed, revealed the fact indisputably that Boyd had at least reclined upon it, despite the fact that he was now missing.

What had become of the man? Had anything occurred to arouse his suspicions, and was he now prowling around the house? That something of the kind had happened was the only solution to what would otherwise be a strange mystery. The open window attracted the attention of Williams. Silently he approached it, and, drawing the curtain around, so as to screen his face in a great measure, looked out. He could not conceive of any way that Boyd could have made his exit through the frame; but he thought it best to glance in that direction, at any rate. At first he saw nothing to reward him. As he looked downward he saw nothing but the bare wall, without foothold or means of descent. Then he could trace something on the ground beneath the window which seemed to him very much like the long ladder that he knew to be about the place, but which had certainly no business there. Could Scott Boyd have placed that ladder against the house before entering, and taken that means of leaving again? If so, why?

Whilst engaged in seeking for a solution to this problem, he was called to the other duties which he had upon his hands by the sound of the same smothered cry that had come to the ears of Charles Taylor. It came in through the open door quite distinctly, and immediately Williams turned from the window.

"As I thought—sensible and awake for a moment—then will come insensibility. Perhaps it is as well that I was not there to be seen. At any rate, I must go; though what Boyd has done or suspected may be a question of importance. Perhaps I will find out soon enough. At any rate, I have no doubt that he is a man whose silence can be bought on fair terms, and he might be all the better confederate if he knew my plans."

Thinking thus, the man left the room and hurried in the direction of the cry, which had come from the room into which he had forced an entrance a short time before. What followed immediately thereafter has already been told.

In the dim light, mistaking Taylor for Boyd, the Doctor had struck him a violent blow, and then, snatching up the insensible woman, had borne her away. In time he came with his burden to the room in which Taylor had been at work. He halted before entering the small hall spoken of, and deposited his burden upon the floor. Crimes are not always executed in a perfectly finished manner. He had been hurried in the one which he was now about to perpetrate; the appearance of Boyd had been a disturbing element, and he desired to see if Michael had carried out his instructions in conducting Taylor away when the work was done. Michael and Charles Taylor were both gone.

He reasoned a moment. Michael was bound to him by ties of no mean strength, and he felt safe in trusting his very life in those stout hands. The work here was done; possibly the two awaited him in the designated spot. At all events, the wheel of crime must turn on.

Without hesitation he returned, raised the woman in his arms, and bore her into the room. As he carried her the few steps of the little passage-way, he felt that she had revived; that a moment more and she would be sensible of what had been done, and, with opportunity, would know who had done it. In haste he deposited her upon the floor, clanged to and fastened the door, and walked away. The woman was now a prisoner.

TO BE CONTINUED.

FOREIGN DRAMATIC NOVELTIES.

"NUMBER TWENTY"

is the name of a drama, with the additional title of "The Justice of Calvados," which was performed for the first time at the Princess' Theatre, London, Eng., Nov. 30. It is the work of James Albery and Joseph Hatton, and yet scarcely comes up to expectations. *The* (London) *Sunday Times* says of it:

In choosing for their action a period assumably in the seventeenth century, and in laying the scene in France, regard appears to have been had to the advantages of a time when costumes were picturesque and responsibility did not weigh very heavily on the shoulders of officials. The tortunes of the noble and all but regal house of Mowrs form the mainspring of the plot. Warned by a prophecy that the last of his race shall die a violent death by his own hand or that of an assassin, the Duke De Mowrs, who has reached a period in life that leaves the prediction but little time for its accomplishment, retires, as soon as he has espoused Blanche De Longueville, into the family church to pray for a remission, or at least postponement of the forfeit. This pious action leads to a result the exact reverse of what the Duke anticipated. While his head is yet bowed, the Duke is slain. He is not, as he believes himself, the last of his race, and his death is in no way dependent, therefore, on the prediction. The man who slays him (Destouche) is, in fact, his cousin, and at his death the inheritor of his title and estates. When the deed is once committed, the murderer, who is supposed long since to have died, absents himself wisely for six months before he returns. Upon his reappearance the estates and honors at once drop into his possession. It is different, however, with Blanche, the Duchess, whose possessions he covets. Before espousing the Duke, which she has done for her father's sake, Blanche has loved a youth named Neron. With him she has, since she is her own mistress resumed relations, and a marriage is to come off so soon as the prescribed period of mourning for her late husband is over. To get rid of this obstacle to his suit, Destouche sees no better plan than to have the youth accused of the murder of the late Duke. To this influence it is due that the trial results in conviction, and that sentence of death is pronounced. Blanche does not, however, believe in her lover's guilt. She resolves, accordingly, to save him. Disguising herself in the dress of her maid, Mimi, she obtains access to the prison in which Neron is confined, and, by playing on the susceptibilities of its very gallant and confiding guardian, she contrives to furnish her lover with the means of escape. The conclusion is then soon reached. Neron succeeds in regaining his liberty, each step in its flight being set before the audience in a series of ingeniously arranged tableaux. Destouche, meanwhile, beneath the burden of his crimes, has found joyless his ill-acquired honors. He has, accordingly, taken to drinking, and has brought upon himself imaginary horrors as well as real. In his ravings he has betrayed himself to Father Laval, who insists upon his making a definite confession. This he makes to one he believes to be a priest, but who is in fact Neron. To escape from his pursuers, Neron has fled into church and hidden himself in the box set apart for confession. Thus it comes that he unwittingly hears the cause of his own sufferings. The feud between the two men ends in a fight, in which Destouche is slain. The prediction concerning the house of Nemours is thus fulfilled, and Neron is left free to espouse his early love. There is plenty of stuff in this. If, however, instead of giving us so many series of escapes, the authors had put into action what is now narrated, better result would have been obtained. The scene of confession might thus have been made very effective. As it was, the third act, which contained almost the whole of the action, was that with which the public was least satisfied, and by which the success of the piece it was to have assured was, in fact, imperilled. Upon this scene remarkable pains had been lavished. One part after another unfolded, disclosing different episodes in the escape, until the whole was as elaborate as a transformation scene. Nothing of the kind has previously been accomplished on the stage. A ballet in the last act was very taking, and introduced two new and excellent dancers, known as the Allnut Family.

The cast: Shibboleth Chas. Warner as Destouche, J. H. Barnes as Neron, and Miss Fowler as the heroine.

"THE CRISIS,"

an English version, by James Albery, of "Les Fourchambault," was presented at the Haymarket Theatre, London, Dec. 2. It is a comedy in four acts, and the adaptor has made some important changes with a view to suiting the piece to an English audience. The story is told as follows:

At the outset of the action we are in the house of Mr. Denham, a banker, supposed to be rich, but really, owing to the extravagance of his wife, in a position far from secure. The residents include, besides Blanche, the daughter of the married couple, a pretty maiden, almost, but not quite, spoiled by her mother, who wishes to throw overboard the man she loves and espouse a foolish young, radical nobleman, Lord William Whitehead; Fawley Denham, their son; and Haidee Burnside, a young American governess, on whom Fawley is, with not too honorable intentions, casting sheeps'-eyes. In the second we see Mrs. Goring, a lady who has in early life been the victim of a false marriage, and has since devoted her life to her son, John Goring, now, thanks to her training, one of the richest and most respected men in London. That his mother has been wronged John Goring knows, and he is also aware that to his father's falsehood was due to others rather than himself. Who that father is, however, he has never learned. When, at length, Mrs. Goring arrives at the house of Denham & Co., is on its last legs, and when his mother bids him, "as his duty," haste with all available capital to the rescue, the secret exists no longer, and he learns that John Denham is his father. Adding more readily upon his mother's suggestion than might have been expected, he hastes to the Denhams and professes his readiness to help the firm out of its difficulties, and becomes a partner in it. With such joy as the shipwrecked mariner feels when he clambers on a life-buoy does Mr. Denham accept the offer, and every detail is trusted to the young and energetic manager who thus proffers himself. Goring faces the wife whom the weak-hearted Denham has never dared to contradict, and insists upon a reduction of the household expenses to one-third. Against her protest that she has brought her husband a large dower, he opposes the fact that she has spent it thrice over. Having brought her to reason, he then teaches Blanche to trust to her own heart and discard her aristocratic suitor in favor of the man she has always loved. Fawley, his proposal to Haidee accepted with the more readiness as Lord William has already been beforehand with her, and has, on receipt of intelligence of her father's difficulty, himself withdrawn from the proposed match. Three months have been consumed in this, all of which is to a certain extent preliminary, but a stiff task remains to be accomplished. Haidee Burnside, whom John Goring himself loves, and is now compromised by the indiscretions of Fawley Denham that her character is wholly lost. That she is wholly innocent is nothing to the point. Every door is shut upon her except the Goring's. The task John Goring undertakes for to make the young man marry his victim. Not too successful are his efforts at first, and the young man, goaded beyond patience, at length strikes his mentor. Goring reels under the blow, makes a wild rush to return it; then, conquering himself, says: "Well for you that you are my brother." Full explanations follow; and the youth, penitent and enthusiastic in his desire to atone, proposes and is refused. Then Goring's eyes are aroused to the fact that the love of Haidee is all his own. On this discovery the curtain falls. The play, which rises to a strong situation in the second act, declines in the third, and again rises in the fourth to a point of genuine, high, and sympathetic interest. Each succeeding wave carries the audience further in the desired direction, and at the close the hearts of the spectators are deeply stirred.

It was interpreted by Chas. Kelly as John Young, Mr. Howe as Mr. Denham, W. Terriss as Fawley Denham, D. Fisher Jr. as Lord Whitehead, Mrs. John Wood as Mrs. Denham, Miss Lucy Buckstone as Blanche, Miss Louise Moodie as Mrs. Goring, and Miss Eastlake as Haidee Burnside.

"COMMITTED FOR TRIAL,"

a new drama by Edward Towers, was first acted at the East London Theatre, London, Nov. 30. The plot may be briefly told:

George Edwards is in love with Milly Grey, but his devotion is thwarted by an old scoundrel named Abel Brass, who, having a heavy claim against the father of the heroine, which, through misfortunes, he is unable to pay, old Abel Brass seeks to obtain the hand of Milly. There is also a further reason why he wishes to make her his wife. Milly has been left a large fortune by an old miser, but of this fact she is ignorant, and so is her lover. It comes out in the course of the piece that the vile Abel Brass has murdered the miser for the sake of his money, but he is compelled to share his spoil with his clerk, Caleb Scratch, and a returned convict, one Tawney, who comes back from transportation with the astounding information that he possesses the real will of the old miser, and has made up his mind to marry Milly for the sake of the fortune. They are all a day behind the fair, the clergyman of the parish has lent the money to redeem the debt Milly's father owes to the rascal Abel Brass, and has also married the young girl to Geo. Edwards instead of the wretch who sought her hand. These agreeable villains, being disappointed in their schemes, next seek to be revenged, and Tawney, having broken into the bank where Geo. Edwards had been a clerk, puts three hundred pounds into the young man's pocket, to make it appear that he has committed the robbery. What follows may be easily guessed. The young husband, accused of the charge, finds himself handed over to the police, and for a time villainy is triumphant and virtue a long way behind in the race. But virtue, if not such a fast thing as vice, is a steady goer, and eventually reaches the winning-post, while the wretches Abel Brass, Caleb Scratch and Tawney are out of the running altogether. In simple phrase, the honesty of George Edwards is established, the fortune of Milly is recovered, and the guilt of the villains is brought home to them.

THE following advertisement is entitled to the palm for muddled English: "If the gentleman who keeps the shoe shop with the red head will return the umbrella of a young lady with whalebone ribs and an iron handle to the slate-roofed grocer's shop, he will hear of something to his advantage, as the same is a gift of a deceased mother now no more with the name engraved upon it."

"I WOULD rather be kicked out of the world by one of Bob's boots than have to live in it with anyone else," said a devoted wife when discussing the question of marital ill-treatment.

PRINTING on luminous paper is announced. Those who use this new invention may be considered patrons of light literature.

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Negro Minstrelsy---Sentimental Ballads---Comic Songs---Theatrical Jokes ---Circus Reminiscences---Old Playbills---Banjo Eccentricities, Etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BENEATH THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

WORDS BY SAMUEL N. MITCHELL, MUSIC BY H. P. DANKS.

Beneath the Star of Bethlehem,
Upon a Christmas-day,
The babe of Mary Magdalen
Within a manger lay;
No snowy mantle covered him,
No pillow eased his head;
But 'round about his manger-bed
A score of cattle fed.

Beneath the Star of Bethlehem
Our Saviour there was born,
And there was joy in Palestine
That glorious Christmas morn;

The herald angels welcom'd Him
From Eden's golden shore,
And sent their heavenly blessings to
The child that Mary bore.

Beneath the Star of Bethlehem
The babe in quiet lay,
And soon around his manger-couch
The shepherds found their way;
The rays of Bethlehem's morning star
Had pointed out the place
Where first were caught the glimpses of
Our blessed Saviour's face.

THE WICKED PRINCE.

Wickedness may be looked upon as a protean artist. It assumes more shapes and disguises than does the detective who figures in red-pepper literature. It is not unfrequently described as a horrid monster, and poets of the Tupper order delight in stripping it of its borrowed finery and exposing it in all its original hideousness.

Vice is a monster of such horrid mien
That to be shunned it needs but to be seen,

or words to that effect, is a famous couplet; but it is infamously untrue. Reading "wickedness" vice "vice," and it is the simplest matter in the world to prove that the poet is mistaken. Here, for example, is a shapely piece of wickedness of such attractive mien that to be loved it needs but to be seen. She is the wicked prince of the pantomime (we know this is mixing the genders somewhat, but there is no question about her being a prince, and surely it would never do to apply a masculine pronoun to that face and form), and she is as beautiful as she is wicked. To show how utterly absurd is the sentiment of the poet, it need only be stated that when this sweet embodiment of wickedness has once been seen by the bald-headed and near-sighted occupants of the front seats, she straightway becomes a favorite; and instead of shunning her, they flock to THE CLIPPER VARIETIES, night after night, to feast their eyes upon her numerous charms. We are glad to say that outside the pantomime the pretty prince is perhaps no wickeder than the average young woman of the day. She has a weakness for sealskin, and would probably stay away from church any Sunday for the consideration of a diamond ring. She is given to powder and the "Bloom of Youth" (seventy-five cents a bottle), and she is by no means averse to late suppers and champagne. These things, however, are not to be counted as downright wickedness. It is only when she appears as you see her now, in the glory of flesh-colored tights, blonde wig and princely cape, that her really wicked nature comes to the surface. Then it is that she plots to overthrow virtue and to defend vice, and exerts all her powers of fascination over the unsophisticated Columbine, whose dove-like innocence is only preserved by the unbounded ingenuity of Harlequin. This characteristic of wickedness appears to make the prince all the more popular—a fact which we recommend Mr. Talmage to ponder over.

THE BABY-SHOW.

There is a baby-show
In town to day, I know,
Where babies prat with babies fat,
And babies lean that crow.

They all expect a prize—
The big and small of size—
And yet, I ween, of all I've seen
There are no pretty eyes.

A friend that goes and knows
About such rows of shows
Says he to me: "I cannot see
A pretty nose or toes.

"I see some chubby boys
That make an awful noise,
That do not match; but scratch and catch
At one another's toys."

Nor can I for my life
Amid this eager strife
Select a miss that I would kiss
As my prospective wife.

Their mammas call them "sweet,"
(Well, they are dressed quite neat);

"Oo ittty ting—'Oo pretty ting,
'Oo is good 'nough to eat."

But what a fretful crew
Of babies red and blue
There are wrangling and are tangling
And getting in a stew.

No ma there seems to think,
Nor manifest by wink,
That they are "sweet" and "fit to eat"—
And that's just what I think.

Tupper, in his leisure
Says, and without measure
(Queer little mouse): "Child in a house's
A well-spring of pleasure."

But T.'s critic says—"Your
Speech is out of measure—
(You are a 'sell'—Child in a 'sell's
A house full of pleasure."

So people disagree,
As some may now with me—
When they know I go to a "baby-show,"
Think "'Puck' was on a spree."

Baltimore, '78. PUCK ST. CLAIR.

SOME FACTS ABOUT THE CAMEL.

The camel is a ruminant quadruped. (We got that out of the dictionary, so you may be assured of its accuracy.) It is a great thing to be a ruminant quadruped. The rum-quad here presented for your rumination is, all in all, one of the rumest quadrupeds ever brought into quad. It was on account of his rumness that he christened him Camel. You will observe the initial letter "S" on his blanket. We employ a special keeper for Santa Cruz. The man's fidelity to his charge is something amazing. He has been known to call for his camel twenty times in a day—hot and well-spiced. He is very fond of Santa Cruz. The camel himself, we regret to say, is a hard drinker; but otherwise his morals are very good. If he had followed the stage instead of the canvas-tent, it is morally certain that he would have been a walking gentleman. And his success in that role would have been pronounced and instantaneous. Albeit he always has his back up, Santa Cruz is one of the best-tempered ruminant quadrupeds to be found on the face of the earth. That reminds us that the dictionary gives a second definition of the word camel, which appears to us a little obscure. Here it is: "A contrivance for lifting ships over bars." There must be some mistake here. The "ships" evidently refer to schooners; but we have it on the authority of eminent naturalists that no camel was ever known to lift a schooner over a bar. The ruminant quadruped takes his drinks in an entirely different manner. It may be that this second definition is intended to apply to the camel's keeper, who is certainly an adept at lifting schooners over bars—provided always he cannot lift Santa Cruz.

LITTLE EYELIDS WET WITH WEEPING.

DEDICATED TO CHARLES CAMPBELL, BY OSCAR R. BEERS.

Flowers strew the tear-stained casket
Over the angel's pulseless breast,
Where the weary hands are folded,
Folded in eternal rest;
But there's one who stands now weeping
Over the sleeper lying there,
One who feels that He has robbed her
Of a mother's loving care.
Chorus.—Little eyelids wet with weeping,
Little heart with joy bereft—
Oh, 'tis hard to know she's sleeping
In an endless sleep of death.

Take your last kiss, little weeper,
Let your last good bye be said,
Ere less sorrowed hearts may lead you
From the presence of your dead;
Then let tear-drops heal your sorrow,
In them is a magic charm,
For, like sunshine after tempest,
Tears are sorrow's healing balm.
Chorus.—Little eyelids wet with weeping,
Little heart with joy bereft—
Oh, 'tis hard to know she's sleeping
In an endless sleep of death.

THE ORIGINAL DOG-CART.

Here is something worthy the serious consideration of all students of nature and art. Here, in the beautiful simplicity of its pristine state, is the original dog-cart. All the vehicles which have come to be known by that name have grown out of this, as it were. They are the spokes of the wheel of which this is the hub. The young man to whom belongs the honor of first driving a dog-cart is himself a professional, which may in part account for the popularity the dog-cart enjoys among actors. It was in the discharge of his professional duties—carrying water to the steam-engine his mother was engaged as a star to scrub—that he first brought his invention into practical use. The dog, as will be seen, plays an important part in the locomotion of the carriage. It will not, we assume, be necessary to point out which is the dog and which the professional young man. All owners of dog-carts will be able to distinguish the two at a glance.

CHRISTMAS-NIGHT AT THE OLD BROADWAY THEATRE, NEW YORK, TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS AGO.

Of the people whose names appear in the appended copy of a programme, E. A. Marshall is in retirement in Philadelphia; Thomas Barry died in Boston, Mass., Feb. 11, 1876; Gustavus Vaughn Brooke was lost at sea while on his way from England to Australia in the steamship London, which foundered in the Bay of Biscay Jan. 11, 1866; Charles Pope is before the public as a star; A. W. Fenno died in this city Feb. 19, 1873; W. Davidge is traveling with Marie Gordon's Combination; William H. Reynolds was drowned while bathing in Keyport, N. J., July 30, 1863; David Whiting is in retirement in this city; Thomas Matthews died some years ago; Frederick Lyster is in retirement in San Francisco, Cal.; T. C. Gourlay is in retirement; William Henry is dead; George S. Kames died in Paterson, N. J., Dec. 4, 1866; Mrs. Abbott died in Chester, N. Y., Dec. 15, 1858; Miss S. E. Crocker subsequently married F. B. Conway—she died in Brooklyn, L. I., April 28, 1875; Mrs. Henry is in retirement in this city; T. J. Hind is traveling with McDonough & Lamb's "Million" Combination; Mlle. Adeline, one of the Rousset Sisters, returned with them to Europe; Miss Carman died, we believe, some years ago; F. B. Conway died in Manchester, Mass., Sept. 7, 1874; Mme. Ponisi is now acting in Wallack's Theatre, this city; Mrs. Vernon died here June 4, 1860; Lola Montez, who was underlined, also died here Jan. 17, 1861.

BROADWAY THEATRE.

E. A. Marshall.....Sole Lessee
Also of the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia.
Thomas Barry.....Stage-manager

SPLENDID DRAMATIC FESTIVAL ON CHRISTMAS-NIGHT.

MR. G. V. BROOKE

in his great character of

SIR GILES OVERREACH,

received on two occasions by crowded and fashionable audiences with unbounded enthusiasm.

TRAGEDY, COMEDY, FARCE, BALLET AND BURLESQUE TO-NIGHT.

THE ALTERED.—Doors open at half-past 6, and the performances will commence precisely at 7 o'clock. Dress-circle and parquet, 50c.; family and third circles, 25c.; private boxes, $5 and $6. A portion of the third circle has been appropriated for the accommodation of respectable colored persons. Admission, 25c.

TUESDAY EVENING, DEC. 25, 1851,

will be performed

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

Sir Giles Overreach	Mr. G. V. Brooke
Lord Lovell	Pope
Wellborn	W. Fenno
Marrall	W. Davidge
Allworth	Reynolds
Justice Greedy	Whiting
Tapwell	Matthews
Amble	Barrett
Wat	Lyster
Order	Osborn
Furnace	Miss Crocker
Froth	Mrs. Henry

After which, for the third time,

THE ALDERMAN'S GOWN, OR A TRIP TO PARIS.

Alderman Barry of Candlewick Ward	Mr. Whiting
Augustus Frankward, on his travels	A. W. Fenno
Harry Hardon, a rose vegetating	Pope
Prefect of Police	Burgess
English Waiter	Gourlay
Mary Barry	Miss Crocker
Gregory Thorn, Voyagent, etc.	

To conclude with, 19th time,

THE MODERN MODEL MASANIELLO, OR FEMALE FLIGHTS FOR FEMALE RIGHTS.

Rapid, a fast Abbey's (foster) daughter, a head of all the Bloo-mer-maids, afterwards the new Mayor-manielle.....Miss Crocker
Liberty, a horrible tyrant, very much in the way of Woman's Rights, Progress and Pot Rock.....Whiting
Jo-se-fus, an exceedingly Red Republican, and no relation of the great historian of that name.....Davidge
Gone sallow, illfious Captain of the Liberty Police Guard.....Hind
Yanilla, held in high odor in the cream of society, but not worth a scent where she is.....Mlle. Adeline
Silvers, ray, somewhat given to foam-ent.....Miss Carman
Grand Ballet Corps, Liberty Guard, etc.

FRIDAY, first benefit in America of

MR. G. V. BROOKE

Master Waltzer by Mr. G. V. Brooke; for Thomas Clifford. Mr. Conway; Hodna, Mr. A. W. Fenno; Lord Tinsel, Mr. Reynolds; Fathom, Mr. W. Davidge; Master W

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canada, must be prepaid, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, Dec. 23.

LADIES' LIST.

Adams, Lucille (2)
Annetta, Mlle.
Averal, Mrs. W. C.
Atherton, Alice
Anderson, Mary (of Wheelock's Co.)
Alice, — (care of J. C. Murphy)
Beaumont, Stella
Burnett, Tillie
Byron, Lizzie
Bowers, Mrs. D. P.
Bassage, Lena
Blye, Helen Barrett
Budworth, Viola
Baire, Fannie (of Pastor's Co.)
Beaumont, Nellie (2)
Carrend, Theresa
Cotton, Nellie (late of Philadelphia)
Carey, Elanor (late of Melbourne, Aust.) 8c.
Cerito, Mlle.
Cavendish, Ada
Chaprioneer, Lillian
Crayton, Gussie
Drayton, Mrs. Henri
D'Erina, Rosa
Dearing, Alice
Dimple, Dottie (song-and-dance)
D'Este, Helen
DeForrest, Leona
Dixon, Blanche
Durel, Barrie (late of Montreal, Ca.) (3)
Duclos, Ninon (2)
Edwards, Nellie
Eytinge, Rose
Female La Cigale Co., The N. Y.
Foy Sisters
Fatren, Ida
Fisher's Co., Manager of Kate
Fielding, Maggie
Fortescue, Mrs. G. K.
Foy Sisters Co., Manager
Fostelle, Belle
Gray, Maggie (of Boylston Museum)
Grinnell, Mrs. (of Coliseum, Detroit)
Glenn, Ida (of Sanford's Co.)
Gordon, Leo
Hall, Lillie (2)
Hughes, Jennie
Howland, Nellie
Hall, Lillie (of Comique, Providence)
Hall, Lillie (change-artist)
Hamilton, Dollie (p.o.m. London, Eng.)
Hart, Mrs. Emil (song-and-dance)
Kurtzweil, Johannan
Isaacs, Ada (actress) (2)
Jackson, Minnie
Kane, Georgia
Leigh, Miss G. (care N. Leavitt) (2) 6c.
Love Sisters
Laine, Mad. Eldora
Linden, Laura (of Clarke's Co.)
Lawton Sisters
Levanto, Grace
Lynwood, Ada
Lawton, Minnie (2)
La Kuey, Rose
Mabretta, Millie
Markham, Pauline
Morton-Winchell, Annie
Moore, Laura
Meretta, Mlle. (gymnast)
Marshall, Florence (of Eugenie's Blondes)
Morgan, Etta (with Berger Family)
Moore, Flora
Murray, Millie (of Murray Sisters)
Morrell, Addie
Moses, Nellie (with C. W. Young)
Modjeska, Helen
Morgan, Jennie (p. o. m. London, Eng.)
Norwood, Marian
Nelson, Sara
Pascoe, Marie
Parker, Lizzie (of Parker Sisters)
Parker, Eva A.
Pearl, Maggie
Plimsoll, Flora 15c.
Robeson, Erba
Raymond, Kate (4)
Ransom, Alice
Rigl, Emily
Rogers, Genevieve
Sheppard, Maude (2)
Stanley, Josephine (2)
Smith, Pauline (of Smith Sisters)
Schott, Angie 3c.
Smith, Mrs. A. C. p. o. m. London, Eng.
Singleton, Agatha
Therese, Mrs. Chas.
Thompson, Lillian
Von Elmer, Marie
Wellman, Ida (of Wright's Co.)
Weeks, Nellie (2)
Western, Ollie
Woods, Annie ("fat-girl")
Wren, Alice M.
Wellington, Edna

GENTLEMENS' LIST.

Allen, Harry
Allen, H. (of Foy Sisters Co.)
Armstrong, Harry (variety "biz")
Adams, J. (of Haverly's Minst.)
Alfredo, Lifredo & Great Emma
Ammie, H. (violinist)
Allman, Richard
Aubrey, Robt.
Allen, W. M. (side show "biz")
Bunnell, Geo. B.
Berger, Fred
Browne, Jos. G.
Barnum's Manager P. T.
Barry, Dave (2)
Boyd, Clarance
Boucicault, Dion
Brazzies, Geo. R. "Business"
Bray, W. H. (2)
Beach, C. R. (musician)
Bingham, — (ventriloquist)
Buddworth, Frank (comedian)
Blair, Chas. (Dutch "biz")
Burke, J. M. (Irish "biz")
Bruno, Gus (2)
Booker, J. (of Haverly's Minst.)
Boyd & Sarsfield
Boyd, Chas. (of Boyd & Wade)
Butler, C. W.
Burgess, Neil
Burk, Tony
Bell, Frank
Buckley, J. (of Slavin & Buckley)
Bingham, J. W.
Clifford, Ed.
Clark, J. W. (banjo-maker)
Collison, F. (of Tony Denier's Co.)
Colvin, E. D.
Crocker, C. C.
Collins, J. (of Collins & Wren)
Cooke, L. E.
Clark & Edwards
Coleman, M. P.
Clark & Edwards
Clark, G. B.
Coleman, D. W.
Carl, J. H. (banjoist)
Clarby, C. (of L. Barrett's Co.)
Campbell & O'Brien
Cawker, E. H.
Collier, J. (of Celebrated Case Co.)
Cotton, Jr., Ben
Curtis, Wm. B.
Clark, John H.
Campbell, Milton L. 3c.
Cummings, Wm.
Chappelle, H. J. (manager)
Carlo, Wm.
Cole, W. W.
Delehanty & Hengler
Divine, G. (with Heywood Bros.)
Dumont, Frank (2)
Devere, H. A.
D'Artney, Wm.
Dickeson, H. (comedian)
Dorr, Howard
Dixon, Henry (p.o. m. London, Eng.)
Dearin, Sam
Edwards, Wm.
Eustice, W. (of Tony Denier's Co.)
Everett, Geo (p.o. m. London, Eng.)
Ellis, H. W.
Enright, M. P. (musician)
Emmet, J. K. (2)
Eagan & Fenton
Flake, Jas. (mins. "biz")
Forepaugh, John (3)
Forrester, Bruce
Fowler, W. W.
French, Ed. (of Pastor's Co.)
Frost, Hyatt (2)
Flynn, Jas. (clog gist)
Friese, A. (p.o. m. London, Eng.) (2)
Ferris, Theo. M.
Foster, D. (of Foster & Hughes)
Forepaugh, John A.
Franklins, The
Forepaugh, Adam
Fish, Kit (musician)
Fields, J. L. (of Hart's Minst.)
Frayne, Frank
Freise, A. W.
Fidler, Dick
Furgeson, O. J. (manager)
Fray, Charley
Feeney, Patrick
Ferris, W. H. (actor)
Fash, G. W.
Gorman, O. H.
Gilfoil, Ben
Gonzales, T. (of Matthews & Gonz.)
Gale, Walter
Gray, W. B.
Granger, J. (of Alabama Minst.)
Gartlan, A. (of Abbott's Com. Co.)
Graff, J. (of Strakosch's Co.)
George, F. W.
Goodwin, J. (late of Haverly's Thea.)
Grether, F. (late of Aimee's Co.)
Giddons, Geo. 5c.
Goodrich, E. T.
Gillette, W. H.
Gotthold, E. M. 6c
Green, Jas.
Gibbs, Walter H.
Grover, Leonard
Green, A. (of Uncle Tom's Cab. Co.)
Gardiner, E. M. (2)
Gardner, R. C. (cornetist)
Germon, John D'Orsey
Gaston, A. (of Campbell's Circus)
Gobay, Jos. (agent)
Gressior, E. (of B. Newton's Co.)
Goddard, J. (of Bryant's Minst.)
Granger's Opera Co., Manager
Gulick, Joe (manager)
Gaylord, Chas
Giovanni, Sig.
Graham, R. (of Shaughran Co.)
Gibson & Binney
Harrington, J. (of Cum. & Harr.) (2)
Huber, F. J.
Harrington, Frank
Hayle, W. (of Hayle & Pickert)
Howorth, John
Heubner, F. C. (of J. Coombs' Co.)
Harris, C. (of Harris & Carr.)
Hogan, Con
Hanley, M. W.
Hughes, Nick & May
Hogan, John
Harris, J. (of Nick Roberts' Co.)
Howard, Rollin
Howard & Alton
Heywood Bros.
Hart, Harry (3)
Heinrich, F. (of Dup. & Ben. Minst.)
Harris, L. (of Chest. Thea., Philad.) 6c
Hamilton, R. (costumer)
Howard, J. H. (of Hart's Minst.) (2)
Hart's Minstrels, Manager
Heywood, Jas.
Harris, Chas.
Hill, Geo. A.
Hedges, Thos.
Hart, F. J. (of Harts' Combin.)
Henshaw, John E.
Holbrook & Ryan
Irving, P. H.
Jeffrey, J. H.
Jennings, Harry
Joyce, Thos. H. (dealer)
Jackson, T. (basso)
Jones, Wheeler H.
Jukes, J. (glass blower)
Jasper, Thos.
Kersands, Wm.
Kelly & Ryan
Kelley, Ralph
Kirk, H. F. (2)
Kenebel, Francois
Knight, Geo. S. (2)
Kent, C. P. (of Kendall's Co.)
Keens, Alfred
Kearney, J. (of Kearney & Powers)
Lonsdale, Harry
Lawton, F. (with Hartz & Co.)
Lindley, H. (of Mitchell's Co.)
Lee, J. H. (of N. O. Minst.)
Leake, W. H. (manager)
Lawton, Alf. (late of Montreal)
Laurent, Henri
Leland, Matt
Leslie, Roy
Lytell, W. H.
Lowando, Martinho Aberlardo 13c
Leavitt, M. B.
Lawley, J. T.
Leslie, Royden
Long, Robt.
Leslie, David
Leavitt, Andy
Levitt, Henry
Litzenberger, John (cornetist)
Liston, H. (p.o.m. Cheltenham, Eng.)
Lorella, J. C.
Lorella, T. A.
Leonard, John (late of Kreus Varieties)
Lytle, A. Y.
Leopold, Geo.
Liley, C. A.
Leo, Mons. (of Hulmes & Leo)
Larence, Thos. W.
Leavitt, H. (late of Morton & Leavitt)
Morris & Green
Mack, Joe (minst. "biz")
Manager of Adelphi Thea., Newark, N. J.
Mack, Billy
Madigan, Ed. H.
Mack, Mr.
McNish, Frank (2) 3c.
Murtz, John N.
Mendell, Harry & Leoni
Murray, John (of Howorth's Co.)
Marks, Eddie
Melrose, F. (gymnast)
Maynard, H. W.
McVeigh, John
Manchester & Jennings
"Mack"
Morton, Jas. D.
Murphy, Con T.
Magle, John J.
Morris, Robt.
Murphy, John (of Murphy's Co.)
Middleton, G. (of Cooper & Bailey's Cir.) (2) 16c.
McCullough & Casey
Montford, Frank
Myers, J. C. (of Dollie Bidwell's Co.)
Martin, Sam
Moore, Mr. (dram. author)
Meath, John (manager)
Moncrief, Master (Irish "biz")
Maynard, M. (of Maynard Bros.)
Mulligan, Quinlan & Adair
Morrison, Chas. F. (musician)
Nash, Frank
Norton, Joe (juggler)
Nunn, Will
Nash, F. (of Howe's Circus)
Ogden, Abe
Ogden, J. E.
O'Neal, Wm.
Osborne, H. (of Osbor. & Wentworth)
Orrin Bros.
Prindle, John
Pfaff, H. C.
Prentice, Chas.
Pettit & White "Pico"
Powers, J. (Kentuckey Giant)
Pfaff, H. C. 6c.
Quigley, J. F.
Rickaby, John
Rigby, Victor
Rogers, N. L.
Roberts, N. D.
Ronaldo, Wm.
Robinson, J. (of Howe's Circus)
Rogers, J. R.
Rhodes, P. B. 6c.
Robinson, Harry (2)
Rarelle, Wm.
Rontz, Fred. (rope-artist)
Rudolph, A. P.
Roe, H. (of Haverly's Minst.)
Ryan, T. J. (of Kelly & Ryan)
Rapier, John
Ryland, B. (care J. M. Little)
J. Rooney, (wigmaker)
Riches, Geo. (p. o. m. Cambridge, Eng)
Rowe, H. W.
Sully, W. J.
Stephens, John
Sellon & Burns
Smith, Sidney
Scott, Rufus
Sheridan Bros.
Saphor, W. D.
Spaulding, W. P. (2) 3c.
Stanhope, Wm.
Sullivan, John (of Rentz's Minst.)
Spencer, Arthur
Shirley, Harry
Short, T. (of Cooper & Bailey's Cir.) 15c.
Stetson, E. T.
Sebastian, Sig.
Sanford, J. L.
Sharpley Bros.
Satsuma, K. (2)
Shirley, H. (of Haverly's Minst.)
Schmidt & Footner
Santom, W. (of Pullmun's Circus)
Stuart, J. H. (of Stetson's Co.)
Sutton, Chas. (comedian)
Sullivan, John (musician)
Smith, A. C. (p. o. m. Chester, Eng.)
Swonsbourne, Chas. 3c
Saxton, Jos. Addison
Sparks Bros.
Seamon, C. (of P. Rooney's Co.)
Shedden, Alex. 3c.
Saville, Chas.
Searle, Cyril
Swain, S. C.
Thomas, W. B. (agent)
Tinkham, E. A.
Tillson & Sheppard
Thorne, J. H. (comedian)
Tyndale, Harry
Trelor, Arthur
Thompson, W. J.
Turner, John M.
Taylor, H. S. (agent)
Thompson, Al
Uffner, Frank
VonBoyle, — (late of Coliseum, Detroit)
Ward, C. W. (of Williams & Ward)
Wylie, Billy & Clara
Washburn, E. S (3)
Wallis, W. H. (actor)
Woodville, Jas. (comedian) (4)
Wagner, Cal
Washburn, F. W.
Willis, Oscar
Willis, Fred
Weiffenbach, Herr (sixteen drums)
Walhalla, John
Webb, J. H. 8c.
Wallace, John J.
Woodson, H. (with Carncross & Dixey)
Williams & Sullivan
West, Mr. (of the Hudson B. B. C.)
Waring, Robt.
Wingfield, John
Woods, Geo. W. ("bones")
Weeks, G. (of Hess' Eng Op. Co.)
Wing, C. A.
Walsh, J. R. (musician)
White, Archie
Waite, J. R. (manager)
Zanfretta, Alex.

THERE ARE LETTERS in the Detroit (Mich.) Post-office for Harry St. Ormond, Manager of Camille Urso Concert Co. (2); H. S. Taylor, Agent of Camille Urso's Co.; and Johnny Ruby or Buby.

INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, Dec. 23, '78.

Two days before Christmas, and the eve of Christmas-eve. We ought to be very happy about these times. Knowledge that the fatted turkey and the fatted calf have been killed in our behoof naturally awakens a feeling of sympathy in the heart, and touches a tender chord which vibrates like the pensive undulations of the lute, until it reaches the penultimatum of excessiveness, and, like the pendulum of "My Grandfather's Clock," goes on forever and forever, and then stops! We can't have too many Christmases! The day is one that reminds us that there are other hearts than our own that bleed, that there is a just claim upon our generosity and wealth, and that liberality is the best policy after honesty and 4-11-44! No man is justified in locking himself up with the skeleton in his closet on Christmas-day, and jamming his hands down in his pockets to restrain the ten-cent pieces from rising up in judgment against him in his dark and devious and close-fisted ways. "No man of woman born," as Mr. McBeth says, has a right to omit himself from the bosom of his family and other people's families on the natal day of the Saviour of Mankind. No matter how mean a man may be in his primitive condition, he has no business to haul in the latch-string on these festive occasions; it is his duty, as a member of the great human family, to invite his fellow Christians to sit with him at his banquet and partake of the bounty which dignifies the table and glorifies the man. If your friends are myriad and threaten the fatted calf and the well-fed turkey with instant annihilation, be not cast down; rise above the mere dross of an inhuman world, and, if the occasion warrants it, roast an ox rather than turn away your friends an-hungered. We remember it as distinctly as though it took place but yesterday—although it has been a matter of two decades since then, and many changes have eventuated in that time that were never even dreamed of in the earlier stages of our pilgrimage, in those pristine days when a ten-cent toy gave us more gratification and unalloyed happiness than a half-dollar gold-headed cane would give us now—not that we are more difficult to please at present than we were then, but because the ten-cent Noah's Ark was just what it purported to be, with every animal going in two by two, precisely as the dealer had represented it to us, whereas the gold head on our cane would not stand the test of acid, but turned black with mortification and disgust when the fraudulent character of the deception was disclosed—that ten-cents' worth of Noah's Ark is even more dear to us to-day than it was when the animals were all new; we treasure it as a memento of the past; we compare the curves and the angularities of the rhinoceros of old with the irregularities and discrepancies of the hippopotamus of these latter days; and we return to our first love with all the eagerness and fondness of a fair young girl partaking of a plate of vanilla ice-cream at a church-fair. With each returning Christmas we bring forth the ancient ark, and, gathering the children around us, we give them a free lecture on the ark and its many curiosities; we dilate upon the eccentricities of the laughing hyena and the mystical changes of the sad and silent leopard; we enumerate the telling points of the jumping kangaroo, and we dwell with keen emphasis upon the sympathetic tendencies and genuflections of the elephant. And yet our lecture fails to hold the youthful spirit spellbound, as it were; he turns from us and our beautiful toy of the olden time, and goes for the mechanical acrobat and the electric diver, and laughs our menagerie to scorn. And pie! Who would dare compare the mince-pie of this degenerate age with the genuine earthenware-plated and closely-stuffed pie of the olden time? And the old-fashioned chimney-place, with its crane and its pot-hooks, and its big back log a-burning, and ample room for hanging up the stockings of our mothers! Dear, dear, how we yearn for a sight of the old fireplaces; but they have all passed away, and naught but a sad memory is left us. When the —[Why, Jimmy, you must be wrong: we made the connection long ago. "You said: 'We remember as distinctly as though it took place yesterday,' and then you forgot what you remembered, and got on another track." Very well; it doesn't signify; our dear friends understand what we intended to say, and will overlook our frailties as we pass over theirs. "Kin I go out?" That's all you think of. You expect a quarter-holiday on Christmas, and yet you would filch from your duties the time that properly belongs to us. "Me and Cockey Lucas promised to win a turkey at a raffle for a sick woman." This is another one of your infamous deceptions. "Hope me and Cockey Lucas may die if it isn't so." Win your turkey at a raffle for a sick woman, as you call it, to-morrow eve—that will be time enough. "Doctor Mogrady says the woman'll die afore that. Can't I go out? Me nose is a-bleedin', any way." Well, you may go this time; but don't play the sick-woman dodge upon us again.]......Remembering how difficult it often is to select a suitable Christmas-present, we are moved to give a few timely hints on this important subject. For ourselves, we never stop to consider the intrinsic value of a gift. A four-carat diamond-ring, or half-a-dozen United States bonds, or a Jeurgesen watch, or any little reminder of the season like that, would be just as precious to us as the first prize on a Sunday-school tree. But some people are more particular; and if you contemplate making your professional friends a gift you will do well to read this list of

APPROPRIATE PRESENTS.

For the star select a telescope
(A medal for him who never starred),
To the villain send a piece of rope;
To the manager a drawing card;
For the leading-man a leg or two
Would be among the fittest things;
For the heavy-man dumb-bells will do;
For the worker of the flies, some wings.
For the low comedian, one should choose
Not anything to raise him high;
For the walking man a pair of shoes;
For the Pantaloon suspenders buy.
To the orchestra, some fresh air would
Be welcome as to all the troupe—
In short, give credit to the good
And vermicelli to the supe!

......We invited all the actors in town to dine with us on Christmas-day—things to groan on the table at two o'clock sharp! Strange as it may appear, everyone has sent us thanks, but is compelled to forego the pleasure, etc., owing to matinee performance. [Strange that we never thought about our actors having to play on that day.]......Here's another thing to which we desire to call your attention. Some unprincipled writer for the press undertook recently to cast reproach upon our distinguished fellow-townsman Mr. W. Birch. Mr. B. attended the annual supper of the Manhattan Turtle Club—of which he is one of the most illustrious turtles—and there partook religiously of the soup. When Mr. B. does anything religiously it is well done; nevertheless, the aforesaid unprincipled writer published in a newspaper the report that Mr. B. consumed sixty-one plates of soup. This attempt to belittle Mr. B.'s efforts—as a matter of fact he ate one hundred and nine plates of the soup—shows a spirit of petty meanness that cannot be too vigorously denounced. To soothe the wounded gentleman's feelings we offer the following

ON BIRCH'S FEAT.

Oh, blame him not because he ate
The dish he early learned to love;
Remember, in each separate plate
He found afresh his turtle-dove.
Seek not his character to smirch,
Nor say that genius basely stoops,
When such a shining star as Birch
Thus pays his homage to the soups!

.....Don't you think *The* (London) *Hornet* ought to be ashamed of itself? In a notice of our Miss May Howard, now over there, it says: "Her splendid physique is vastly in her favor, and we hope to judge further of her on a second visit." If *we* had said anything like that, the religious journals would have made a terrible time over it......It is quite natural that the manager of Haverly's Mastodon [No, Jimmy, not Master Dunn, the song-and-dance boy] Minstrels, being a *live Foote*, should object to a *deadhead!*.........An item is going the rounds to the effect that an operatic director recently ventured into the lair of the editor of a Western paper, for the purpose of inducing "us" to retract something "we" had said about the performance. Subsequent accounts go to show that "we" kicked the person downstairs and out into the cold! Some sweet singer has made verses about the circumstance, and although the lines appended are as old as the hills, the musical man who was bounced is made to say, as if it were fresh:

"I know I dissembled to frighten the quill,
But why did he kick me downstairs?"

......"We must discriminate, we must discriminate;" but how are we to do it? Where shall we draw the line, and with whom shall we begin? These thoughts filled us with sad misgivings on gaining intelligence of the following, which actually took place recently at a dramatic performance given in Oshkosh, Wis.:

Stranger (to agent taking tickets).—Pass their profesh?

Agent.—What line of business?

Stranger.—I run a *lung-tester* at the fairs.

[This is a true fact!—ED.]......That is very nice for Levy, if it be true. Five hundred dollars a week and his board for playing the cornet at Coney Island next Summer is an offer which any man might blow about, and a consideration that any man would blow for. We herewith strike a little chord for which we do not expect even half of five hundred dollars:

LEVY'S LUCK.

Who wouldn't play a cornet
On which the public dotes,
When blowing on the horn it
Would yield such solid notes?
Five hundred dollars weekly
And board beside the sea—
'Twere only right if Levy
Were filled with Levy-ty!

......Edwin Booth "writes for the papers;" but his latest contribution, published in our beloved contemporary *The Christian Union*, is not written in a spirit of dramatic brotherly love, we are very sorry to observe. The article, short and caustic, must have been penned during the gentleman's late engagement in this city, the results of which series of performances were, probably, somewhat enervating and discouraging. What must have been his feelings when he wrote this sad sentence: "While the theatre is permitted to be a mere shop for gain—open to every huckster of immoral gimcracks—there is no other way to discriminate between the pure and base than through the experience of others." Pity for the son of his father; pity for the man whose excessive charges for his services savor more of the huckster business than of pure love for and devotion to the drama. If Edwin sticks to Shakespeare, as the bard would have it, the actor must give expression to some very "immoral gimcracks," and he would do well to reform it altogether. The little stars must live as well as the big luminary; and if the lesser lights cannot act Shakespeare and tear things to tatters in tragedy, they may lighten the heart and gratify the eye by dancing, by burlesque, and by the various specialties which have made the vaudeville and variety theatres such attractive and popular places of resort. It is to be regretted that Mr. Booth should have permitted himself to be drawn into writing such letters for the papers, more especially for the pious journals, and thereby indirectly seeking to foul the nest which has given him warmth and shelter and food and raiment since he first trod the boards in Boston, now almost thirty years ago! ......There is a manager boarding at the same house with "Our Jim" who is so opposed to the free-list that he refuses to *pass the butter!*...... T. De W. Talmage went through a portion of Pennsylvania last week, and did a fair business, considering the strong combinations billed against him. His acrobatic business pulled him through, and his local gags and comical hits sent everybody home in the best of humor. ......They say that Max Strakosch disappointed people out West, and in a few instances went back on his dates. There is always more or less trouble in an operatic organization. Mapleson finds it a very difficult task to keep his singers in the traces, traces of discord being made manifest at nearly every performance. This reminds us of a few poetic lines we have been favored with by a "Friend and Well-wisher." We shall call it a tender

REFRAIN.

Unto great Colonel Mapleson
This hint we will essay:
The people look for "Carmen" most
About the *first of May.*

[All "rites" reserved.]......"Our Jim" went into a gentlemen's furnishing-store the other day and asked for a pair of long stockings, such as would reach to the neck. On being asked what he wanted them for, he replied: "To hang 'em up Christmas-eve!" He selected a pair of tights. The boy's head's level, for all......The Germania Theatre, with an eye wide open to the fitness of things, offers its patrons "Doctor Klaus." The fact is not mentioned on the playbills, but it is reasonable to assume that the Doctor is related, more or less closely, to Santa Klaus......It is an exceedingly nice thing to be a prima-donna. There is Gerster, for example, who gets a grand piano, and who is expected to make no other return than a short letter acknowledging the gift. James desires us to say, in this connection, that he will cheerfully write a bushel of letters strongly recommending any piano which the manufacturer may see fit to send him. And if pianos are not plenty, he will go a page of foolscap for a flute, or a tambourine, or any other pawnable article. Address him in care of this office......Will Brother Talmage make a note of the fact that New York, just now, has Jerusalem in its very midst? Anybody desirous of making a pilgrimage to the sacred city need only go up to Fourteenth street. Admission twenty-five cents for Brother Talmage, and fifteen cents for children—showing how much easier it is for children to get into Jerusalem than it is for Brother Talmage......Speaking of Jerusalem, we are reminded that the rage for sacred things has reached even New Jersey, where some of the French citizens recently announced a "sacred ball" for Sunday night. Let us keep the sacred ball rolling......What Minnie Cummings must be chiefly interested in now is whether her "Drawing-room Theatre" will draw. If the goings-out of the treasury prove more than the comings-in, Miss Cummings will doubtless draw out from her Minnie-ature theatre......If they keep right on in this way, we shall have so many daughters (theoretically and theatrically) that it will be impossible to recognize them all. The scalp of "The Banker's Daughter" was threatened by "The Trapper's Daughter" at the Bowery; and later "A Farmer's Daughter" came up from Philadelphia, and began to sow her seed at the Globe. Whether or not she will reap a harvest remains to be seen. In the meantime, this excess of daughters induces us to tell you

WHERE THEY COME FROM.

We have "The Banker's Daughter,"
And "The Trapper's Daughter," too,
And now "A Farmer's Daughter"
Appears as something new.
Whence comes "The Banker's Daughter"
How 'ard (1) it is to say!
We know the trapper's offspring
By the cadence of McKay; (2)
But for "A Farmer's Daughter,"
From the woodland and the farms,
How eminently fitting
That she should come from Barnes! (3)

[Solution of problem No. 1: Read "Howard" and think of Cazauran and the author of "The Golden Calf." No. 2: Referring to Mr. McKay, the scout-actor, who is not to be scouted at. No. 3: The author of "A Farmer's Daughter," who is thus immortalized by virtue of his name.—ED.]

FACT AND FANCY FOCUSED.

In this city, on the 17th inst., Linington R. Shewell of Boston married Miss Olivia Rand. Dr. Hepworth tied the knot. Mr. Shewell is truly wedded to his art, and faithful to it. He never goes outside of it for a bride. Every time he marries, it is a professional who is his choice......"H. M. S. Pinafore" is to be spread out before the metropolitans on Jan. 13 next, at the Standard Theatre. It is announced that Henri Laurent will be in the cast......Julian Cross, known here as an actor, has been happy ever since Nov. 27. It occurred in London, Eng. Mr. C. might be happier were it a boy.........The Paris Conservatory has accepted an overture written by Arthur Sullivan......Lilian B. Norton, who went abroad with Gilmore's Band, continues her studies in Paris, and is spoken of as a very promising vocalist......Mrs. Paul Nicholson has withdrawn from the McWade Combination......A singer, extremely pretty, but absolutely without talent, is the joy of all eyes and the despair of all ears at the Paris Opera, as runs the story. One morning she receives, to her great surprise, a superb bouquet from an old subscriber who ordinarily manifested signs of impatience whenever she appeared upon the stage. But with the bouquet is a note. It reads: "At last, mademoiselle, I can admire you in comfort. I have become deaf."......To-night (Dec. 23) David G. Yuengling, great as a brewer in this city, is to give a dinner at the Astor House to his friend Col. Mapleson, great in opera almost everywhere. The Colonel's family will also share in this honor........Upon the arrival of Wilhelmj in Cincinnati on Dec. 19, Theodore Thomas and the cream of his orchestra gave him a forty-five serenade at the Burnett House, as well as a seven up supper. ......Von Bulow has been surpassed, if a recent programme was carried out in London. William Carter, who had already italicized himself by playing five of Beethoven's piano sonatas in one afternoon, having promised to underscore himself in small-capitals by performing, from first to last, Mendelssohn's "Liederoder ohne Worte."........Arthur Bent was the solo-player on the cornet at the Park Theatre last week. The xylophone, alas! we did not hear, and therefore not "Grandfather's Clock" either.......W. H. Crane on a small bust was exhibited, in the vestibule of that house, and was much admired. Crane on a big bust would be something terrible to contemplate. .... Ben Shott of Cincinnati has been engaged to manage the Amusement Department of the Dayton Soldiers' Home. ....Peter Sells, circus-manager, was in the Queen City last week .... In Morrow, O., Dec 16, Arthur Lawrence was seriously hurt through falling from a trapeze while performing with the T. J. Fox Combination...... At the matinee of Dec. 18, in Cincinnati, Miss Adelaide Randall's place in "The Chimes of Normandy" with the Hess Opera Troupe had, owing to illness, to be taken by Mrs. Seguin........ Mlle. Bianchi of Covent-garden, London, is to sing this month at the Imperial Opera, Vienna, in place of Frau Ehnn......Rose Dupuis, French actress, has just died in Paris, aged 90. She retired in 1835, after a successful career of twenty-eight years......Germania Hall, Scranton, Pa., has been transformed into Academy Hall, and is to be opened with a concert on Dec. 27......Neil Conway the jig-dancer was held in $500 on the 22d inst. to answer at General Sessions to the charge of having informally introduced an ice-pick into the abdomen of George Brown, who was misbehaving himself at Conway's saloon, Avenue D and Eighth street, this city..........Dr. Carver the shooter is riding in and around New Haven, Cct., behind a team of intellectual elk......The harp of the ready Thomas, usually called Aptommas, is to be heard to-night (23) in Scranton, Pa. The Mendelssohn Glee Club will co-operate......Jeff, the trumpeting swan of Central Park, died there on the 22d. She was the oldest white swan in the Park collection, having been presented to the Commissioners in 1865 by a Cincinnatian. She was a widow, predatory dogs from afar having killed her husband about two years ago........Horace Wall arrived here from Liverpool on the 22d inst. in the steamer Britannic, as also did Capt. Paul Boyton, the mechanical man-fish........P. T. Barnum is now as prominent a candidate for a seat in the U. S. Senate as the other Connecticut Barnum was before the last November election....... Christine Nilsson has reached Paris, France, and intends to stay there three months ....Sig. Ernesto Rossi has been playing Louis XI, Hamlet, King Lear, Macbeth and Coriolanus at the Apollo Theatre, Rome, Italy........After an absence of fourteen years from the London boards, Weber's opera of "Oberon" has just been revived at Her Majesty's, while at Covent-garden Sims Reeves has been repeating his old part of Tom Tug in "The Waterman."........Gounod's "Polyeucte" is being translated into English for production at Covent-garden.......It is understood that Ernest Gye will carry out his deceased father's programme for the current season at the Royal Italian Opera, but it is doubtful if he will enter upon any new season there........ Mme. Rosina Stoltz the cantatrice is about to sue to have her marriage with the Prince of Peace, a descendant of Godoy, annulled. She has taken to literature and Spiritualism, and publishes a volume of thoughts dictated to her by Joan of Arc .... *The San Francisco Call* publishes, upon the authority of an alleged former associate of Robert Heller, a story to the effect that Miss Haidee Heller is Miss Rosa Kitts—"a smart young woman whom Heller first met in London in 1863, while he was doing his tricks at the Haymarket Theatre," and whom he taught to take the place, in the wondrous "second-sight mystery," of the aforesaid former associate of R. H. This story is on a par with about all those the daily newspapers publish of professionals. They are sensational—that is all. We could, if we chose to do so, puncture almost every one of them. We puncture this one merely because its logical tendency is to injure a woman. Robert Heller did not perform his tricks at the Haymarket Theatre, London, in 1863. We are almost satisfied that in his long life he never performed a solitary trick at the Haymarket. He was not performing in England in 1863. Indeed, between 1852 and January, 1868, he did not perform anywhere in London, if anywhere else in England. To be more exact, he was in this country in 1863; and it was in that year, at Alexandria, Va., that he first died—"of lockjaw, caused by a spike being driven through his foot during a railroad accident."........ Charles Reade, after clearing up the misunderstanding between himself and Mrs. Burnett in a manner satisfactory to that lady, has withdrawn his "Joan" ("That Lass o' Lowrie's") from the American market. The letter from Mr. Reade to Mr. Burnett having been published, as a sequel to it the letter from Mr. Reade to Mrs. Burnett should be printed also......Offenbach is accused of being engaged in writing a five-act grand opera for Vienna......Pomfret, Ct., claims the horse upon which Wilkes Booth rode out of Washington after he had shot President Lincoln. Pomfret further affirms that this noble animal is now eighteen years old. But Pomfret avoids the avowal that this horse has either been a great traveler since the Spring of 1865, or has existed numerously in duplicate, and in various places.

CITY SUMMARY.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON began an engagement in the Fifth-avenue Theatre Dec. 16, acting the title character in "Rip Van Winkle," the rest of the cast being as follows:

Derrick Von Beekman.....F. R. Pierce	Meenie Van Winkle.....Miss M. Croly
Nick Vedder.....L. F. Massen	Katchen.....Mrs. S. Phillips
Jacob Stein.....W. G. Raynor	Little Meenie.....Maggie Gonzales
Cockles.....Owen Fawcett	Little Hendrick.....Master Burnett
Hendrick Vedder.....E. J. Buckley	The Dwarf.....S. Phillips
Clausen.....E. D. Stirling	Spirit of Hendrick Hudson.....Mr. McArtney
Seth.....Henry Thomas	
Gretchen.....Miss C. Hamblin	

Mr. Jefferson's portrayal of the drunken vagabond was as artistic as ever, and numerous changes in its minor details have improved it, while his delivery has become more colloquial than hitherto. F. R. Pierce acted Derrick impressively. F. F. Massen's Nick Vedder was not lacking in character. Jacob Stein was carefully handled by W. G. Raynor. Owen Fawcett, who has frequently played Cockles in this city, was up to his customary standard of excellence. E. J. Buckley made a frank, manly and impassioned young sailor. Henry Thomas, who made his first appearance in this city, is a son of Mr. Jefferson, and he discharged the slight duties required of him as Seth quite satisfactorily. Miss Constance Hamblin, while playing Gretchen in Booth's Theatre some time ago, elicited warm commendations for her artistic performance, and its present interpretation is not a whit behind that in point of vigor and accurate conception and embodiment. Miss May Croly, who made her metropolitan debut as Meenie, evinces the possession of fair abilities. She reads well and intelligently; but at times she was too self-conscious. Little is to be gained by a debut at her time of life, as she is too large in stature and too old to play children, and not old or large enough to play women. A couple of years may change her so much as to annul any prognostications as to her future. She was unfitted for Meenie, for her age is mentioned during the representation as being twenty-six years. The children Maggie Gonzales and Master Burnett discharged their tasks effectively and ingenuously. S. Phillips, who has played the Dwarf with Mr. Jefferson many years, excells in that role. The attendance was light during the week, possibly because the public have tired of "Rip Van Winkle," or do not care to pay a dollar and a half per head to witness it, or that the stores, many of which were kept open till a late hour during the week, offered attraction in the way of materials for Christmas-gifts.

J. H. ROWE, who acted in the successful English drama entitled "Queen's Evidence," was the star attraction at the Bowery Theatre the past week. "Blackeyed Susan" was added to the bill Dec. 20, and played the rest of the week.

ROBSON AND CRANE closed their engagement in the Park Theatre Dec. 21. "One Touch of Nature" and "The Comedy of Errors" were kept on to a diminished attendance until 20, when "Our Bachelors" was revived and played the rest of the week, but it did not improve business. The two stars as the bachelors Bangle and Jowler respectively furnished abundant food for mirth, and the other characters as a whole were played with spirit and discretion, the assignment being: Edward Waring, Frank Evans; Dr. Bruce, Mason Mitchell; Muldoon, W. Cullington; Snugg, Frank Jordan; Mrs. Gen. Clinton, Ada Monk; Bella Blythe, Alecia Robson; Clara Courtney, May Francis; Mrs. Mouser, Miss Le Brun; Kitty, Irene Ackerman.

A NEW DRAMA by George Fawcett Rowe and Paul Merritt, entitled "New York and London," is announced to be acted for the first time in Niblo's Garden Dec. 23. Among the principal scenes are views of Cremorne Garden, London—during which Marian Requa will sing, Cassim and Fritz will give acrobatic juggling feats, and Dick Stewart in whistling and Ethiopian specialties—a view of the Goodwood races, real horses being introduced, and a "snoozing ken" in the Seven Dials.

AT THE VOLKS' GARDEN this week the main features are to be Charles Yale, Wm. C. Cameron, Nellie Abbott, Davenport Bros., Casey and Mack, George S. Garland and Cherrie Chapman, Fanny Davenport, Carrie Banker, Marie Vestvall, Turner and Collins, Frank Conway, and Sam Norman.

W. H. LINGARD and company have returned to town. While playing in Austin, Texas, Dec. 17, he received a telegram informing him that his mother was seriously ill, and requesting his immediate return. Although over 2,000 miles distant from New York, he at once decided to close his season and return home. An advertisement in another column announces Mr. Lingard's future intentions.

MRS. A. T. STEWART donated $500 to the American Dramatic Fund during the past week.

AT THE LONDON the current attractions are Emerson, Clark and the Daly Brothers, Watson and Ellis, Clara Moore, the Holland Brothers and Mlle. Violetta, Dick Rowe, Grace Garland, Harry Clifford, Fanny Prestige and J. O. Hall.

G. P. BARNARD, musical director of the Bowery Theatre, was presented Dec. 21 with a baton, said to be valued at $50, by the members of his orchestra.

AT HARRY MINER'S NEW THEATRE the attractions for Christmas-week include John Hart, aided by A. C. Moreland, Johnson and Bruno, J. D. Kelly, Vic Reynolds, James B. Radcliffe, the O'Brien Brothers, Nellie St. John, the Springers, Bryant and Hoey, Raymond and Murphy, John and Lea Peasley, and the Zanfretta Pantomime Troupe in "Vol-au-vent" until Dec. 25, when "Barbe Bleue" is to be produced.

THE SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS experienced a slight falling-off in their business last week. The only changes in the programme were "Dublin Bay," sung by H. W. Frillman, and "Susan's Serenade," a song-and-dance by Johnson and Powers.

"CORIOLANUS" was produced in the Grand Opera-house Dec 16 with the following cast:

Caius Marcius Coriolanus	J. McCullough
Cominius, the Roman General	H. E. Meredith
Menenius Agrippa, friend to Coriolanus	J. F. Dean
Young Marcius, son of Coriolanus	Little Dora
Appius } Roman officers	H. Taylor
Fulvius } Roman officers	J. B. Mason
Decius } Roman officers	C. Stokes
Volumnia, mother of Coriolanus	Miss K. Rogers
Virgilia, wife to Coriolanus	Miss Lizzie Creese
Valeria, friend to Virgilia	Miss Benney
Servilia	Miss Gray
Secenius Velutius } Tribunes of the people	B. W. Turner
Junius Brutus } Tribunes of the people	G. W. Wessels
First Citizen	G. W. Howard
Second Citizen	S. Hemple
Third Citizen	J. P. Maylen
Fourth Citizen	H. Victor
Tullus Aufidius, General of the Volsces	C. M. Walcot
Volusius, Lieutenant to Aufidius	Atkins Lawrence
Sextus.....T. Skinner	Navius.....A. Stevens
Lucius.....F. P. Dean	Nicanor.....Thomas

Managers Poole & Donnelly had given the tragedy a liberal mounting, much new scenery having been especially painted for it, fresh costumes, banners and appointments provided, and a liberal number of auxiliaries engaged, yet the production proved "caviar to the general," and failed to attract more than a fair attendance through the week. The reasons for this may possibly be that the tragedy is not well adapted to stage representation, and the spectacular effects of which it is capable have been so far surpassed by the glare and glitter of "The Black Crook" and kindred productions that the mere marching and grouping of a body of men clad in brilliant attire and surrounded with "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war" fails to appease the public appetite. Few of our actors have had the temerity to impersonate the character of Coriolanus—which really does not offer great scope for acting, beyond the scenes with the rabble in the earlier portions of the tragedy and that with the Roman matrons in the last act—and of these probably the most successful was the late Edwin Forrest, whose massive figure and powerful declamation were eminently fitted to the character. When he last played the part in this city, in Niblo's Garden, about 1864, it did not attract so much money as many others of his impersonations, and the writer is cognizant that Mr. Forrest had to make a variation in his nightly sharing terms, besides contributing a liberal amount of money towards the getting-up of the piece, before Manager Wheatley would consent to produce it. John McCullough's performance of Coriolanus was commendable, and may be classed as one of his best efforts, though, to our thinking, it was somewhat marred at times by the too free use of the guttural tones of his voice with the intent of giving weight to his impersonation. His various costumes were magnificent, and in appearance he fully realized the character. In the scenes we have already referred to he was very effective. With the exception of Miss Katharine Rogers, who did not give satisfaction as Volumnia, by reason of mouthing her words and ranting, the support was by the stock company of the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia. The character of Virgilia is, dramatically speaking, a nonentity, yet Miss Lizzie Creese, who has an attractive appearance and engaging manners, did the little required of her so pleasingly as to enhance its importance. J. F. Dean gave a good portrayal of Menenius. H. E. Meredith as Cominius was satisfactory. The Tribunes Secenius and Junius found excellent representatives in B. W. Turner and G. W. Wessels respectively. G. W. Howard made a marked hit as the First Citizen, and was excellently supported by Sam Hemple as his chief companion. C. M. Walcot, an actor of large experience, gave a consistent and meritorious performance of the Volscian general, and was ably seconded by Atkins Lawrence as his lieutenant. The other parts received due attention.

A FAIR BUSINESS was done at Tony Pastor's Theatre the past week, when an almost entirely fresh company appeared. Charles and Annie Whiting repeated their specialties, including a trombone-solo by the latter, to the evident delight of the spectators. Harry Budworth in negro songs and an "Old Virginia Reel" was amusing. Howard and Thompson scored a success by their capital delineations of "The Rival Clothes-dealers," their Hebrew dialect being good. Allie Smith's dancing pleased so well that she was several times recalled. Manchester and Jennings in rough-and-tumble songs-and-dances created a deal of laughter. Alecia Jourdan in the garb of her sex sang a medley of popular airs, and, after a remarkably rapid change of attire, reappeared as a young swell of the period clad in a light suit, and gave further evidence of her vocal abilities. She concluded her portion of the entertainment, after quickly donning the full uniform of a policeman, by singing a ditty which mildly satirized the foibles of some of the would-be gallants of the force. All of her songs met with favor. Hattie Lawrence, aided by Mr. N. Lawrence, gracefully performed a series of difficult feats upon the trapeze, which included what is known as the leap for life, leaps from hands to hands, and from the bar of the trapeze to a rope suspended from the flies on the stage. Tony Pastor sang three fresh songs—one descriptive of what he would do if he were king, another lauding the charms of his "Summer Girl" to the air of "She's My Sugar-plum," and the last enumerating the celebrities who were (not) present at the Marquis of Lorne's ball. Queen and Bell did some nimble dancing upon the tops of two pedestals, and upon leaving them turned both backward and forward somersaults. The excellence of their time was a noticeable feature. Bryant and Hoey received a cordial welcome, and their performances upon various musical instruments, including Bryant's excellent cornet-playing and their incidental witticisms and grotesque dancing, evoked liberal applause. Sheehan and Jones in a sketch entitled "An Every-day Occurrence" created no little laughter by their clever portraiture of types of low Irish life. The singing by the Palmetto Quartet, composed of youths, was an attractive feature, and the sketches of "The New Man" and "Our Hash Boarding-house," with Charles Worley in the leading characters, respectively opened and closed the entertainments.

HARRIGAN & HART kept "The Lorgaire" upon the boards of the Theatre Comique a little too long, as the attendance fell off in a marked degree the past week. It was acted for the last time Dec. 21.

BARNEY MACAULEY'S capital acting of Uncle Dan'l in "A Messenger from Jarvis Section" delighted good-sized audiences at the Broadway Theatre last week. The play forcibly illustrates what a thoroughly honest man, actuated solely by pure and unselfish motives, can accomplish in the cause of right and justice, although opposed at every turn by the machinations of evil-doers. The slang uttered by Miss Katie Wilson in the character of Clip during the first two acts is given with such unaffected simplicity that it does not become offensive, while the perplexity it causes Uncle Dan'l in endeavoring to ferret out her meaning makes it a mine of fun and provokes shouts of laughter.

AT NIBLO'S GARDEN, since our last report, business continued good, although the attendance was not so large as during the previous week. "Around the World in Eighty Days" was withdrawn Dec. 21.

A SMALL BUST of W. H. Crane in the character of Jowler in "Our Bachelors" was exhibited in the vestibule of the Park Theatre the past week. It is an excellent likeness, and was modeled by a Pittsburg, Pa., artist, who had for his sole guide a small chromo likeness, which had been used for advertising purposes.

AT THE STANDARD THEATRE "Almost a Life" was continued to an average good attendance. Charles Leclercq's natural portrayal of the idiot, Colinet, Ben Maginley's humorous impersonation of the servant Philippe, and the Misses Maud Granger and Rose Osborne in the principal characters, are among the salient features of this strong drama.

J. E. JACKSON'S "In Memoriam" collection of celebrities of the stage now deceased makes a very acceptable gift for the holidays. In the group are portraits of some of the olden-time actors that cannot be obtained in any other way, Mr. Jackson having been a long time engaged in getting together the collection, some of the likenesses being copied from paintings kindly loaned for the purpose. Fac-simile autographs accompany the portraits, which number twenty-eight, including Tom Hamblin, Jack Scott, the elder Booth, Tyrone Power, Edwin Forrest, Mrs. Shaw, Charlotte Cushman, etc. The picture, quite a large one, costs but one dollar, or one dollar and fifteen cents when sent by mail. Every professional and lover of the drama ought to have a copy of this memento. The picture is now ready for delivery. Mr. Jackson, in his card in another column, announces that he will advance the price after Jan. 1, 1879, except to subscribers.

AT THE WINDSOR THEATRE this week the company will include Kitty O'Neil, Alecia Jourdan and J. F. Sheridan, Quilter and Goldrich, Clark and Edwards, Sarony, Waters and Kelly, Acland Von Boyle, Maud Sheppard, the Novello Quartet, and Welch & Hughes' Minstrels.

NELLIE GERTINE (her American debut), R. M. Carroll and sons, Edwin French, the Miltons, the Parker Sisters, the Twin Sisters French, the Kayes, and H. M. Parker and dogs are the new appearances in Tony Pastor's Theatre this week.

E. T. STETSON in "Neck and Neck," "The Irish Outlaw" and the pantomime of "The Golden Axe" will amuse the patrons of the Bowery Theatre Christmas-week.

COLVILLE'S OPERA BURLESQUE COMPANY, with Eme Roseau as a leading feature, open a season in the Park Theatre Dec. 23 in "Babes in the Wood."

AT THE CREMORNE GARDEN THEATRE the departures Dec. 21 were Foster and Hughes, Sam Roberts, James Clooney, Miles Morris, Hattie Duncan, Nellie Byron, and Etta Long. Billed for 23: Frank and Josie De Forrest, Oscar Steele, Buckley and Emmerson, Harry Constantine, Terry and Maggie Ferguson, and Jennie Lindsay.

MINNIE CUMMINGS' DRAWING-ROOM THEATRE is to be opened Dec. 23 with an operatic trifle entitled "Manhattan Beach, or Love Among the Breakers," the music by Edward Mollenhauer and the words by Charles Barnard. It will be sung by Kate Goodall, Verona Jarbeau, Mira Lucas, Russell S. Glover, Thomas Bartleman, Julian Francisco and a chorus. The performances will conclude with the protean farce of "In and Out of Place," in which Miss Cummings will sustain six characters, and be supported by Frank Drew, Sol Smith, C. A. Anderson, J. L. Wadsworth, Ada Clifton-Mollenhauer, Adelaide Cherie, Louisa Bandel and others. The theatre is the hall recently occupied by the late Robert Heller in Twenty-fourth street. A new stage and scenery have been put in, the walls freshly papered, and new carpets laid. J. L. Vincent is the stage-manager, and Edward Mollenhauer leader of orchestra. There is only a parquet, and the admission fee is $1, including a seat.

EXTRA MATINEES are announced at nearly all of our places of public amusement on Christmas.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE Edward Harrigan's drama of "Christmas Joys and Sorrows," which has been revised, is to be revived Dec. 23. There will be no variety olio.

AT THE FIFTH-AVENUE THEATRE "Rip Van Winkle" is to be continued this week. No matinee is to be given Christmas.

THIS WILL BE THE LAST week of "Coriolanus" in the Grand Opera-house.

THE SHERIFF of Jarvis Section can be seen this week at the Broadway Theatre.

CHARLES L. HOWARD, manager of the Dramatic Brokers' Agency, was presented by his wife, professionally known as Minnie Doyle, with an 11lb boy Dec. 20.

G. B. BUNNELL has opened a museum at 430 Fulton street. The St. Benoit Twins, the skeleton Isaac W. Sprague, the Madagascar Family, and many other curiosities are on exhibition. Parties desiring engagements may address the proprietor, as per card.

W. C. COUP is in town.

THE OLYMPIC THEATRE is to be opened for a season Dec. 23 by Gardner & Hallock, lessees and proprietors, with Wm. J. Fleming as manager. The theatre has recently been thoroughly overhauled and placed in first-class condition. Its entire exterior has been freshly painted in light colors; the walls of the vestibule have been painted with French gray, relieved by delicate frescoing; all the old carpets and matting on the various floors have been replaced by new ones; folding-chairs have been put in the parquet and dress-circle, those in the first-named being upholstered with red enameled cloth and the others in blue; the walls of the auditorium and the fronts of the circle have been freshly painted, the colors being gray and light-blue, relieved by gilding; and the dome has been repainted for the first time since the theatre was built, the style of decoration being the same. New carpets, lambrequins and lace-curtains have been placed in all of the private boxes, and all of the gas-fixtures, including chandeliers and bracket-lights, have been regilded. A new stage has been laid, and entirely new scenery added. The greenroom and all of the dressing-rooms have been recarpeted, their walls and ceiling freshly papered, and new stoves put in. All of the gas-fixtures behind the curtain have also been overhauled, as well as the stage machinery. We inspected the theatre lighted up on the afternoon of Dec. 20, and it presents a thoroughly clean, bright and cheerful appearance. The prices of admission are to be low—for seats in the nine row of chairs in the parquet nearest the stage, 75 cents; for several rows immediately behind these, and also the front rows in the dress-circle, 50 cents; for benches at the rear of the parquet and the entire remainder of the dress-circle, as well as for general admission, 25 cents; and gallery, 15 cents. The opening play is to be "The Colleen Bawn," produced under the title of "The Brides of Garryowen," and the cast will include W. J. Fleming, C. A. Stedman, Walter Edmunds, Edward Coleman, J. H. Delafield, D. W. Van Deren, C. W. Allison, T. H. Atkins, J. Kearney, J. McCauley, the Misses Florence Ellis, Adele Clarke, Mordaunt, and Mmes. Stuart, Wallace and J. V. Melton.

THE LAST NIGHTS of "Almost a Life" are announced at the Standard Theatre.

MUSICAL NOTES.—Italian opera at the Academy of Music gave us "Il Talismano" Dec. 16 and "Il Flauto Magico" 17 and matinee 21, with Mme. Gerster as Astrifiamante, Sig Frapolli as Tamino, Sig. Del Puente as Papageno, Sig. Foli as Sarastro, Mme. Sinico as Papagena, and Mlle. Parodi as Pamina. On the 18th "Robert le Diable" was repeated, and 20 "Carmen." Several extra nights are to be given this week, Marie Rose being announced to appear......Ferdinand and Herman Carri gave a concert at Steinway Hall Dec. 17, Mme. Florence Rice-Knox, contralto singer; C. Alves, tenor; M. Van Gelder, viola; Mr. Schroder, 'cello; and F. F. Mueller, accompanist, assisting......The first concert of the Vocal Union of New York came off at Chickering Hall Dec. 20, Miss Belle Cole, Miss Brainard, Emma Wilkinson, and Messrs. Dennison, Neale and Warner being among the participants......The Philharmonic Society had Miss Minnie Hauk as the soloist at their second concert at the Academy of Music Dec. 21......A benefit entertainment was given by the Harmonic Musical Union Orchestra at Chickering Hall, Dec 21. Evelina Hartz, soprano vocalist; J. G. Briggioti, tenor; M. Van Gelder, violinist; S. Sosnowski, pianist; and Sig. Moderati, accompanist, participated ....The Sunday night concerts embraced one at Booth's Theatre, where the principal attractions were two juvenile pianists, the Misses Jeanne and Louise Douste, and Mme. Pisani, Sig. Del Puente, Mme. Parodi, Sig. Frapolli, Sig. Thierry, and Sig. Foli; and one at the Grand Opera-house, in which Gilmore's Band, De Murska, Levy and P. S. Gilmore in a cornet-duet, Sig. Susini, C. Makin and Prof. Hill were the performers....."Evangeline" was given at Booth's Theatre Dec. 16, and will continue through the present week. Gus Williams, Nellie Larkelle, J. N. Maffit, Larry Tooley, E. A. Locke, Eugenie Paul, E. S. Tarr and Clara Fisher are in the cast........Rice's 'Evangeline' Combination opens here at the Lyceum Theatre Jan. 6, 1879 .....There will be Italian opera at Booth's Theatre Jan. 6, with Kellogg, Cary, Litta, Galimberti and others well known in the casts. "Aida" is to be the opening work. The Parole Club gave a concert at Turn Hall Dec. 18. .... A Sunday night concert was given at Pendy's Gayety Theatre, Harlem, in which Murphy's orchestra, Antoinette Saenger, Chas. Heywood, Messrs. W. M. Moore, J. Phail, A. Holland, E. Stanley, F. V. Jones, Mlle. Wedekind and Fred and Arthur Bent took part.

DRAMATIC.

Managers, Agents, Doorkeepers, and Others

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JOHN T. RAYMOND, with a company, under the management of Sam T. Jack, played in the Richmond (Va.) Theatre Dec. 16 in "Risks," "Uncle Dick's Darling" and "Toodles" 17, "Risks" and "Spectre Bridegroom" 18, and "Col. Mulberry Sellers" 19. Our correspondent says: "The attendance was not so large as the merits of the star and support called for......Miss Charlotte Thompson opened 20 in 'Jane Eyre' to a very small audience. 'Miss Multon' was billed for 21, but owing to excessively bad weather no performance was given.....Lawrence Barrett commences a week's engagement 30....W. Raffield Ogden, son of R. Dorsey Ogden, for several years past an attache of the Richmond Theatre, left 18 to join the Globe Comedy Company at Edgefield, N. C. Young Ogden has had considerable amateur experience, and bids fair to do well in his future chosen profession......T. Spicer Curlett, a member of the Virginia Legislature the past three years, and formerly connected with the dramatic business, will, after the adjournment of the present session, forsake politics, and proceed to New York for the purpose of forming a full dramatic company of his own. Mr. Curlett is wealthy, popular, and well known in the profession."

AT THE PARK THEATRE, Brooklyn, last week, Rose Eytinge appeared to a moderate attendance only in "A Woman of the People" 16, 17, 18, "Led Astray" 19, 20, and matinee 21, and in "Oliver Twist" night 21. This week "Our Boarding-house" will occupy the Park stage, and on the 28th George Edeson takes a benefit......At the Academy "Around the World in Eighty Days" is the attraction for the present week.

THE WARDE & BARRYMORE COMBINATION occupied the Academy of Music, Buffalo, N. Y., during the past week, "Diplomacy" being presented to fair-sized audiences. The John A. Stevens Combination is announced to open 23...... At St. James' Hall the New York Criterion Company produced "Our Boys" 17 and "Caste" 18, attracting a moderate attendance, the performances being satisfactory......The Fifth-avenue Combination acted "Uncle Tom's Cabin" matinee and "Under the Gaslight" night 21 in St. James' Hall.

MANAGER MISHLER of the Swedish Lady Quartet was suddenly called to Reading, Pa., Dec. 19, owing to the serious illness of his father, Jos. Mishler.

GEO. M. MILLER is to manage Rose Eytinge, supported by Cyril Searle and company, in Easton, Pa., Dec. 23, Pottsville 24, Reading 25, Wilmington, Del., 26, Lancaster, Pa., 27, Harrisburg 28.

THE FANNY DAVENPORT COMBINATION played in Erie, Pa., Dec. 16, Oil City 17, Youngstown, O., 18, Wooster 19, Columbus 20, 21, and opens in Chicago 23, for two weeks, St. Louis, Mo., Jan. 6, New Orleans, La., 20, for like periods.

THE FAY TEMPLETON STAR ALLIANCE, having successfully opened the new Tarragona Theatre, Pensacola, Fla., closed a three weeks' engagement there Dec. 19, and went to Jacksonville for the holidays. Being old-time favorites, this company will remain in Florida during the Winter.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Montreal, opens 23, with Mr. and Mrs. E. A. McDowell in "Beauty and the Beast." The following were the specialty artists engaged: Mlle. Bonfanti, Turner and Lawton, the three Lorellas and Frank Gibbons.

JOHN DENIER'S "Humpty Dumpty" Company showed in Chambersburg, Pa., Dec. 19, Hagerstown, Md., 20, Frederick 21.

AT THE PROVIDENCE (R. I.) OPERA-HOUSE the Lilliputian Opera Company played the whole of the past week to a rather slim attendance...... At Low's Opera-house the Parkes & Hardenberg Company will appear in "Our American Cousin" on Dec. 25, afternoon and evening, continuing through the week.

JOS. J. DOWLING the character-actor is now on his third annual tour, appearing in his emotional drama of "The Serpent Witness." Manager Kelly of the New National Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa., in a card elsewhere speaks quite highly of the effectiveness of the piece.

MRS. CHANFRAU'S COMBINATION is billed in Canton, O., Dec. 23, 24, Wheeling, W. Va., 27, 28. ......Marie Gordon in Canton 28.

THE AGNES WALLACE-VILLA COMBINATION are to dedicate a new opera-house in Clinton, Ind., Dec. 26, 27; thence to Crawfordsville 30, 31.

AT THE GRAND OPERA-HOUSE, Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 16, 17, 18, "A Celebrated Case" was produced by J. W. Collier's Company to large audiences. They played in Louisville, Ky., 19, 20, 21, and are to be in Indianapolis, Ind., 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, Dayton, O., 30, Springfield 31, Chillicothe Jan. 1, 1879, Portsmouth 2, Columbus 3, 4, Cincinnati 6, one week........Miss Mary Anderson is booked at the Grand Opera-house, Nashville, for one week, commencing 23, supported by John W. Norton and a company......Lotta is underlined at the Masonic Theatre 17, 18.

AT THE Opera-house, Louisville, Ky., a dramatic company is wanted for the remainder of the season. See Manager Allen's card.

JOHN T. RAYMOND and company are to play in Harrisburg, Pa., Dec. 24, 25, Pottsville 26, Danville 27.

THERE HAVE BEEN no theatrical performances in Virginia, Nev., for several weeks. Rice's Surprise Party were to have opened in Piper's Opera-house Dec. 18 for four nights and a matinee.

GEO. S. KNIGHT in "Otto" was the attraction at the Detroit (Mich.) Opera-house Dec. 16, 17, 18, to fair business. Mrs. Knight was unable to play. Buffalo Bill comes 27, 28; the Williamsons 30, one week; Henry Abbey's Park Theatre company Jan. 6, 1879, one week, in Bronson Howard's plays. Mr. Howard has returned to Detroit (his home) for the holidays. Frank Mayo begins a two weeks' season 23 at the Grand Opera-house.

AT WHEELER'S OPERA-HOUSE, Toledo, O., Modjeska played Dec. 20, 21, to large audiences. Route: Cleveland 23, one week......Harry Townsend, tragedian, supported by the Townsend Family, opens 23, for one week, in "Richard III."

"COL. MULBERRY SELLERS" ON HIS MUSCLE.—John T. Raymond and company, while on their way from Norfolk, Va., to Wilmington, Del., Dec. 22, stopped in Baltimore, Md., and breakfasted at Guy's Hotel. During a conversation between Thomas Boylan, one of the proprietors, and Mr. Raymond, the former remarked that Marie Gordon (Mrs. Raymond) had been a guest of the house a short time previously. Mr. Raymond expressed some surprise that she should have stopped there, and upon Mr. Boylan requesting an explanation a quarrel ensued. Both men clinched, and several blows were exchanged, when George Fortescue, who chanced to be a spectator, separated them before any serious damage was done.

ROBERT FOX, proprietor of the American Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa., had a hearing Dec. 23, before Magistrate Smith, and was held in $3,200 bail for giving a performance and selling liquor on Sunday, maintaining a nuisance and keeping a disorderly house. The bail was furnished by Louis Miller, one of his orchestra.

MISS IMOGENE and Combination, under the management of Chas. L. Howard, started Dec. 22 for a tour through the East in her plays of "La Cigale" and "Nature." They open in Goodspeed's Landing, Ct., 23.

MISS IDA YERANCE, ACTRESS.

We present our readers with a portrait of this young actress, whose death is reported in our San Francisco, Cal., letter, in this issue. She had not had an extended experience. Under another name she played for some time on the amateur stage, and entered the profession in Daly's Fifth-avenue Theatre Sept. 5, 1871, as Kitty Crosby in "Divorce," playing there a season. She had been ill almost from the time of her arrival in San Francisco. This portrait was engraved at the time of her debut on the professional stage. Since that time she had grown quite stout.

THE MARIE GORDON COMBINATION opened at the Grand Opera-house, Toronto, Ont., Dec. 16, in "That Lass o' Lowrie's," and played in it 17, 18, 19, and matinee 21. "Caste" was given 20 and evening 21. Business light. Route: Lockport, N. Y., 23, Dunkirk 24, Bradford, Pa., 25, Erie 26, Youngstown, O., 27, Canton 28, Cleveland 30, for one week. The Kiralfys open here 30, for two weeks, producing "Black Crook" and "The Deluge." The Grand stock-company has been performing in the surrounding towns during the past week. ......"Sinbad the Sailor" is to be the attraction for Christmas-week at the Royal Opera-house. ......The Helen Blye Combination has reorganized and started for a tour through Western Ontario. Letter dated Dec. 20.

JOHN A. STEVENS and company in "Unknown" appeared at Wieting Opera-house, Syracuse, N. Y., Dec. 16, 17, 18, to poor business, Rochester 19, 20, 21, and open in Buffalo 23, for one week...... The Criterion Comedy Company presented "Our Boys" and "Caste" 20, 21, in Syracuse, to fair business. Route: Oswego 23, 24, Poughkeepsie 25, 26, Utica 27, 28. J. K. Emmet is announced 24, 25, the Ward & Barrymore "Diplomacy" Combination 26, 27, 28......At the Park Opera-house the Fifth-avenue Company have appeared in "Under the Gaslight" to poor business. Genevieve Ward, at present traveling under the management of S. M. Hickey of this house, is announced 23, 24, in "Henry VIII" and "Jane Shore." The Strakosch Italian-opera Troupe will sing here 25.

AT FOX'S AMERICAN THEATRE, Philadelphia, an excellent entertainment was given during the week ending Dec. 21, the fresh features including the serio-comic songs of Baby Blanche, the balancing feats of Hugo, the songs-and-dances of the Sherwood Sisters, the Caledonian sports of E. W. Johnson and John West, and a cleverly-constructed drama entitled "Cast Up by the Sea," in which Louis Meredith ably sustained the principal part. Miss Sallie Ellis, Sullivan and O'Neill, Miss Lilly Pendergrast, and the Martinetti Troupe in the pantomime of "The Ice King," open 23.

DENMAN THOMPSON in "Joshua Whitcomb" terminated his engagement at the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, Dec. 21. The Rice Extravaganza Combination open 23 in "Evangeline."

THE BROAD-STREET THEATRE, Philadelphia, remained closed last week, but will be reopened Dec. 23, with John E. Owens as Caleb Plummer.

JOHN REED, the veteran gas-man of the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, for 52 years, having lighted the theatre that space of time, first with oil lamps and then with gas, will celebrate on Jan. 30, 1879, the fiftieth, or golden, anniversary of his wedding.

JOHN E. INCE, comedian and character actor, publishes elsewhere a number of extracts from the press highly commending his impersonation of Judge Shyster.

DOLLY BIDWELL'S COMBINATION, under the management of J. C. Myers, with John H. Browne as stage-manager, played in Bath, Me., Dec. 16, 17, Thomaston 18, Rockland 19, 20, Belfast 21, 23, Bangor 24, 25, Dexter 26, Skowhegan 27, Waterville 28, 29, Newport 30, Winthrop 31, Lewiston Jan. 1, 1879, Portland 2, Biddeford 3, Newburyport 4, 5, Lawrence 6, Exeter 7, Great Falls 8, 9.

J. S. DILLON, supported by J. W. Blaisdell, C. S. Coon, Ella Bailey, Fannie Dillon and the Wallack Combination, performs in Quincy, Ill., Dec. 25, Davenport, Ia., Jan. 1, 1879, and at Hooley's Theatre, Chicago, Ill., Jan. 30, one week. The season is reported to be so far good.

IGNATIUS O'BYRNE of the Agnes Wallace-Villa Combination inserts his address in another column.

J. G. STUTZ'S DRAMATIC COMPANY open in Greenville, Ill., Dec. 23, for one week. Thence to Texas.

THE FATHER of Miss Helen Blye denies that her combination came to grief in Napanee, Ont., recently, as reported. He admits that several of the company seceded, but other people had been engaged. They played in Galt Dec. 16, and are now traveling in Canada.

THE CECELIA CRISP COMBINATION open in Mt. Carmel, Ill., Dec. 25, for one week. Miss Agnes Norman, H. F. Norman, J. B. Negrotto, and Harry King of Gray's Comedy Company, which disbanded in Mattoon, Ill., joined this combination in Hutsonville Dec. 13.

TONY DENIER'S "Humpty Dumpty" Troupe is billed in Atlanta, Ga., Dec. 23, 24, Macon 25, 26, Augusta 27, 28, Savannah 30, 31, Jan. 1, 1879.

THE EMMA LELAND COMBINATION are to play in Parsons, Kas., Dec. 23, one week, Fort Scott 30, for a like period.

A FULL DRAMATIC COMPANY is wanted for a season at Halifax, N. S., and St. John, N. B. See W. Nannary's card, in which he also advertises for a scenic-artist and an orchestra.

THE PAYING AUDIENCES that assembled at Theall & Carton's Novelty Theatre, Brooklyn, E. D., last week, had their susceptibilities worked upon by Oliver Doud Byron, as he led their imaginations through a series of exciting incidents "Across the Continent," and harrowed their feelings in showing up vice and virtue in the way most acceptable to the average gallery auditor. Mr. Byron was well supported in his reformatory labors by the following company: A. H. Sheldon, C. H. Thompson, R. C. White, F. Losee, Percy Garnett, Louis F. Barrett, H. Stein, J. Wilson, G. Smith, A. Brown, G. St. Louis, T. C. Browne, Ada Rehan, Nellie Sandford, Ida Forrest, Miss Vergne, Helen Maguire, Idaline Foster and little Lisle Lester. Frank Evans appears this week in "The Lottery of Life," and the following variety people will be introduced in the concert-saloon scene: Sam Devere, John and Maggie Fielding, Erba Robeson, Harry Woodson and James E. Carton. The production of "Mother and Son" has been postponed until February, and "Uncle Tom's Cabin" will be given Jan. 13.

PHILADELPHIA LODGE, No 2, B. and P. Order of Elks, had their eighth annual benefit on afternoon of Dec. 19 at the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia. A lengthy and attractive programme was given the participants, including Carncross' Minstrels, Colville's Folly Company, Denman Thompson and company, W. E. Sheridan, Gus Williams, Welch and Rice and Baby McDonald. Nearly $800 were netted by the benefit, although the attendance exhibited a falling-off from that of previous years, on account of being too close to the holidays.

THE COLVILLE FOLLY COMPANY, during their second and last week at the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, attracted large audiences by their clever representation of "Babes in the Wood." J. E. McDonough and E. Lamb's Combination appear at this theatre on Dec. 23 in "M'liss."

"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE" completed the second week of its successful run at the Chestnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, Dec. 21, Miss Barbour assuming the role of Jessica in consequence of the illness of Miss Jeffreys. A dramatization of Emile Gaborian's novel "Within An Inch of His Life" is in preparation here, and will be the next novelty.

THE MUSEUM, Philadelphia, was reopened Dec. 16, under the management of Jas. McGin, and with Delehanty & Hengler's Company as the attraction. The inaugural programme included the specialities of Delehanty and Hengler, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Osborne, E. M. Kayne and Gussie Niblo, Avery and Larue, and Fred Carroll. J. W. McAndrews, Lester, Allen, Tierney and Cronin, and the Paulo Pantomime Troupe will commence engagements 23.

CONTRARY TO EXPECTATIONS, business at both houses ruled very light during the week, wrote our correspondent from St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 20, adding: "At the Opera-house Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence have done poorly during their second week. 'The Mighty Dollar' was kept on the stage till 20, when 'The Ticket-of-leave Man' was presented, with Mr. Florence as Bob Brierly. The supporting company return to New York at the close of this engagement, and Mr. and Mrs. Florence go direct to San Francisco, Cal., to fulfill a three weeks' engagement. Salsbury's Troubadours begin here 23......At the Olympic Maggie Mitchell presented 'Lorle' 16, 17, 'Jane Eyre' 18, 19, 'Little Barefoot' 20, 21, 'Pearl of Savoy' matinee 21. Miss Mitchell has been ably supported by the Olympic company, the Misses Helen Tracey and Marian Clifton, and Messrs. Plunkett, Hay and Norman being especially worthy of mention. The New York Park Theatre Company begin 23 in 'Hurricanes' and 'Old Love-letters.'"

CINCINNATI NEWS to Dec. 21 is sent as below by our correspondent: "Business at the theatres during the past week has not been very brilliant, save perhaps at Pike's, where the Hess Opera Troupe have had big houses. The Coliseum and Heuck's did comfortably, and the New Vine-street Theatre fairly. At the Grand the audiences were quite light. The Park Theatre Company filled in their second week at the Grand Opera-house with 'Champagne and Oysters' three nights, and 'Baby' the rest of the week. Messrs. James Lewis, Joseph E. Whiting and William F. Owen, Agnes Booth, Mrs. Gilbert and Sydney Cowell will be remembered here for their excellent impersonations during the past fortnight, and the support rendered them by George Stoddart, Frank Sanger, Helen Sedgwick, Marie Chester and Louise Allen exhibited both talent and drill. Mr. Fred E. Bond also deserves notice for capital make-ups. The combination goes hence to St. Louis for two weeks. Maggie Mitchell opens at the Grand 23 for the same period, followed Jan. 9 by J. W. Collier and 'A Celebrated Case' Combination......The Hess English-opera Troupe held the boards at Pike's Opera-house all the week except Thursday, when they had to give way to the Davenport Club, and performed in Dayton. The repertory embraced 'Chimes of Normandy' 16, 'Mignon' 17, 'Bohemian Girl' 18, 'Chimes' matinee 18, 'Faust' 20, 'Maritana' matinee 21, and 'Martha' 21 evening. The operas were generally given well, particularly in the matter of chorus; but 'The Bohemian Girl' was so noticeably bad that Manager Hess came out in a card and apologized. One reason of its failure was a marked 'indisposition' on the part of a prominent artist. In the troupe are two Cincinnatians—Alfred Newhall (Mr. Bragan) and Mattie Belle Clark (Miss Girard). Miss Montague made an excellent impression, but Miss Emma Abbott was the attraction of the company. Mr. and Mrs. George S. Knight follow 23, Rose Eytinge 30, and (probably) the Tracy Titus Opera Company Jan. 6......Lina Tettenborn opened at the Coliseum 16, and has pleased both management and audiences. She is arch and vivacious, handsome in appearance, speaks with a German accent, and sings with good voice and evident cultivation. The piece was so much better played by the stock company than by her combination that it seemed greatly improved. It has not, however, been altered at all, and greatly needs Americanizing. James S. Edwards and B. S. Hodges carried off the lion's share of the honors in the support. C. W. Barry in 'Escaped from Sing Sing' follows 23......George France, supported by Harry Lavarnie and two dogs, in 'A Block Game,' constituted the dramatic feature at Heuck's during the current week. The stock company here has received an accession in John Foster. Eliza O'Connor has been engaged as leading lady, and opens 23. Charles Pope, supported by Clara Wildman, commences 23. His dramas are to be 'Belphegor' and 'The Corsican Brothers.'......The Vine-street Opera-house reopened for the season, with George Hooper announced as business-manager, 14. The attraction was W. T. Melville as Marks in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' with a band of jubilee singers, and the following company: Fred Hooker, Fred Wildman, Fred L. Kent, Tom Coleman, Geo. Kendall, E. Redford, H. Reynolds, W. Scudder, T. Henry, May Hampton, Pauline Richards, Mrs. J. R. Allen, Mrs. H. Duffield and Daisy Hooker. The latter's Eva was very effective. Beginning 23: Charley Shay takes the management, puts on a variety olio, and Mr. Melville produces his drama of 'Smoke.'......Jule Keen, with a company made up here, played in Columbus during the past week......W. H. Power and company perform in Richmond, Ind., Christmas......Miss Clara Cole is lying seriously ill in this city, though she is not considered in danger. She stars at the Coliseum the week commencing Jan. 6. Miss Cole was discharged from Heuck's company by its manager two weeks ago. Justice to the young lady compels the statement that this could not have been for incompetency, as she has from the first been quite a favorite with the public......Abe Jacques, a talented young Thespian of St. Louis, has been spending a few days in the city........Mr. T. Skiff, business-agent for the Hyers Sisters, is in the city......Mary Anderson passed through here 20, en route to Nashville. ....Mr. and Mrs. Harry Seymour continue to be the dramatic stars at the White House, in the drama of 'Sitting Bull.'......Gus Lee produces a drama at the Grand Central next week......Marie Wolff, the popular German actress, had a rousing benefit at Robinson's Opera-house last night (20). She received, among other presents, a pair of diamond earrings. The play was 'The New Magdalen.'"

THE GENERAL ATTENDANCE at places of amusement in New Orleans, La., this season has shown a decided improvement over that of perhaps the past eight years, and the prospects for the remainder of the season are correspondingly better, wrote our correspondent on Dec. 17, adding: "At Bidwell's Academy of Music Joseph Murphy closed a successful engagement 14, and departed on the route published in THE CLIPPER. Nick Roberts' 'Humpty Dumpty' Troupe opened 15 to a fair house. The engagement is to continue two weeks. Truth to say, 'Humpty Dumpty' had already received pretty thorough attention at the hands of Tony Denier's Troupe in the St. Charles Theatre, and the public appetite for pantomime was comparatively satiated. The Nick Roberts Troupe, however, having a new line of specialty performers, are doing a good business. Lotta is the next attraction, opening Dec. 29 in 'Cigale.' ......At the St. Charles Theatre Tony Denier's Troupe closed 14, and left for Mobile. A large number of our prominent citizens joined in giving Mr. Denier a rousing benefit 13 in recognition of his prompt liberality at the outbreak of the late epidemic. The occasion drew an immense house. Mr. Denier was presented with a silver cup, appropriately engraved, and he could scarcely find words to reply to the speech of presentation. Miss Adah Richmond's Opera-bouffe Troupe opened to a good house 15 in 'Perichole.' Dec. 22 George C. Boniface, supported by C. L. Graves' 'Soldier's Trust' Combination, opens......Thomas A. Hall will open the Varieties Theatre 23 for the season with a New York company in 'Mother and Son.'"

LOUISE DILLON left the Wallack-Dillon Company in Atchison, Kas., her place as leading lady being filled by Ella Bailey, late of St. Louis. The company plays in Ottumwa, Ia., 23, Quincy, Ill., 24 and 25, Burlington, Ia., 26. They open at Hooley's, Chicago, Ill., Jan. 20, for two weeks.

THE THEATRE ROYAL, Montreal, Canada, can be rented by applying to Jesse Josephs, as per card.

THE ENGAGEMENT of Joseph Jefferson at the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, has been cancelled.

THE LINGARD COMBINATION closed at the Opera-house, Galveston, Texas, Dec. 14, having played during the week to poor business, no performance being given on the last evening. To the absence of Alice Dunning Lingard, who was the principal attraction of a company that in former seasons always drew well, must be attributed their poor success. Correspondence dated Dec. 19.

ROGERS' COMEDY COMPANY is billed in Conneaut, O., Dec. 23, Girard, Pa., 24, Northeast 25, Westfield, N. Y., 26, Silvercreek 27, Irving 28.

HENRY AND JAMES G. PEAKES mourn the loss of their brother Albert P., who died suddenly of apoplexy Dec. 14, at his residence in Augusta, Me.

A NEW YORK COMPANY closed a season of three nights and a matinee Dec. 18 in Milwaukee, Wis., playing "Mother and Son." Business fair. Owing to sickness, Miss Linda Dietz did not appear. Miss Ida Vernon took her part very acceptably. The company left 19 for New Orleans, where they open for two weeks 23......Jacob Nunnemacher returned from San Francisco 15.

MISS GENEVIEVE WARD acted in the National Theatre, Washington, D. C., the past week. "Henry VIII" was given the first four nights and "Jane Shore" the last two, but she failed to create any marked impression....Katy Mayhew in "M'liss" comes Dec. 23, Strakosch's Italian-opera Company 30, and Haverly's Minstrels Jan. 6, 1879..... John Denier's Pantomime Company will present "Humpty Dumpty" at Ford's Opera-house Dec. 23, and will be followed 30 by Mr. and Mrs. Geo. S. Knight in "Otto."

CHARLOTTE THOMPSON and company are billed in Wilmington, Del., Dec. 25, Easton, Pa., 26, Pittston 27, Scranton 28, Waverly, N. Y., 30, Towanda, Pa., 31, Elmira, N. Y., Jan. 1, 1879. H. A. B. Williams is ahead of the company.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., our report of amusements up to Dec. 14 is as under: "At Baldwin's, Clara Morris, after a week of relaxation and rest, made her reappearance Dec. 9, in 'Conscience,' and attracted a very large audience. The powerful portrayal of Constance by Miss Morris, and the excellence of the support furnished by the company of this theatre, have not only saved an indifferent and weak play from being a failure, but has caused it to make a decided hit and win the applause of crowded houses during the week. In consequence of its success, it will be repeated 16, 17, when it will be withdrawn in favor of Miss M.'s version of 'Article 47.' As Cora in this play, Miss Morris will make her farewell appearance in the matinee, 21. 'Not Guilty,' the military spectacular play, will be presented 23. One of its most attractive features will be the drill and march of the Cameron Guards, consisting of about one hundred young ladies, who have been drilling for weeks, and had, it is said, attained an unusual degree of proficiency.....Frank Chanfrau as Kit has attracted the largest and most enthusiastic houses seen in the California for many months, and his well-known and life-like portraiture of the Arkansas Traveler is as popular as in the days of yore. With the exception of Barton Hill's Manuel Bond, John Wilson's Judge Riggs and little Maud Adams' Alice Beddings, the support was far from satisfactory. The new scenery by Voegtlin and his panorama of the Mississippi were nightly applauded, and assist very materially in the success of the play. 'Kit' is announced for another week.....At the Bush-street Theatre 'The Sultan of Mocha,' though attracting large business, has not proved to be the magnet so confidently expected. The music is not so lively and sparkling as that of 'Le Petit Duc,' which will be revived 16, and also sung for the benefit of Alice Oates 20. 'H. M. S. Pinafore' will be produced 23, and will be the last opera in which the company will appear in this city. They are billed to sing in Oakland Jan. 6, 7, 1879, San Jose 8, Stockton 9, Sacramento 10, 11, Earson 13, 14, Virginia 15, 16, 17, 18, and Salt Lake 20, 21..... ... At the Standard the New York Combination has been doing poorly. Jan. 6, 1879, Rice's Surprise Party will again appear at this theatre for another four weeks' engagement. Previous to their reappearance at the Standard, the Surprise Party will give ten or twelve performances at the Grand Opera-house, commencing Dec. 24, when they will present, for the first time, 'Revels.' This spectacle is said to have been a success in London, and Manager John Torrence is making great preparations to insure its success here. Over two hundred auxiliaries, consisting of ballet and grand chorus, trick transformations and brilliant armors and scenic effects will embellish the production. Mr. Kennedy will receive a percentage of the receipts in consideration of his permission to allow the appearance of the Surprise Party at the Grand.....The Stuart Sisters have become favorites with the patrons of the Bella Union. Kirk and Scott have revived 'The Happy Hottentots,' and Louis Richards has presented his exercises with Indian clubs. The Christmas spectacle of 'The Spirit King, or the Demon of Gold,' will be presented 16.....The Blonde Female Minstrels, Fred J. Mackley, Masters Harry and Charley, Miss Emma Gilbert, Parker and Nelson, Mollie Williams, Cecil St. Cyr and the Watrigs have been the specialties during the week at the Adelphi.....Master Louis Levy will appear as Macbeth at Baldwin's Sunday evening, 22. A Miss Olive West, a pupil of Fred Lyster, will make her debut as Lady Macbeth.....'The Octoroon' will be produced 23 as the holiday attraction at the California Theatre, with Frank Chanfrau personating Salem Scudder.....Mark Thall of the Bush-street Theatre has secured Zamloch the prestigitator, and will give a series of gift shows in Pacific Hall, commencing 25.....Chas. R. Bacon, lately of Baldwin's, has gone to Virginia City to act as manager for the Hutchinson Family, who will appear in two or three concerts in that city.....P. A. Sullivan and Chas. Howard, Opera-house, and Opera-house, have gone to Denver under engagement to Forrester.....Mrs. Charles A. Schroeder, who lately made her debut at Baldwin's, has accepted an engagement to play at the Sacramento Theatre for the week beginning 16, and will appear in 'An Unequal Match,' 'Hidden Hand,' 'Streets of New York' and 'Under the Gaslight.' Miss Mary for Young for one week, and will be succeeded by Miss Augusta Dargon or Frank Chanfrau for two weeks each.....Ida Yerance, a promising actress brought here by M. A. Kennedy to play an engagement at the Grand Opera-house, died in this city 11, after a lingering illness, during which time her more pressing necessities were relieved by Barton Hill and Mr. Kennedy, who also generously defrayed all her funeral expenses.....C. L. Livingston and wife, nee Eleanor Carey, are expected from the East 16.....Miss Ellie Wilton and Frank Mayo departed during the week for the East.....W. H. Fitzgerald has been engaged as leading man for the Sacramento Theatre..... Rice's Surprise Party have done a large business in Stockton, 11th, 12th, Sacramento.....Mr. and Mrs. Frank Rea will celebrate the thirty-third anniversary of their wedding Jan. 1, 1879. .....C. B. Bishop's benefit at Baldwin's to-night (14) is a crusher. The same bill, viz., 'The Happiest Day of My Life,' 'An Evening with Bishop' and the burlesque 'Richard III' will be produced to-morrow, Sunday evening.....M. A. Kennedy will visit New York and Canada.....The French Dramatic Company will present the drama of 'La Citerne d'Aibi' at the Grand Opera-house, on which occasion Felix Morris, who is a thorough French scholar, will personate Lalonette."

LINA TETTENBORN made her second visit to Indianapolis, Ind., Dec. 15, and appeared at the German Theatre as Martha in "Two Pairs of Stockings," the attendance was moderately good. Mr. Szwirtchina, manager of this theatre, took a benefit 19.....Chas. Pope is at home from his New York engagements. On 23 he begins a season at Heuck's, Cincinnati, opening in "Belphegor."

OUR HAVANA, CUBA, LETTER, dated Dec. 14, is as appended:

Prof. Herrmann, wizard, gave his second performance in the Teatro de la Paz 13 showing to a good sized and thoroughly bewildered audience. He intends performing through the islands at the expiration of two weeks, during which time he is to perform in this theatre on the off nights of the opera..... The Force Ostinelli, with Signora Droge in the leading role, was the opera given Dec. 12. She and Signor Perri, tenor, were the recipients of repeated encores. The last named is a great favorite, and the former a very powerful vocalist, but is the most awkward person to respond to an encore your correspondent ever saw. Signor Maffei, the basso, has also made himself a favorite since his arrival. The management are daily rehearsing the four-act opera "Vasco," compo ed by Gomez, the libretto of which is taken from an old Portuguese poem. The plot is br efly this: In the fifteenth century, immediately following the discovery of Brazil by the Portuguese, there was a terrible influx of adventurers, brigands and others of that ilk, who took pains to keep the troubles between the peacefully inclined Portuguese and the inland tribe of Indians constantly fanned. The chief, Tabaré, of this tribe, was friendly to the Portuguese and warred against the other Indians, and was on the point of subduing them when Gonzales (Signor Chapini), prompted by a desire to revenge the death of the betrothed of his hand in marriage by Cecilia (Signora Urban), the daughter of Don Antonio (Signor Maffei), betrays them, and the curtain falls on the spectacle of the ruins of the castle, which the Portuguese set on fire rather than deliver into the hands of their enemies. There are two magnificent solos for the tenor and soprano, which will have the inevitable effect upon them, and the rehearsal at which the writer was present everything worked smoothly and promised well for the opening night, Sunday, Dec. 15. The scene is laid in Brazil, and affords splendid opportunity for the display of Indian costumes by the best, under the charge of Mrs. Seely, which are not lost, and, though meritorious, are not worked up to that pitch of dazzling effectiveness that the Kiralfys would delight in.....At the Alcazar Garden, Orrin & Co. are doing a good business, but offer nothing new. All their artists are engaged for four weeks, with the privilege of extension. The Claire Sisters created quite a furor, and Fred F. Levantine and Ed Celestine have the hard Chas. Welsh a great favorite. Ed. Orrin cracks the whip here, and Frank Howes is ringmaster in the show on the road. Adolph Livingston of the "Dog-show," as the boys term the one on the road, hurt his leg severely last week, and left for New York on the Niagara..... The Teatro Tacon has a strong card in the person of Senor Valero, whose certificate from Madrid is recorded him, and who fills the house nightly. They played "The Quarrels of a Wise King," a three-act drama, and the farce "The Four Corners," all the week, and they proved attractive and profitable. To-night will be given "Louis XI," a character in which Senor Valero is supposed to appear at his best.... The Teatro Albisu opens and closes so fitfully and irregularly that it is difficult to learn what they intend doing. Business has been very bad, and I am under the impression it will be closed altogether. A choral society called "La Festiva" has engaged it for one representation for Sunday .....The Teatro Cervantes, variety, is doing a heavy business, having three one-act sketches nightly, with five minutes of cancan after each sketch. At the end of each act the house is cleared, and to see a whole night's entertainment, one has to purchase a ticket three times. Here, also, smoking is catholic. There are numerous penny shows flowing in and out of the city.

CONCERNING BELVIL RYAN, whose death we recorded in a past issue, we have received the following particulars of his early career from his widow, professionally known as Violet Campbell, who also alludes to the kind treatment she received in St. John, N. B., and appeals to the profession for aid. She says:

He commenced his theatrical career as callboy, under the late Wm. Macready, when he was lessee of Drury-Lane Theatre, London, Eng., and afterwards as scenic artist. He was next engaged by the late Madame Vestris and Charles Mathews at the Lyceum Theatre. His first experience in the provinces was at the Theatre Royal, Liverpool, the lessee being Madame Celeste and Benjamin Webster. He next played in the same city, at a theatre under the management of the first Mrs. H. P. Grattan. Among the company were Lester Wallack and W. J. Hammond. Some time after that, his ability for stage-direction was so marked that he was sent to the Queen's Theatre, Manchester, to get up the pieces for the late Edwin Forrest, then on a professional visit to England. The last engagements he played in London were during the seasons of 1862 and 1863, under the management of William Batty, at Astley's, and at the same theatre, the following year called the Westminster, and managed by Dion Boucicault. Towards the end of the season Mr. Soucicault gave up his part of Miles-na-Copaleen to Mr. Ryan, who stayed in the cast eleven months with gratifying success. After that he went into the provinces as manager of different theatres, with good and indifferent success, until he received an offer from the late James Lingard for twelve months at the New Bowery Theatre, New York City. He arrived in this country July 29, 1866, and opened on Aug 6, Mr. Ryan's first appearance was in the farce of "Willful Murder," and the last piece he played with his wife in a protean farce called "Bachelors' Buttons." His last regular engagement here was at the Academy of Music, Halifax, N. S., and St. John, N. B., under the management of William Nassau Kemble, and at the latter place he went to Halifax with a musical and dramatic entertainment, and traveled through Nova Scotia and Cape Breton, meeting with good success, until, unfortunately going to Newfoundland, he overboard his pocket-book, containing all his savings. I found a great many firm friends here in my troubles. They paid all the expenses of the funeral, and besides gave me money for my present needs. Nothing could exceed their kindness. I have no words to express my t anks and gratitude to these good people. There was some mention of a benefit, but there is no theatre open at present. Will a few friends in the profession kindly interest themselves for me, as my dramatic wardrobe is not in my possession, and without it I cannot do much when my health will enable me to try and get an engagement. As yet I have not received one dollar from anyone in the dramatic world. I know they are remarkably kind to each other in trouble. Anything that may be sent will be gratefully acknowledged through the columns of THE CLIPPER. I am, sir, respectfully yours,

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FROM BOSTON, MASS., our customary report of amusements, dated Dec. 22, is appended: "Leonard Grover's Comedy Company have given eight performances of 'Our Boarding-house' at the Gaiety Theatre during the week commencing 16 to very fair houses. The comedy has always been popular in Boston, and the present company are in most cases equal to the characters assigned them, and in some respects superior to the one which appeared at the Globe Theatre in April last in the same piece. Harry Little and John A. Mackay were the Gillypod and Elevator, and their fun was boisterous and uproarious, while their duet 'My Grandfather's Clock,' executed in extreme burlesque style, was stormily received. Henry W. Mitchell was more of a Frenchman than an Italian as Floretti. W. J. Coggewell was quite equal to Masthew Eligible, George Jordan was gentlemanly as William Dalrymple, Joseph Palmer illustrated the nonentities of Clarence Dexter in the approved vapid manner, and the author, Leonard Grover himself, was the Amariah Shouter, though on the bills the part was given to Thomas E. Morris. Among the ladies, Miss Frances Kemble made a hit by a very lively and amusing performance of Betty, the maid. Miss Henrietta Irving was a dignified and lady-like Mrs. Dalrymple, Saidee Cole an interesting Beatrice Manheim, and our old acquaintance Mrs. Sol Smith made a model landlady of Mrs. Maria Colville. Messrs. W. H. Fenton, Harry Vernon, W. Daly, Master Henry, Little May Gerdun, and the Misses Laura Graham, Mabel Jordan and Marietta St. Leger filled the remaining parts in an acceptable manner. Though the change was not noted on the bills, Edwin Byron played Fioretti in place of Henry W. Mitchell after 17, and Shouter was rendered by a gentleman whose name could not be ascertained. The company fulfill future engagements as follows: New Bedford, Mass., 23, Taunton 24, Fall River 25, Newport, R. I., 26, Woonsocket 27, Norwich, Ct., 28. The complimentary benefit tendered Miss Athena (Mrs. F. F. Ford) afternoon of 19 was well attended, and will relieve her immediate necessities in a great measure. The volunteer bill consisted of two acts of 'Time and the Hour,' played by the Wallack Dramatic Company; the sleep-walking scene from 'Macbeth,' with Miss Athena as Lady Macbeth; a violin-solo by Miss A. R. Sherman; songs by Master Arthur H. Wentworth; the imitation scene from 'The Octoroon,' in which Arthur J. Gooderidge as Jerry Clip gave imitations of well-known actors, and Miss Kate Lougee assisting as Jane Chatterly; W. Hunt in a musical sketch; a recitation of 'Little Jim' by Isaac Curtis; and a scene from 'Hobbies,' Mr. Goodman imitating Nat. C. Goodwin Jr., and Miss Lougee Eliza Weathersby. Harry Little and John A. Mackay, Fred J. Austin and Miss Stephler, and the Messrs. Hanlon & Kunze also volunteered, but the length of the bill prevented their appearance. The free use of the house was given by Manager Wentworth; also the services of the attaches before and behind the curtain. 23, Denman Thompson and supporting company in 'Joshua Whitcomb.'

.....'H. M. S. Pinafore' and 'Trial by Jury' have been continued at the Boston Museum to an excellent business, and will occupy the stage indefinitely, the fairy spectacle announced for the holiday season being postponed. The traveling branch of the company, during the first week of their tour, has met with much success, and will continue on the road for the next fortnight. Burlesque opera has met with such success at this theatre that it is not among the improbabilities that Gilbert and Sullivan's 'The Sorcerer' will be given during the season.....'The Two Mothers,' the opening play of the season at the Boston Theatre, was revived 16, and in conjunction with the old-fashioned farce 'Slasher and Crasher' furnished the pabulum for the week to rather light but discriminating audiences. The melodrama received by us at that time needs no further words at present, save that the cast differed in the characters of Robinson, Blanche Ravenswood and Mrs. Clarkson, before played by T. M. Edwards, May Bowers and Clara Bell, and now performed by Horace Lewis, Clara Bell and Charlotte Blair. 'Slasher and Crasher' was a needed termination, and D. J. Maguinnis and C. Leslie Allen were exceedingly funny as the two redoubtable heroes. 23, revival of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' with Louis James as Uncle Tom and little Zoe Tuttle as Eva; 30, Her Majesty's Italian Opera Company open. Harry Edwards may soon have an opportunity to show his true metal as Falstaff in 'The Merry Wives of Windsor,' which is mentioned as likely to be produced. John Sullough begins his engagement at this theatre Jan. 13, 1879, in 'The Danites' Combination,' under the management of J. H. Haverly, commence a two weeks' engagement at the Howard Athenæum 23, and on the same date Joseph Proctor and a well-selected company appear in 'Saul, or the Witch of Endor,' at Music Hall..... The case of Cecil W. Carr, alias Lord Ogilvy, was not pressed in our courts 17, the Government failing to make out any case against the so-called nobleman.....The building of a new opera-house is being agitated in New Bedford, Mass.... Christmas-day will be appropriately observed by all our theatres, those not giving matinees on Wednesday doing so on this occasion.....A travestie of 'H. M. S. Pinafore' has been completed by Chas. F. Pidgin of the Globe. He calls it 'U. S. Pinback.' Sullivan's music has been retained, and the scene is laid on board the Pinback, in Boston Harbor.....The Boston Theatre Company will play in 'The Huuchback' at Fall River, Mass., Jan. 1, 1879, Gloucester 2, Haverhill 3, Providence, R. I., 6.....Harry Edwards has declined an engagement with Kate Claxton at her Lyceum Theatre, New York, and will, at the close of the season at the Boston Theatre, appear in two new plays now completed, and one nearly finished, by George Fawcett Rowe.....Harry Bloodgood will shortly make a tour throughout New England, and is now recruiting a company.....D. E. Ralton, years ago of the Boston Museum, has opened a school for elocution in this city.....Henry E. Abbey of the Park Theatre, New York, is again mentioned as the coming manager of the Globe Theatre..... 'H. M. S. Pinafore' and 'Trial by Jury' will be played in the New England Circuit by the Boston Museum Company, commencing Jan. 20.....The company lately organized by George T. Ulmer, and consisting in part of Messrs. Ulmer, J. P. Keefe, G. W. Murray, Crosby, and the Misses Emma Young and Alice Seidler, open in 'H. M. S. Pinafore' in Halifax, N. S., 23.....The first benefit of the Boston Lodge of Elks will be given at the Boston Theatre afternoon of Jan. 28...."Uncle Tom's Cabin,' under the management of Anthony & Parsons, is to be played in Hallowell, Me., 23, Gardiner 24, Biddeford 25, Bath 26, Lewiston 27, Portland 28.....Jacob Wilson and Crane, under the management of Charles H. Thayer, are announced in Bridgeport, Ct., 23, Springfield, Mass., 24, Hartford, Ct., 25, Lowell, Mass., 26, Salem 27, Worcester 28.....Lottie Clarke and company will be in New Haven, Ct., 23, Hartford 24, New London 25, 26, New Bedford, Mass., 27, 28.....Frederic Paulding and company, comprising Oliver H. Barr, Blanche Schuyler, Wm. H. Crompton, Illion Daveau, Jessie Randolph and Louise Eldridge, are billed for New Haven, Ct., 23, Bridgeport 24, Ansonia 25, Waterbury 26, Meriden 27, Hartford 28.....Yankee Locke and company in 'Ten Nights in a Barroom' play in Lowell, Mass., Dec. 23, 24, 25."

JOHN E. OWENS' engagement at Ford's Grand Opera-house, Baltimore, Md., this week, was not so successful pecuniarily as many of his former ones. The excitement usually attending the getting-ready for the Christmas holidays proved a serious drawback. The star played Dr. Pangloss and in "The Happiest Day of My Life" Dec. 16, "Paul Pry" and "Forty Winks" 17, "The Poor Gentleman" and "Toodles" 18, "A Double Knot" 19, "Dot" 20, "Our Boys" matinee, and at night 21 "Married Life" and "Solon Shingle." The comic opera of "H. M. S. Pinafore" and the pantomime of "Santa Claus" are to be produced for Christmas-week.....John P. Smith and G. C. Howard's Combination in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" will occupy the Maryland Institute for two weeks, commencing Dec. 23. The company embraces G. C. Howard and wife, Wood and Beasley, the Virginia Jubilee Singers, Little Gracie Wade, Percy Garnett, Cool White, Bob Weston, and the Louisville Quartette.....Rice's Extravaganza Combination attracted fairly good business to Albaugh's Holliday-street Theatre. A novelty in "Evangeline," not hitherto seen here, was the introduction at the opening of the first act of an absurd parody on "What are the Wild Waves Saying?" that was irresistibly funny. Harry Hunter's Lone Fisherman was a fine piece of droll acting, while Chauncey's Evangeline was a graceful and charming performance. Lizzie Webster as Gabrielle was as piquant as ever. George Fortesque as Catherine was a host in himself, and, together with Henry Golden as the Policeman and William Forrester as Le Blanc, the cast was a most complete one. The burlesque will be withdrawn after the first three nights and matinee 18, and "Le Petit Corsair" the rest of the week. Business fair. The Tracy Titus English-opera Company open 23. Letter of Dec. 22.

THEATRICALS IN CHICAGO, Ill., up to Dec. 21, are thus reviewed by our correspondent: "At McVicker's G. W. Barry's dramatization of Miss Braddon's novel, entitled 'Dead Men's Shoes,' was presented to only moderate business. Mr. Barry assumed the role of Stephen Trenchard. The support by the company was all that the play deserved. The scenery was tasteful and appropriate. 'A Woman of the People' and 'That Blessed Baby' will be given Christmas-week. Haverly's the Buffalo Bill Company presented 'Knights of the Plains,' 16, 17, 18, and 'May Cody' 19, 20, 21, to a tolerable attendance only. This party returns Eastward. The Williamsons open 23 in 'Struck Oil' for a week.....Harry Webber's Comedy Company, with Charles L. Andrews and Harry Mann proprietors and managers, F. H. Blanche as agent, and including Harry Webber, W. H. Southard, Geo. A. Beane, Alex. Byers, John Flood, Miss Lettie Allen, Marie Louise Dillon, Eva Webber, Minnie Edington and the little Lafayette Sisters, begin a traveling season in Kalamazoo, Mich., 23, appearing in Grand Rapids 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, Ann Arbor 30, Toledo, O., 31, Jan. 1, 2, 1879, Lansing, Mich., 3, 4.....The Hyers Sisters' Combination at the Wabash Avenue Theatre went to Hallifax with a musical and dramatic entertainment, and traveled through Nova Scotia and Cape Breton, meeting with good success, until, unfortunately going to Newfoundland, he overboard his pocket-book, containing all his savings. I found a great many firm friends here in my troubles. They paid all the expenses of the funeral, and besides gave me money for my present needs. Nothing could exceed their kindness. I have no words to express my t anks and gratitude to these good people. There was some mention of a benefit, but there is no theatre open at present. Will a few friends in the profession kindly interest themselves for me, as my dramatic wardrobe is not in my possession, and without it I cannot do much when my health will enable me to try and get an engagement. As yet I have not received one dollar from anyone in the dramatic world. I know they are remarkably kind to each other in trouble. Anything that may be sent will be gratefully acknowledged through the columns of THE CLIPPER. I am, sir, respectfully yours,

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JOSEPH K. EMMET attracted large houses to the Leland Opera-house, Albany, N. Y., during the past week, and succeeded in maintaining to the utmost his favorable reputation in this city. The support was pretty fair, Matt B. Snyder giving a commendable portraiture of the lawyer Elias Grimm, little Georgie Snyder proved both precocious and pleasing as Lena and little Schneider, while Will E. Bray as the negro Snow scored an unqualified success. Dec. 23, the Edwin Adams version of "Enoch Arden," with Mr. and Mrs. John W. Albaugh in the cast, and the extravaganza of "The Forty Thieves" will be produced and continued all the week, with the exception of Friday evening and Saturday afternoon, when the Strakosch Opera Company will occupy the theatre, singing "Aida" in the evening and "Lucia di Lammermoor" at the matinee.....Mlle. Zoe and company appear in Martin Hall 23, 24.....Owing to the serious illness of his wife, Mr. Emmet has been obliged to cancel all engagements for the week commencing 23, and has proceeded to New York, where the lady is stopping. His company will remain here until he returns. Letter of Dec. 22.

"THE FAIR ONE WITH GOLDEN LOCKS" proved a strong card at the Pittsburg (Pa.) Opera-house last week by the Salsbury Troubadours to an only moderate business. The performances were artistic in their way, but were not, from some cause or other, received with the same favor as on the former visits of this company. The singing of Helen Dingeon won special recognition. The engagement was made several days ago whereby the "Chicago" Combination will show at the Opera-house—instead of at the Lyceum, as was first announced.....G. A. Gross, a colored tragedian, supported by a company of colored persons, played "Uncle Tom's Cabin" at the Lyceum all the week to light patronage. Mr. Gross impersonated Legree creditably, and several other characters were acceptably sustained. Thomas' Centennial Jubilee Singers proved an enjoyable feature of the entertainments.....Gotthold & Rial's "Uncle Tom's" Combination will remain two weeks at Library Hall, commencing 23.

THE OLD NEWARK OPERA-HOUSE, Newark, N. J., is to be reopened Dec. 23 with the sterling play "Almost a Life," under the management of Mr. Wm. Henderson of the Standard Theatre, New York. Our correspondent says: "This house has been completely remodeled and is now the prettiest theatre in Newark, it having been furnished with new scenery throughout, repainted and embellished, while the present private boxes are elaborately decorated with paint, mirrors and gilt. In the orchestra the seats have all been newly painted and upholstered, and on the stage new carpets have been added, all of which is due to the good taste and judgment of George W. Caldwell the manager. 'Almost a Life' will be presented 23, including matinee. Booked are the Kiralfy Bros. with 'The Deluge,' 30, for one week.....At the Grand Opera-house 'Our Boarding-house' will be played Dec. 25 by the usual holiday-snap party, under the management of Leonard Gray. Nothing booked ahead."

AT THE OPERA-HOUSE, Rochester, N. Y., Dec. 18, the Kirafly "Black Crook" company closed a week's engagement to fair business. Dec. 19, John A. Stevens opened 19 for three nights and a matinee in "Unknown," and drew fair houses. Ward & Barrymore's Combination in "Diplomacy" open 23 for three nights, and Genevieve Ward in "Jane Shore" and "Henry VIII" 26, for a like period.

THE "TRUE LIFE OF J. W. WALLACK" and other biographical books are advertised for sale by John Heise.

C. L. HOWARD requests artists in all branches of the profession to send on their names for his monthly register. See card.

J. KINLAN'S "Colleen Bawn" Troupe is booked at Wheeling, W. Va., Dec. 24, 25.

MUSICAL.

BEFORE JUDGES ALLISON AND PEIRCE, in the Court of Common Pleas, Philadelphia, on Dec. 16, argument was heard in the action brought by the late Annie Kemp Bowler against Mrs. James A. Oates and Tracy W. Titus to recover for services rendered under a contract made by Mrs. Oates' agent with Annie Kemp Bowler. Mrs. Oates put in the plea of coverture, claiming that the contract made was such that a married woman, under the laws of Pennsylvania, was incapable of making. To this plea counsel for plaintiff put in a demurrer, on which ha, as fact, the contract was made in New York, it was governed by the law of that State, which allowed a married woman to make and bind herself by such a contract as the one upon which Mrs. Bowler had brought her suit. Upon this demurrer, argument was heard on the above-mentioned date, counsel for the plaintiff contending that, as the contract was made in New York, it was, under the fixed rules governing the construction of contracts, to be construed according to the law of the place in which it was made. On behalf of the defendant, it was admitted that the law of New York governed the construction of the contract because the contract was made there, but it was contended that the *lex fori*, or the law of the court, which is called upon to enforce the remedy, governs the remedy sought for. The Court held the matter under advisement.

IT HAD been the intention of Colonel Mapleson to open with his Italian-opera Troupe at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, about the middle of February; but it appears that he has declined to engage the Academy under the rights of the stockholders are waived, or allowance made him for 260 seats reserved. The matter of the Academy reserves the seats for the stockholders, and the directors cannot take any action in the matter.

THE TRACY TITUS ENGLISH-OPERA COMPANY made their first appearance in Philadelphia, at the North Broad-street Theatre, Dec. 16, in "The Bells of Corneville," with Carlotta Ostinelli and Miss Catherine Lewis as Serpolette, Miss Laura Joyce as Germaine, and Henry Peakes as Gaspard were deserving of praise. The attendance during the week was not equal to the merits of the company.

THE ARION CLUB gave their first concert of the present season at Association Hall, Philadelphia, Dec. 19, under the direction of Michael H. Cross. .....At the International Exhibition a sacred concert was given 22 by Haseler's Orchestra, assisted by Miss Emma Suelke and Max Friedmann. .....Selika, a colored prima-donna, will give a concert at Association Hall 23.....Miss Evaline Senate, a sister of Madame Montejo, died last week, and in consequence thereof the Philharmonic concerts will be postponed until after the holidays.

THE BERGER FAMILY and Sol. Smith Russell appeared at the Royal Opera-house, Toronto, Ont., Dec. 18, 19, 20, 21, before large and enthusiastic audiences. Their route is Detroit, Mich., 23, 24, 25, Jackson 26, Elkhart, Ind., 27, South Bend 28, Chicago, Ill., 30, for one week.....Blind Tom appears at Shaftesbury Hall Dec. 24, 25.

BYRNE BROS.' BELLRINGERS are filling open-time engagements in Media, Pa., Dec. 23, Paradise 24, Strasburg 24, Middletown 25, Duncannon 26, 27. Elta Elwood joins the company 28.

SPAULDING'S BELLRINGERS will close a traveling season of five months at Lynn, Mass., Jan. 1, 1879, and will remain in Boston during the months of January and February. On March 31 the Spauldings will again take the road with an enlarged company, consisting of brass band and orchestra composed entirely of ladies and first-class specialty artists. The past season they have traveled through the New England States, and have been most successful. They show in Gardner, Mass., Dec. 23, Holden 24, Westboro 25, Ashland 26, Grafton 27, Hopkington 28, Milford 30, Hopedale 31, Lynn Jan. 1, 1879. Lady and gentlemen artists who can play brass are requested to address as per advertisement.

CARL R. KREBS, leader of orchestra, is at liberty, in consequence of the closing of the Theatre Comique, Detroit, Mich., and his address can be found in another column.

F. A. NORTH of Philadelphia have just published a new motto-song by A. Geibel, entitled "The World Would Be the Better for It," which they will mail on receipt of price. See card.

A NEW WALTZ SONG-AND-CHORUS, "Little Sweetlips, Keep Your Kisses," is advertised by Phil P. Kell.

JOHN MAGEZ'S instruction books for those desiring to become players upon the guitar, violin or banjo are advertised elsewhere.

A NEW OPERA-HOUSE in Carbondale, Pa., was to have been dedicated Dec. 20 by the Camilla Urso Concert Company.

DITSON & Co. offer twenty pages of bound music for ten cents. See card.

MAY VERNON, vocalist, sings in Boylston Museum, Boston, Mass., Dec. 30, New National Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 6, 1879, Tony Pastor's Theatre Jan. 13.

RICKETT'S BANJOS can be had of the manufacturer, who advertises in this issue.

MUSICAL AFFAIRS IN BOSTON, MASS.—G. W. Sumner's classical concert was given at Mechanics' Hall Dec. 14, with the assistance of Mr. Mendelssohn Quintet Club and A. L. De Ribas and August Hamann.....Ole Bull made his last appearance at a concert given at Music Hall 17. .....Charles T. Ives, the Providence organist, performed 17 on the memorial organ at Paine Memorial Hall 17..... Miss Mollie Powers, a Vermont vocalist, was the recipient of a surprise visit from many Boston friends evening 18.....Colby's Band, of Colby University, at the Apollo Club, assisted by Mr. J. R. Claus and Mr. S. M. Taylor, gave a concert at Cambridge, Mass., 18. .....The Boston Club, under the direction of George W. Osgood, gave their first invitation concert of the season at Music Hall 18 to the customary crowded house.....'Il Trovatore' was successfully sung in Kennedy Hall, Boston Highlands, by Marie Brone, Adelaide Phillipps Carrie I. Burton, Tom Carl, A. E. Stoddard, W. H. MacDonald, J. W. Byrne, and J. Kemmerlee, with a chorus and the Germania orchestra, the whole directed by Signor Errani.....The following scale of prices has been adopted for the coming season of opera at the Boston Theatre: admission, $1.50; orchestra, orchestra-circle and balcony, $3; dress circle, $2.50; family circle, $1.50; gallery, 75cts.....The Harvard Musical Association gave their second concert at Music Hall afternoon of 19. .....Vocal and instrumental music and readings were given for the benefit of Julius E. Ward at Parker Memorial Hall 19.....The annual concert of the pupils of Madame Garceau was given in Mechanic's Hall 19. C. H. Ward has been chosen leader of the Lynn Brass Band, recently reorganized and now numbering twenty-five pieces. Miss Susie Clough and Mr. Louis F. Plaw sang at the Hebrew Fair 19.....Vocal, piano and violin performances were given by the pupils of the Boston Conservatory of Music at Chickering Hall 19. Julius Eichberg.....At the New England Conservatory of Music, 19, readings were given by Mrs. F. C Joy, Hattie S. Dewey, Elmore A. Pierce, and organ solos by Harry D. Wood's seventh piano-recital was given at his music-rooms afternoon of 20.....H. M. Dunbar gave an organ-recital at the rooms of the New England Conservatory of Music afternoon of 20. This Conservatory has recently opened a school for band music, and is under the direction of Joseph R. Claus.....A private musical soiree was given by S. Liebling, pianist, at his residence, Commonwealth Hotel, 21. A sacred concert will be given by the members of the Orchestral Hebrew Fair in the fair building 22.....The sixth Sunday-evening concert at the Gaiety Theatre occurs 22, the appearances being Miss Carrie Burton, soprano; Miss Conly, soprano. [Our first appearance in Boston]; Miss Lizzie Burton, contralto; Percy Cooper, tenor; J. A. Kammerlee, basso; J. Engstrom, basso; the chorus from the Adelaide Phillipps Opera company; Signor Errani, pianist, and the orchestra. The afternoon of 22 a concert will be given by Edmund Rensselyi, violinist; Frank Rummell, pianist; Mrs. J. K. Barton, soprano; Signor Emilio Conti, tenor, and Mr. Leothian's Boston Theatre Orchestra.

Howard M. Don has resumed his position as organist of the Church of the Unity.....A new musical club will soon be formed in Providence, similar to the Apollo, Berylean and Cecilia, and four concerts will be given during the season.....The Lilliputian Opera Company appear in Worcester, R. I., 23, Brockton, Mass., 24, Salem, Mass., 25, Holyoke, 26, Haverhill, 27, Lawrence 28.

ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS, Carrie I. Burton, Tom Carl, A. E. Stoddard, W. H. MacDonald, J. W. Byrne, and J. Kemmerlee, with a chorus and the Germania orchestra, the whole directed by Signor Errani.....The following scale of prices has been adopted for the coming season of opera at the Boston Theatre: admission, $1.50; orchestra, orchestra-circle and balcony, $3; dress circle, $2.50; family circle, $1.50; gallery, 75cts.....The Harvard Musical Association gave their second concert at Music Hall afternoon of 19. .....Vocal and instrumental music and readings were given for the benefit of Julius E. Ward at Parker Memorial Hall 19.....The annual concert of the pupils of Madame Garceau was given in Mechanic's Hall 19. C. H. Ward has been chosen leader of the Lynn Brass Band, recently reorganized and now numbering twenty-five pieces. Miss Susie Clough and Mr. Louis F. Plaw sang at the Hebrew Fair 19.....Vocal, piano and violin performances were given by the pupils of the Boston Conservatory of Music at Chickering Hall 19. Julius Eichberg.....At the New England Conservatory of Music, 19, readings were given by Mrs. F. C Joy, Hattie S. Dewey, Elmore A. Pierce, and organ solos by Harry D. Wood's seventh piano-recital was given at his music-rooms afternoon of 20.....H. M. Dunbar gave an organ-recital at the rooms of the New England Conservatory of Music afternoon of 20. This Conservatory has recently opened a school for band music, and is under the direction of Joseph R. Claus.....A private musical soiree was given by S. Liebling, pianist, at his residence, Commonwealth Hotel, 21. A sacred concert will be given by the members of the Orchestral Hebrew Fair in the fair building 22.....The sixth Sunday-evening concert at the Gaiety Theatre occurs 22, the appearances being Miss Carrie Burton, soprano; Miss Conly, soprano. [Our first appearance in Boston]; Miss Lizzie Burton, contralto; Percy Cooper, tenor; J. A. Kammerlee, basso; J. Engstrom, basso; the chorus from the Adelaide Phillipps Opera company; Signor Errani, pianist, and the orchestra. The aftern

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THE CLIPPER is issued every Tuesday morning. The first, fourth, fifth and eighth pages GO TO PRESS ON SATURDAY, and the second, third, sixth and seventh pages on Monday evening. Advertisements intended for the outside pages should reach us not later than noon on Saturday, and all favors should reach us early on Monday to insure their insertion in that week's issue.

ADVERTISEMENTS SENT BY TELEGRAPH must reach here not later than 6 P. M. on Monday.

TO AVOID LOSS, when remitting money by mail, we would advise our patrons to register their letters or procure Post-office orders. Make all orders payable to and address all communications

FRANK QUEEN,
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P. O. Box 3,860, or CLIPPER BUILDING,
88 and 90 Centre street, New York.

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For 1879

WILL BE READY

JANUARY 9,

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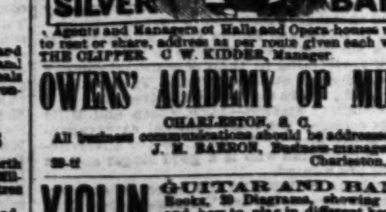

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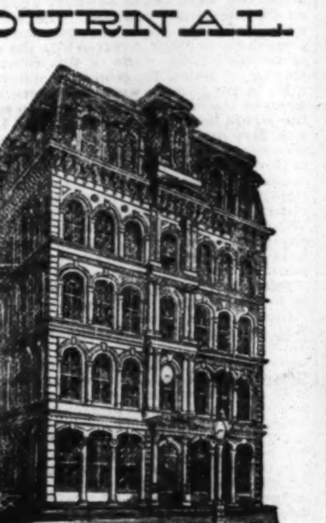

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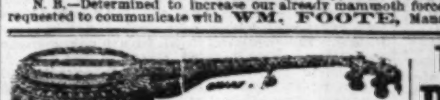

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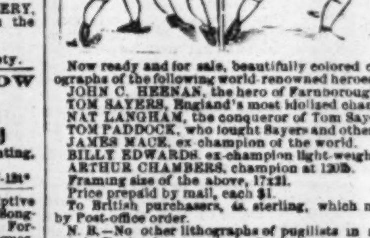

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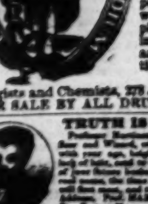

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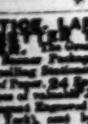

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